FAMILY SECRETS.

BY

MR. PRATT.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Hold—ſtay thee yet!—
And wouldſt thou die? Think ere thou leap the gulf,
When thou haſt trod that dark, that unknown way,
Canſt thou return?—
O think!—

HUGHES.

THE SECOND EDITION,

CAREFULLY REVISED.

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TO

DOCTOR O'LEARY.

IN the progreſs of this hiſtory, there will be found an attempt to pourtray a man, who connected the wiſdom of the world with the innocence of paſtoral, and even of primitive manners—whoſe life, in all its changes, from the monk in his cell, to the man of the world—from the ſocial friend to the ſolitary recluſe—had been unſpotted: whoſe devotion glowed without papiſtic rage, and was earneſt without catholick prejudice.

To illuſtrate this character, the author has directed his view to the blameleſs PRIEST, who is *known* to have long conſidered himſelf as an advocate, pleading for the Proteſtant in France, and for the Jew in Liſbon, as well as for the Catholick in Ireland: —the PATRIOT, whoſe loyalty is ſound,

 whoſe

whofe love of liberty is a fteady light rather than a tranfient blaze—the vital principle of an honeft mind, confcious of its rights —not the ravings of a factious fpirit :—the Philanthropist, who, clothing humanity in the robes of eloquence, employed his voice and pen in exhorting mankind to lay afide all religious diftinctions ; fince it was equal to the Ifraelite, releafed from bondage, whether his temple was built by Solomon or by Cyrus, provided he had liberty to pray unmolefted, and to fleep under his own vine.

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To the Binder.

Vol. IV. to begin with Page 435 of Vol. III.

W. Blackburne

FAMILY SECRETS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HAVE A CARE!

THE morning's ſun roſe bright upon their amity; James was pleaſed to ſee from his chamber window, John and Henry walking arm in arm, and ſome little time after, enter the breakfaſting room. But Olivia, who well underſtood the hiſtory of her huſband's face, and who was then at the tea-table, ſaid to John in a whiſper, ſhe was ſure her huſband was labouring to hide ſome ſtrong agitation. She interpreted but too truly the emotions of his heart, from the characters of his countenance. The two brothers had been taking an early ramble in ſome of the moſt intereſting parts of the domain, beginning at the church, round the pathways of which they

walked twice; then ſtrolling onwards, their affections conducting their feet, they made their viſit of recognition to the other neighbouring objects, and returned to the manſion-houſe by the way of that copſe, where Henry had apprehended his nightingale had fallen. This brief exordium of the ſubject John related. Olivia declared, that had ſhe not dreaded a relapſe of the malady of her little Caroline, who had been indiſpoſed, ſhe ſhould have tried to compoſe her own and her huſband's heart, by going to look for the poor ſongſtreſs, in whoſe fate her huſband felt himſelf ſo much intereſted. John continued "as my brother approached the ſpot, he exclaimed—you know his power, fair Olivia, of giving to airy nothings a local habitation—I ſhall not hear thee, poor bird, even if thou art alive, for thy modeſt ſorrow ſhunneth the obtruſive eye of day; but, if thou art dead, that eye ſhall haply light me to thy remains, and gratitude forbid they ſhould want a grave!"

Although the reader is already in poſſeſ-

ſion of John's opinion of thoſe rhapſodical parts of his brother's genius, which it had been the earneſt endeavour of his life, as well as James, by every means, and at every opportunity, to check, as leading to more ſerious phrenſies, he will not be diſpleaſed to be told, that John himſelf, on this occaſion, had plunged into the middle of the thicket, and had begun diligently to ſearch after the nightingale, before Henry had ended his apoſtrophe on the outſide; ſo material an hindrance is ſentiment frequently to action! "No nightingale, however, could be found," continued John, "and my brother's heart warmed by the hope of the bird's eſcape" —"And yet more," interpoſed Olivia, her eyes glittering with tender gratitude, "I am perſuaded, by your kindneſs, who had ſo gracefully ſacrificed to his tender ſolicitude:"—"When lo!" reſumed John, "in the moſt involved and woody part of the foreſt, we perceived a deep effuſion of blood, which muſt have proceeded from more copious veins than thoſe of a nightingale."

ingale." — "Blood!" exclaimed Olivia, with a chilled accent.—"We preſſed thro' the obſtructing buſhes," proceeded John, "which in many parts were ſtained with ſanguine ſpots; a few paces onward, the blood had matted in the graſs. 'Here has been a murder,' exclaimed my brother,' 'and yonder is the fatal inſtrument;' for I ſaw, at a ſmall diſtance, through the texture of the boughs on which it hung ſuſpended, that very piſtol, whoſe ſudden ſound ſo ſtartled us laſt night. Though we traverſed every quarter of the copſe, the body was no where to be found. On the ſkirt of it, however, I diſcovered this ſlip of paper, which I have not yet peruſed."

"For pity's ſake, let us ſee," ſaid the trembling Olivia. John then opened the paper, which ſeemed to have been long written, and was much torn in the folds. It contained the following couplet, without date or name, and almoſt illegible:

"Let cowards cling to life—to death I fly:
"'Tis the great privilege of man to die."

"O heavens!

" O heavens! ſurely it is a hand writing which I have ſeen before!" ejaculated Olivia, looking at the manuſcript; " and yet it cannot be, for he is ſafe," added ſhe, looking at Henry: " Bleſſed be heaven, he is ſafe!"

It is impoſſible to find words for Henry's emotions, when he diſcovered his own hand writing; and, before he could explain, he perceived his wife had fallen into the arms of John, who, trembling more under his own ſenſations than his burthen, bore her out of the room; and with the joint aſſiſtance of James, ſhe was conveyed to the door of her own chamber. Henry, having recovered the ſtupor, into which he had been thrown, followed. On the return of James and John into the parlour, they found that Henry had, in his diſorder, dropt the paper. John now perceived it was indeed an extract from a poem of ſome length, which had been formed out of a converſation that had paſſed between himſelf and Henry; and he moreover remembered to have heard his unhappy brother aſſert he would verify their arguments

under the title of the "Suicide." "Our debate on the ſubject," ſaid John to James, was long and ardent. It made a ſtrong impreſſion on my memory, even though at the moment I had forgotten the quoted paſſage, and perhaps I can now repeat the the verſion, which is nearly literal, with tolerable accuracy." Hereupon John recited the following lines, prefacing it, by obſerving, that in the original arguments, a variety of caſes had been put, of ſituations which, in Henry's opinion, ſanctioned ſelf-deſtruction. My brother took up one which he moſt relied on:—Thus began the dialogue betwixt a man determined on ſuicide, and his reprover:

SUICIDE.

"Still muſt I mourn, ſtill ſlaviſhly bewail
The various ills which human life aſſail?
With torpid patience muſt I ſtill forbear
To ſeek that fate which thouſands daily dare?
To ſee death raviſhing my nuptial bed;
My helpleſs infants deſtitute of bread:
Scoff'd at my power, and ſlander'd in my fame,
My worth neglected for each meaner claim?
Let cowards cling to life, to death I fly—"

John

John was interrupted as he was beginning to recite the next line by a variety of the moſt piercing female ſhrieks, blended with the lamentations of men. Theſe aſſailed his ears and prepared his eyes for the terrifying view of poor Jane Atwood, a now apparently lifeleſs corpſe which had been found by True George, her faithful and diſtracted lover, who, even before John and Henry had been in ſearch of the cauſe of the adventure of the preceding night, and at length found it, alas, in the attempted murder of her, whom he adored. The reader has doubtleſs long deplored the melancholy which ſettled in the breaſt of this unhappy girl, notwithſtanding all the comfort and protection ſhe received in the Fitzorton family, and the proſpect of a happy eſtabliſhment with True George.—That honeſt creature was, perhaps, the means of this attempt on her exiſtence, though nothing is more certain than that he would have chearfully reſigned his own to preſerve it. To explain this, the reader is now to be apprized, that, after having

tried every motive of delay, in giving her hand to this, her worthy and approved lover, who preſſed her with all the ardour of ſtrong, yet ſubmiſſive tenderneſs, ſhe felt herſelf driven, as it were, into the only ſtratagem, which, as ſhe conceived, favoured her fatal purpoſe: and this was a pretended ſecond viſit to her parents, to whom, however, obtaining leave of Henry and Olivia, ſhe went in one of the ſtage coaches, unaccompanied by her lover, whoſe earneſt intreaties ſhe reſiſted: conſoling him, however, by this parting expreſſion,—"When next you ſee me, George, you ſhall take me to church as ſoon as you pleaſe." Little did the poor fellow imagine the full import of theſe words. She paſſed two days with the family, ſhed many tears over her then ſick child, which died an hour after; and on the third day, though ſhe had gained a week's permiſſion of abſence, returned by the ſame conveyance, to Fitzorton: but, on a pretext of calling upon ſome neighbours, ſhe was ſet down about a quarter of

of a mile ſhort of the village, at a ſmall publick houſe on the road, where ſhe ſtaid till the moon roſe, and then, refuſing company, obſerved that ſhe ſhould run over the fields, and reach the caſtle immediately. No ſooner, however, had ſhe walked out of obſervation, than ſhe ſtruck into a different track; haſtening to take, as ſhe conceived, a laſt view of that abbey, ſo fatal to every one within reach of its baneful and wide ſpreading influence, and in the view of which ſhe propoſed to end her days.

In the little bundle ſhe carried under her arm, ſhe had concealed one of Colonel Fitzorton's piſtols, which, on his arrival at the caſtle, he had particularly deſired might be laid out of ſight till he ſhould again call for them; a caution poſſibly uſed againſt the wandering imagination of Henry. But Jane, whoſe plan had been long gaining ſtrength in her mind, took notice where True George had depoſited them. Being arrived at the ſpot where ſhe meditated the murder, ſhe wrote with her pencil the fol-

lowing ſentence, which ſhe thruſt under the abbey door:—"Wicked, cruel deſtroyer of a guilty woman, of an innocent babe, who is gone, alas, to appear againſt her father; more wicked deſpoiler of your other children; behold the untimely fate to which you have driven one of your victims—tremble for the reſt, tremble and repent." Retiring behind a thick cluſter of elms, encircled by an undergrowth of ſhrubs, with a deſperate hand ſhe pointed the piſtol at her breaſt; the ball happily ſlanting, rather grazed than penetrated her boſom, which, however, ſtreamed with an effuſion ſufficiently copious to warrant the apprehenſions of her being vitally wounded.—On Henry's exclamation, when he heard the report of the piſtol, ſhe ran to prevent being diſcovered, and, weak and faint as ſhe was, reached a pit-fall, into which ſhe dropt, and thereby eluded the ſearch of her purſuers, who, indeed, happened to direct their courſe a contrary way. In this ſituation the miſerable victim continued ſeveral hours, till ſhe was found in the

morning ſpeechleſs, and with her eyes cloſed. The inordinate grief of True George at the belief of her being dead, is only to be compared with his exceſs of tranſport on finding in her the breath of that life which he felt feebly breathing at her lips as he preſſed them to his own.— The ſenſations of Olivia were little inferior. By proper treatment the unhappy girl was, in the courſe of ſix weeks, reſtored not only to health, but, by Olivia's gentle yet prevailing remonſtrances, made conſcious of her crime, and by George's augmented tenderneſs reconciled to life. On being afterwards queſtioned privately by George, at the inſtance of John, reſpecting the couplet found on the ſpot where ſhe attempted her death, and the ſecond volume of Werter, which George had himſelf picked up, but concealed; ſhe ſaid ſhe found them in the library, lying in a book, which ſhe was induced to read from having ſo often ſeen it in Henry's hand, and heard him ſo frequently deſcribe as the only preſcriptive remedy of a broken heart.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PANGS AND TRANSPORTS OF GENIUS.

THOUGH in truth it ought to be confidered as the no uncommon effect of paffing from the exceffes of grief to the extremities of joy, and then again to the exceffes of grief from the death of her child, for by fuch tranfitions were the intellects of poor Jane difturbed; this mafs of affecting events continued to caft a dark and faddening fhade over the lovely months which yet remained of the fummer: and what was worfe, inftead of operating as a warning againft the pernicious tendency of murderous thoughts, threw an additional gloom into the mind of Henry, already but too much difpofed to receive fuch uncheary guefts. Indeed Autumn came blufhing on ere any of the Fitzortons could refume themfelves. James alternately purfued his affairs, and returned. At length they again took their accuftomed exercifes: the

the Colonel gave what he always eſteemed the moſt precious of his poſſeſſions, his time and his thoughts entirely to the care of Henry's hurt mind, and Olivia's menaced happineſs. James being ſo often abſent, the management of Henry's mind lay almoſt wholly with John, who was indeed alone fully acquainted with its wounds.

One evening as the laſt tinges of light lingered in the weſt, Henry, watching their departure, roſe from the bench on which they were then ſeated, Olivia being employed with her children, and with much energy exclaimed—" All things ſhall paſs away!" Then, after a long pauſe, the laſt rays being gone, he added, " yes, this has been one of the darkeſt days my mental eye ever knew.—It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe my brother—but huſh, we will not name it to poor Olivia—yet what perfume on the earth, what effulgence in the heavens, brother! There have been times when my whole ſoul, on a day like this, would have darted forth more radiant than life itſelf; but were both the earth and the heavens

heavens now to become one indiſtinguiſh-able maſs, methinks I could ſmile at feeling myſelf reſolve into one of its atoms: what a moment to commune with the ſpirit of Werter!"

"More moonſhine, brother?" queſtioned John. "Not thy own ſilver beams, O Cynthia!" continued Henry, "were ever more bright, more beauteous, more impreſſive, than thoſe which illume the ſacred volume of that departed ſpirit, more welcome to this heart than the gaudy ſplendours of noon. Ah! generous, noble, love-devoted youth! my ſoul follows thee to the edge of the precipice, to the borders of the interminable flood. I ſtray with thee over the dark green graſs, heavy with dew, to the receſſes of the foreſt: thou ſheweſt me the vanity of life, and I grow enamoured, and woo with thee the angel of death. Ah, lean on my boſom; I ſee thee in thy laſt moments; the pen trembles in thy hand; thy heart's warm tears pour on the name of Charlotte, and waſh it from the paper. See, ſee, brother,

he

he falls—he thrufts the unfiniſhed letter into his boſom, and ruſhes from the apartment unconſcious of the midnight air; I follow him to the houſe of her who cauſes his diſtraction: I obſerve him traverſe, with diſordered ſteps, the path that fronts her chamber. He will not diſturb her repoſe, but calling down bleſſings on her, directs his ſtreaming eyes to the window gilded by the moon—kneels—returns to take a laſt view—then hurries back to cloſe the narrative of his fate:—he reſumes the pen, and marks with a firmer hand, for the laſt time, the adored name of Charlotte, impreſſes it with a kiſs, and breathes over it an eternal farewel. My ſenſes turn as he throws down the pen, and with a determined arm directs the weapon of eternity to its mark.—The ſound enters my ſoul; —the devoted victim falls."

This was not a moment to argue. Henry ſunk exhauſted into the arms of John, who tenderly ſupported him, carried by the help of True George to his own chamber, where waiting his return to reaſon, he had the

the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the paroxyſm over without its being known to Olivia. He nurſed his reaſon with ſuch judgment, blended with ſuch gentle ſympathy, that he became collected enough to hear the voice of that counſel on which he knew he could rely for wiſdom as for love. "Brother, beware; you are in poſſeſſion of heaven's higheſt gift, which, as it is uſed or abuſed, will prove a bane or bleſſing, a poiſon or an antidote. This rare poſſeſſion is genius,"—whiſpered John, throwing round him a protecting arm, "which has in controul all the paſſions of the ſoul. Thrice happy, and ah, moſt rare when it paſſes not its ſacred bound! Is courage the monarch affection of that ſoul? The man of genius can inſpire it with the fortitude of a martyr. Generoſity? He can give a ſpirit to benevolence unfelt before. Human charity? The angel of compaſſion ſeems to plead from his boſom—there ſhe appears to have taken up her reſidence, and to have erected her throne in the centre of the heart. It is the love of a parent? His little ones ſeem

to

to crowd about him, and a more than human ſenſation accompanies his embraces."

Henry, flattered by this eulogy, and not immediately catching its aim, roſe ſuddenly from his ſeat, and burſting into tears, fell upon his brother's neck, exclaiming, "Yes, ſuch is the character, ſuch are the triumphs of true genius—you have at laſt done it juſtice; you have proved its origin to be divine! I always told you ſo."

"My brother," replied John, "did it purſue the track of glory marked out by the Almighty Power who beſtowed it; the ſun would be leſs bright, leſs invigorating, and leſs creative to the vegetable, than genius to the moral and intellectual world: even on earth it would be eſteemed an inhabitant of the ſkies; the reverence due to an angel would be paid to it, becauſe it brought down an angel's commiſſion. And after having, as an emanation from the eternal ray, lightened our darkneſs, it would re-aſſert its birthright: an altar would be reared to it in the minds of all thoſe on whom its beams had reflected; and virtue,

wiſdom,

wiſdom, and the paſſions, chaſtened and refined, would guard the ſhrine!"

The cheeks of Henry coloured to their higheſt bloom: "But, alas," reſumed John, "the power which we have to do good, is always commenſurate to that which gives us the power to do evil: indeed the one implies the other. It is amongſt the moſt worn-out obſervations, yet worn out in vain, that talents miſapplied are worſe than ignorance. If genius, in the inſtances I have recited, and ten thouſand more, can, by the vehicle of written language, ſo delight, exalt, and govern the paſſions, and fix the principles in the cauſe of virtue, is he not a potentate of equal ſway, when he would bear any paſſion or principle to the the contrary extreme? Would he engender hatred? He can aggravate it to an inveteracy which ſettles not even in antipathy, but preſſes onward to aſſaſſination. Is it love? He can melt down the nobleſt power of our nature, to the moſt abject and ſordid paſſion. Jealouſy? Ah, what can meaſure

to

to the desolation and horrors he can commit! Avarice? He can lock up the heart with ribs of iron from those appeals, at which pity would shudder; can make him hear the voice of complaint, and so deaden the heart of his reader, if prone to vengeance, that though the description would almost drown compassion in her own tears, and perhaps impel her votary—her Henry for instance, to sally forth into the world in quest of resembling wretchedness, would conduct that sordid reader to scenes where misery and famine, in the shapes of parent or of friend, might plead in vain!"

"Curs'd be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
"That tends to make one worthy man my foe,"

quoted Henry.

"The very poet which has moved you to a recital of this glowing passage," said John, "stands not wholly clear from the charge of talents misapplied. Until he can reconcile the extremes of grossness and of refinement in the character of a woman,

let

let immortal Pope himſelf anſwer for the conduct and ſentiment of his Eloiſa. It is not only in the power of genius to degrade vice, or even to make the vicious more obdurate in error, but, by an inſidious kind of power, to undermine the virtue which it ſeems to protect. Poeſy herſelf, which, cold as you may ſtill think me to her charms, I know how to admire, often becomes a ſyren to lure the mind to a voluptuouſneſs more fatal from its ſoftneſs. Let the court of Charles bear bluſhing witneſs to the truth of this charge; and in a ſomewhat chaſter age, let the muſe of Dryden, who has immortalized the feſtive riots of the conqueror of the world, plead to the accuſation."

"Hence, too, methinks," exclaimed Henry, pointedly, "hence too, the philoſopher can dignify, with the name of metaphyſicks, that logical arrogance which ſubtly leads the young mind from doubt to incredulity, from incredulity to blaſphemy, from a diſbelief of heaven to a defiance of hell, even till it ſettles in tremendous annihilation.

hilation. To, this, without going into times of old for illuſtration, let the formidable train of modern freethinkers, as they rightly call themſelves, bring ample proof."

"And hence, likewiſe," cried John, "the not *abject* ſentimentaliſt, for I have done with him, the eloquent Werters of the time, draw into their ſnares innumerable victims. The ruin which may be atchieved by a writer, who, ſkilled in the hiſtory of the human heart, can render it ductile to every extravagance, every horror, is incalculable. While the faſcinated reader thinks it is conducting him to bowers of pleaſure and ſeats of repoſe, he perceives not, till the ſpell is broken, and the taliſman unbound, that to theſe fairy ſcenes he muſt paſs through the gates of infamy, and of death."

Henry, hereupon, reaſſumed his penſive poſture, and ſeemed to enter into communion with himſelf.

"Thus illimitable," continued John, "is the peril and profit of compoſition.

It

It is not againſt the weakneſs of an author in a good cauſe," my dear Henry, " but againſt the ſtrength of an able writer in a bad one, that the accuſing ſpirit of criticiſm ſhould ariſe. A feeble moraliſt may do ſome good, but the powerful advocate of vice and folly, muſt do much harm. Here then, ye criticks, exerciſe your authority: here exalt your characters, as defenders at once of morals and of compoſition, of letters and of life."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE PROGRESS OF MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

THE preceding ſentiments paſt in the library, on a day in which the family were thrown wholly on their internal reſources, it being the time of the equinox, and when the winds, uſual to that ſeaſon, brought in their bluſtering train all the violence of rain and ſtorm; under the malign influence of which, the atmoſpherical frame and feelings

feelings of Henry feemed particularly to labour. But the genial mildnefs which fucceeded thofe vehemences of the air, made the whole party enriched by Olivia's company, fo fenfible of the change, that it was agreed to profit of the agreeable alteration the next morning, by a ramble through the woods, fhrubberies, and plantations of Fitzorton. And James arrived at the caftle juft as they were fetting out.

" Autumn refumes herfelf—Nature has recovered—the fhock which fhook her, almoft to diffolution, is paft," faid Henry, breaking the force of a figh by a fmile. " Let us have a comfortable ftroll,

" Try what the open, what the coverts yield."

" I am as much the child of nature as this dear boy: I abfolutely feel the influence of a warm fun, a clear fky, and vegetable beauty, in a degree that, I am pofitive, it makes me a better friend, a better neighbour, and, if I did not ftill fear the philofopher would arraign my vanity, I fhould fay a better poet—nay, a better hufband."

"That cannot be," ſaid Olivia, "you are in all ſeaſons the beſt of huſbands."

"Could I, in any ſort, do juſtice," reſumed Henry, "to my ſenſations, when all the graces of nature, and all the goodneſs of Providence, are around me, when every pure ſenſe is gratified, in the ſame inſtant; the ear regaled with muſick, the ſmell with fragrance; when the flowers below, and the air above breathe perfume, and the eye enjoys ten thouſand beauties at a ſingle view; when, moreover, I conſider myſelf a happy creature walking in the midſt of theſe objects, and bleſſed with others that come yet nearer to my view, I ſeem to be the inhabitant of a world in which there is not a thorn of any kind."

"When," ſaid he, "in addition to theſe enjoyments, I find myſelf bleſſed with youth, health, and the goods of fortune; I ſeem to wonder that I am not more uniformly wiſe, good, and happy; I reproach myſelf with a ſeverity ſurpaſſing the chidings which my deareſt brother has ever uſed to ſtrengthen; I call myſelf ingrateful

—diſ-

—discontented—wicked—that—as, alas! you but too well know—swifter than the shadow flies over the mountain, the day spring of my soul is overcast, and all its prospects, though brighter before than the morning."

John observed to James, who was of the family party, that Henry's cheek, which in the preceding instant was arrayed in all the colours of health, and blooming felicity, shifted to the most deadly pale.

"Henry," said John, with precipitation, and with a motive that will be obvious to the reader—"it would be unfair in you to expect, and indeed argue a partiality in the bestower of all these good things, to confer on a man who has so many sources of happiness; only observe, my dear brother, how you are at this very moment surrounded, and who feels from each such intense enjoyment, to continue the rare gifts without some little interruptions—besides you know that the *penseroso* now and then becomes you; and you are aware, likewise, that these interesting glooms, like the

mountain ſhadow, are in themſelves, to a mind like your's, ſources of happineſs. They muſt, indeed," proceeded John, turning to Olivia, whoſe countenance had caught ſome of Henry's paleneſs, "they muſt, I ſay, be conſidered as a relief to the too exceſſive—ſhall I ſay the inſufferable brightneſs of your felicity, when you are in meridian ſpirits?"—"What matters it," aſked James, ſedately, "how human happineſs is diſtributed to us, as to the times, ſeaſons, or duration of it? Probably, the quantum allotted to every human creature, is, in the aggregate, much nearer a poiſe than the individual ſuppoſes: the reſources of your poetry, for inſtance, Henry, againſt my brother John's philoſophy."

"The torrid zone of your paſſions againſt what you have ſo often inſiſted on," ſaid John, "whether juſtly or not we cannot now ſtop to examine, the frozen one of mine—and the temperate clime of James, here, againſt ours. If you brother, by a certain delicacy of conſtruction in mind or body, can feel more rapture in a moment

than

than either James or I can in an hour, undoubtedly you have your full ſhare. Yes, my dear Henry, you are a very happy man, and ſo let us climb yon ambitious mountain."

John, anxious to avoid what might enſue, thought it beſt to hurry Henry out of Olivia's hearing and ſight, and was dragging at his arm; but Olivia following cloſe, declared that ſhe was as ambitious as they, and were it not for little John, would be the firſt to breathe the air at the mountain's top." "Never mind me," ſaid the child, "I warrant you I can get up." "Nay, if that is the caſe, my little nameſake, you and I will ſoar together like—like—like what, my poetical brother?" "The wren carried by the eagle," ſaid Henry. "Come then, wren," ſaid John, running up the hill with the child in his arms. Olivia, ſupported between James and Henry, followed, and when they had all gained the ſummit, John declared, "that no man could, on ſuch a day, and in ſuch com-

pany, at the top of ſuch a mountain, be otherwiſe than happy."

James, who had been ſilent while they were aſcending the hill, obſerved, "after all, my dear Henry, our brother John is, in ſome reſpects, right. What would be your fun without your ſhadows? or your ſhadows without your mountain? or theſe, again, without your hill and valley, grot and ſhady grove? What, pleaſure without pain? happineſs without miſery?"

"Nay," interrupted Olivia, "what is the world itſelf but—?" "I know what the world is, mamma," interpoſed little John. "Do you, my dear?" queſtioned Olivia, "then tell your papa." "It is," replied the child, ſpreading his arms and elevating his tones after his father's manner—"it is a wild where weeds and flowers promiſcuous ſhoot. Mr. Pope, the great poet, ſays ſo."

"And he ſays right, dear nameſake," exclaimed John, fondly embracing him, "and what, my dear little fellow, ſignifies your father's weeds, if he has any, while he

has

has ſuch a flower as you? Who would not live upon weeds for a month, and travel through briars and brambles in the wilderneſs of life, to gain only one ſuch roſebud as you, ſweet boy!"

"Or ſuch a lily as my mamma," exclaimed the child, giving a kiſs to both.

The manly cheek of John was wet as he preſſed it to that of the child. "I proteſt," ſaid Olivia, ſpreading her lovely arms to receive the hands of her huſband and child, and ſhe was inarticulate with weeping joy as ſhe ſpoke—"I proteſt we ſeem to be four of the happieſt creatures upon earth." "Five, mamma," exclaimed her ſon, "five —but I ſuppoſe poor Johnny counts for nothing." "Yes, dear boy," anſwered Olivia, "you and your ſiſter are all parts of us—and we are well and happy, becauſe you and your papa make us ſo."

The face of Henry reſumed its complacency at theſe affectionate touches of domeſtick bliſs. Love itſelf could not have prepared a banquet or bed ſweeter than that which ſucceeded this little family ram-

ble through their own grounds. Such were the means which the excellent John and, as often as he was down, James, employed to preferve the happinefs of Olivia from every cloud but that which was gathered by the too frequent glooms and wanderings of her hufband, till fhe at length imagined they were merely conftitutional. Nor did the various efforts of John anfwer only the purpofe of quieting the tender and often-alarmed mind of the wife, but more than half convinced the hufband, that he would have been lefs amiable, lefs happy, lefs interefting, had the full meafure of his fondeft wifhes been completed; and when he refifted all the arguments, which either James or John brought in proof of this pofition, they were ufually fo well-timed, and managed, that they of neceffity engaged the heart and imagination of Henry fufficiently to draw them off from the equally fatal extremes of fullen melancholy and frantick rhapfody. A thoufand pictures alfo, fometimes foothing to the fancy, fometimes enchanting to the heart,

would John, when unaided by James, draw from the ſolid ſtores of his mind, in order to fulfil the oath he had made in the hour of diſappointment—To take all the care poſſible, that Olivia's happineſs, which he could not conſtitute, ſhould not be deſtroyed by the only man that could. He was indeed conſtantly on the watch to give the beſt turn poſſible to any raſh word or action, to which a ſudden impulſe might give birth. He knew, likewiſe, from a perfect acquaintance with the heart of Olivia, that the idea, which had formed, hitherto, the felicity of her life, might be ruined by one unguarded ſentence, if it inſinuated a doubt of her adored huſband's affection. And he perceived, with a grief only diſcloſed to Henry, that her ſpirits had already ſuffered from obſervations ſhe had made on Henry's increaſed love of ſolitary muſings, and the involuntary ſighs and tears which often ſucceeded his brighteſt mirth and happieſt ſallies; John, therefore, encouraged her idea, that the cauſe of this evil was in the conſtitution; he wiſhed

them to be looked on as paſſing clouds, which would diſperſe almoſt as ſuddenly as they had gathered; although he ſecretly feared they would terminate in ſomething more fixed and fatal.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A CASE IN POINT.

THE deſign of John Fitzorton herein was manifold in goodneſs. In the firſt place, he often kept his brother's mind and fancy from wandering. He brought them nearer home; he tried to fix their abode in the caſtle—he held back the hand which ſeemed to ſuſpend a drawn dagger over the head of Olivia, and preſented to the view of the huſband almoſt conſtant pictures of the excellence of the wife. But, alas! often would the hapleſs John retire from the practice of theſe honeſt endeavours, to drop the ſilent tear: for what was it but ſpreading, as it were, an eternal ſhield before the boſom of a woman, whoſe affection,

affection, had *he* been its honoured object, would have made the bliſs of his own life! Yet many were his conſolations; the greateſt was that, perhaps, with which the ſoul of the man, capable of ſuch conduct, recompenſes itſelf: And the next in magnitude, if it takes not the lead, was the good it produced, and the evil it prevented to Olivia. And only inferior again to either was its hitherto happy effect on Henry, who tried as ſincerely, on his part, to grant the love of Olivia a ſuitable return, as did John to ſtrengthen him in that trial. "O my brother," would he exclaim, "that I could forget every other woman! that I could annihilate even the memory of Caroline Stuart! Ah! go on, deareſt friend, to ſave me from myſelf. I will be content to live and die a victim, if we can continue my wife in the bleſſed deluſion ſhe yet enjoys!"

While Henry melted under ſuch impreſſions, John would take care, ere the glow was abated, to bring the huſband, wife, and children, into the ſame apartment

nor leave them together till the tenderneſs of awakened nature, and ſtrongly-excited duty, were as ſecurities for their happineſs, and guarantees to his own, that nothing would happen in his abſence.

His readings, like his converſations, were directed to the ſame great and good end; the promotion of that domeſtick happineſs of which he had undertaken to be the guardian. Henry ſometimes excluded, and ſometimes eagerly ſought every thing that fed the melancholy of which he was the prey. To find any fictitious character ſtruggling under a condition like his own; to trace the heroes and heroines of theſe incendiary compoſitions, through the burning track of their adventures, to weep over their marvellous diſappointments, and ſmile upon their inordinate hopes, to diſentangle the web of their accumulated difficulties, and attend them in a feveriſh progreſs to an ill-aſſorted marriage, or to an untimely death, were too often amongſt the chief of his literary amuſements. The indefatigable John perceived this, and toiled

toiled through thoſe publications which had principally faſtened on his brother's imagination.

"My dear Henry," ſaid he one day, when the three brothers were together, "I am, you know, an humble follower of your ſtudies, and by treading in your footſteps in the production you had lately in reading, I met with a few pages that ſtruck me as worthy your ſecond peruſal. I have not doubled down the leaf, becauſe that might ſerve as a mark to excite the curioſity of others, and 'tis only proper to be read amongſt ourſelves."

Here John took the volume from his pocket:—"Alas, in the catalogue of human ills," ſays my author, "what calamity is ſo difficult to bear as the diſcovery of indifference in that object to whom we have given our affections, and entruſted with our happineſs?"

"Let us ſuppoſe," ſaid John, taking his eye from the paper, and directing all its pervading powers on Henry, "let us ſuppoſe

poſe the perſon who makes this diſcovery to be a wife."

Henry trembled.

John continued, " When we find that heart alienated, which had been neceſſary to our exiſtence—when we read coldneſs in that eye on whoſe look our peace depended—"

" O may mine, which now ſtreams at the thought, find its viſion blaſted," ejaculated Henry, " ere that murderous moment arrives!"

John carried Henry's hand to his boſom, and proceeded. " How ſevere are thoſe pangs which muſt not aſk for ſympathy—that anguiſh which muſt be nouriſhed in ſecret—and endured even without complaint!"

John's voice failed him for the ſpace of a minute, after which he went on, breathing a heavy ſigh, which Henry attributed to fraternal ſympathy—" even without complaint! — while memory recalls the images of the paſt—traces, with cruel ex-

actneſs,

actnefs, the fcenes, which fome mark of imagined fondnefs, fome proof of fuppofed former attachment, have endeared for ever—"

Henry covered his face with his hand; "and repeats thofe expreffions," continued John, "which are recorded in the heart—reminds us even of the tone, in which they were uttered."—Can the faithful, all-trufting, and all-believing Olivia, ever forget the melodious accents of her Henry?—"reminds us even of the tone in which they were uttered—and gives additional bitternefs to our pains—in vain we fummon fortitude to our aid—the efforts of reafon are infufficient to ftifle the agonies of paffion, and filence the voice of defpair."

"O mifery of miferies!" exclaimed Henry, clafping his hands fervently together!

"Time may, at length," refumed John, "bid thefe violent emotions fubfide: mifery may become habitual, and the mind may, in fome degree, accommodate itfelf

to

to its ſituation; but many a tremendous conflict muſt it endure, and it muſt paſs through many a ſevere extreme, before it is thus made familiar with ſorrow, or finds a refuge in the grave."

Whatever farther effuſions, either of the brothers might have poured forth at the concluſion of theſe appoſite ſentiments, they were checked by the ſudden appearance of Olivia. John cloſed the book with precipitation, and put it into his pocket; but Henry, ſtrongly retaining the ſpirit of every ſyllable, ſaid to Olivia, with one of thoſe tones which, as John had before obſerved of the paſt, would be immortal in her memory, "Thou excellent and incomparable being, teach me how I may deſerve thee? How I may continue to thee every joy, and avert every ſorrow?" He then paſſionately embraced her, ſwearing with a fervour that would have alarmed any one, not in the habits of his feveriſh character, "that her happineſs was unſpeakably of more conſequence to him than his own; and that to preſerve or advance

it,

it, he ſhould hold every thing that concerned himſelf ſubordinate."

Although Olivia was unprepared for this ſtorm of paſſion, ſhe received it with that heartfelt joy, which unbounded confidence inſpires; for in reſpect of her huſband's ſincerity, and he was always ſincere, as far as he dared to explain, ſhe realized thoſe beautiful expreſſions of the poet, by thinking,

"His words were bonds, his oaths were oracles."

CHAPTER XLVII.

ANOTHER FAMILY SECRET IN DANGER.

THE family party was ſoon augmented by the entrance of little John and his ſiſter Caroline, and juſt as they were proceeding in perfect harmony to take their evening ramble, the latter cloſing her hands, which contained ſomething ſhe wiſhed to conceal from the company, aſked in an arch manner, who was the owner of what ſhe had found?

found? And what reward, the perſon to whom it belonged, would give the finder? "A kiſs, my love," anſwered Olivia, from your papa, ſhall be the reward"— "And another from your mamma," added Henry; "and that is ſurely a rich exchange for any trifle you may have to ſhew us."—"No ſuch trifle neither, if you come to that," continued the child; "look, brother—but nobody elſe muſt ſee."

Little John attended his ſiſter to the end of the room, where Caroline, uncloſing a ſmall part of her hand, continued her panegyrick on the hidden treaſure. "Did you ever ſee ſuch eyes? or ſuch lips?"—"Gracious!" exclaimed Little John, "if Carrey has not found ſomebody's picture."—"Indeed!" cried Olivia, "let me ſee"—"No, indeed you muſt not, mamma," ſaid Caroline, "till you gueſs whoſe it is."

The fine ſun-ſetting kind of crimſon with which the virtuous efforts of Henry, while he embraced Olivia, had painted his cheek, were now ſuddenly transformed into the ſickly paleneſs of the moonbeam, when ſhe

ſhe ſtruggles through the halos of a miſty night. Olivia was buſily employed, with counterfeit force, to open the child's hands; and failing in this, tried to peep through her fingers. John read the hiſtory of the alterations in his brother's countenance, and haſtened to prevent a diſcovery. The little girl, ſeeing him advance, held up her hands as high above her head as ſhe could, and declared her mother ſhould ſee it firſt, and tell her whoſe it was: then holding it up, ſhe exclaimed, "There, mamma, it is almoſt as handſome as you are."

The well painted features of Caroline Stuart were now apparent to all the company, in the very inſtant that Olivia, with unuſual energy, had exclaimed, "Good heavens! it is the picture of Caroline! and how wonderfully like!" John ſtretched out his hand, and gently took the miniature from the little girl. "What muſt be done to young ladies who rob their uncles of their ſweet heart's picture?"

Perhaps, there is always a ſuffuſion of blood ruſhes to the countenance on every ſudden

ſudden impulſe of a generous emotion. A ſtrong torrent of this kind mounted into John's cheeks as he ſpoke, after which, he put it in his pocket, ſomewhat ſternly, ſaying to Henry, "I thought, brother, when you received this in charge, you would have taken more care of it: you have long known my opinion of the ſacred privacy with which a thing of this kind ſhould be guarded; but married men are ſad confidants. Henceforth I will keep the key of my own ſecrets." Having ſaid this, he ſtrode out of the room, leaving Olivia firmly perſuaded, not only that he had long been in love with Caroline, but was now ſeriouſly offended at its being found out; and her huſband's confuſion, ſhe interpreted into the fear of having diſpleaſed his brother. To ſolace him, therefore, under the weight of ſo doubly painful an idea, ſhe threw her arms with inconceivably tenderneſs round his neck, and intreated him to believe, ſo far from thinking his concealment of the picture from her an act of blame, ſhe conſidered

the preſervation of his brother's ſecret, which he had no doubt been pledged to keep holy, as a point of duty, for which ſhe honoured him. "Yes, deareſt life," ſaid ſhe, "it was virtue to keep it even from me, to whom your ſlighteſt whiſpers are a law, and as to our excellent John's diſpleaſure, it will, you know, quickly paſs away. I will be a mediator. Alas! I can too plainly conjecture the motives which oppoſed the ſucceſs of this attachment, but ſurely they cannot always oppoſe.—Our family feuds are buried in thoſe miſfortunes, which I underſtand have fallen on the ill-fated aggreſſor. So near and dear an alliance would yet conciliate us all.—You and I, my beloved huſband, muſt join our forces to bring it about." She then begged him to reſume his chearfulneſs, and went out to ſettle the ſuppoſed difference.

Thus did John, without a refuge in falſhood,—for though the words he uſed, allowed the interpretation given to them by Olivia, they ſtrongly applied to Henry—contrive to throw one more covering

over the unfortunate paſſion of Henry, who, on his part, found it utterly impoſſible not to rejoice in the eſcape. But though the virtues of Olivia were impreſſed on his mind, his tenderneſs for Caroline was engraven in characters written by nature on his heart. He honoured and revered Olivia, but with involuntary agony of paſſion he ſtill adored Caroline. His wife and children were objects of his moſt tender care, but to expel Caroline from his thought was as impoſſible, as to drive Olivia from the boſom of John. The objects by which they were thus fatally enthralled, were alike forbidden to each. Yet, who but muſt pity the weakneſs, the wildneſs, and the diſtractions of Henry, revere his reſiſtance, and honour his conflicts? Reader! may thy virtues never be brought to a trial ſo ſevere as that of Henry; but if they ſhould, may thy fortitude riſe to the energy of John. Surpaſs them both, if thou art able; but, to avoid an equal fate, ſhould be the prayer of every child, and the caution of every parent.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE SECRET RESCUED.

IT may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that John, finding his generous purpoſes ſo completely anſwered, did not remain inexorable to the mediation of Olivia. The inſtant, indeed, that he perceived all was ſafe, and, of courſe, that Henry had improved upon the hint, he yielded to her intreaties, by ſuffering himſelf to be reconducted to his expecting brother; ſhe then joined their hands, ſolemnly aſſuring John, in the preſence of her huſband, he had kept the ſecret, even from herſelf, with as much care as if it had been his own; and, that ſhe was certain, the preſent diſcovery of it muſt have been owing to ſome accident which no human circumſpection could have prevented. She then gently reproached John for appearing to be aſhamed of a paſſion, which, ſo far as reſpected the object, any man upon earth might

might be proud to avow. "Indeed," added ſhe, "I can hardly forgive you, notwithſtanding the family diſagreements, for to all reſentments there ſhould be a bound, I can hardly forgive your not confiding in me, who, you might be ſure, would have joined my huſband in his efforts to make you happy. But you are a philoſopher, I find, even in love! Help me, Henry, to chide our ſtoick; who knows what we might have done for him, had all our intereſts been united? But I had forgot, the ſoldier muſt have ſecured the heart of his miſtreſs before, becauſe that grand fortreſs is, I believe, always ceded to the conqueror, prior to his poſſeſſion of ſuch a treaſure as that of which I juſt now had a glimpſe. Yes, how is the poſſeſſion of that treaſure," continued Olivia, playfully, "conſiſtent with the fair captive's departure for a foreign clime? Why is ſhe not now in this very caſtle, confined in willing thraldom, our philoſophick hero's priſoner of war? But philoſophers deal in paradoxes, and ſo we muſt

give

give up the preſumptuous thought of ſubduing them to female reaſoning."

Unluckily, Olivia had adopted the moſt improper mode to faſten the amicable bonds ſhe had before been attempting to tie. The countenance of Henry again became ominous; John again trembled for the event, and felt, beſides, not a little uncomfortable at being thus ſeduced, even by his virtues, into a labyrinth which threatened to betray him into ſomething like duplicity, which, however qualified, his upright and majeſtick nature abhorred. Deſirous, therefore, of putting an end to the ſubject, and its difficulties, by one deciſive blow, he obſerved very gravely and, as the reader knows, very truly, "that the original of that picture knew nothing of his being its poſſeſſor, and that, unleſs Henry and Olivia wiſhed to expel him from the caſtle, they would enter into a ſolemn league never to renew the circumſtance to himſelf, or to any other perſon."

The petrifying tone in which this was delivered, had the effect it was intended to

 produce.

produce. Olivia ſaw ſigns of the deepeſt diſorder in the face of her huſband; and, in the goodneſs of her ſoul, attributing it to the generous part he took in her brother's relapſed diſpleaſure, begged pardon of them both for *appearing* to have ſported with a ſubject which ſhe felt, too late, ought not to have been treated lightly; then, with a voice that enſured the righteous obſervance of her promiſe, "Never," ſaid ſhe, "will I even allude to the matter again till I am permitted to be uſeful in it." She dropt on her knees at the feet of both the brothers, again petitioned for their mutual forgiveneſs, and burſt into a flood of tears.

The brothers both raiſed and both embraced her; they exonerated Olivia, and criminated themſelves. Henry paſſionately ſwore he found himſelf every moment leſs worthy of her infinite affection; and John called his God to witneſs, that, for a man to be fully worthy of her, he muſt have powers of tenderneſs yet denied to mortals, and new virtues to keep pace with her own.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XLIX.

FELICITY RESUMED.

THUS were the congregated clouds that hung over the eventful caftle again difperfed, and the April funfhine of human happinefs once more appeared.

Olivia, faithful to her vow, never after adverted to the miniature, either by implication or otherwife, nor, indeed, would fuffer the child to tell her where it had been found. But as the reader has not bound himfelf to repreffion of curiofity by any fuch compact, and is certainly in expectation of our gratifying every emotion which we excite, this being a debt which every author owes him, we proceed, in difcharge thereof, to inform him, that on the memorable night which Henry devoted to the conflagration of Caroline's letters, with which he pioufly attempted to build up a funeral pile, that, when kindled by the facred torch of Hymen, might confume and reduce to afhes every altar which love

had raiſed; the hurry into which the ſight of the devouring flame had thrown his agitated ſoul left him no power to reflect, that folded in one of the favourite epiſtles—for its tender energy preferred to the reſt—even where all were precious, lay this ſimilitude of Caroline; in the violence of throwing the pacquets it had made its eſcape from his deſperate hand, and taken ſhelter between a cheſt of drawers and a writing-table, where it had remained till little Carrey, in her gambols with her brother on the carpet in the library, had ſpied its retreat.

The vigilant John had no ſooner recovered himſelf from the overpowering emotions in which he left the reconciliation room, than he ſought an opportunity to get Little Carrey to himſelf; and queſtioned her as to the place where ſhe found the picture, before ſhe had received Olivia's command not to ſpeak of it more. Her anſwer was, therefore, ſatisfactory, and John repaired ſilently to the place to remove any farther ſtumbling blocks that might

might lie in the way of the felicity he had re-eftabliſhed.

There was, however, in the temper of Olivia a certain fearfulneſs to offend, and anxiouſneſs to conciliate, that, if by any imagined fault, or miſtake of her own, ſhe looked on herſelf as the cauſe of pain to any human creature, ſhe felt it a duty to make atonements; and theſe were ſo ſweet, and ſo various, that any one of them would more than compenſate the greateſt offence ſhe ever committed in her whole life. Since the circumſtance of the picture, therefore, her tender heart was conſidering how the anxiety of which ſhe was unwittingly the occaſion to the two brothers, might be done away; and partly by her never-ceaſing diſpoſition to give to every word and action a grace, which, at once, both poliſhed and pointed its charm, partly by the invariable protection of John to both the huſband and wife, and partly by the growing attraction of the children and the natural goodneſs of Henry's diſpoſition, which, at times, would enchain his moſt

 imperious

imperious paſſion; partly, too, by the faithful attachment of True George, who, from the recovery of his Jane, had reſumed his daily and nightly watch over the wanderings of his maſter, Fitzorton caſtle continued to be the manſion of peace for ſeveral months after theſe tranſactions.

CHAPTER L.

VIRTUOUS RESOLVES.

THE mind which was at once the moſt gratified and the moſt oppreſſed was that of John Fitzorton. It was at once filled with tranſport and with anguiſh. The violent reſtraint he had put upon the involuntary and unbidden emotions of his own feelings, the perpetual exertions which he had found neceſſary on his brother's account, above all, the incommunicable ſpecies of ſorrow which denied his own boſom the conſolation of any ſocial relief, bore, almoſt too hard, even upon his vigorous and manly

manly virtues. While thoſe virtues, indeed, were in hourly, and almoſt momentary practice to guard the ſeveral objects of his care, there were left few intervals for reflection on his own condition; and, it might be truly ſaid, in attention to others he forgot himſelf: but, when, after many an anxious day, and ſleepleſs night, he had attained, in ſome meaſure, the grand point he had laboured to compaſs; when, under his auſpices, the deſpair of Henry was ſoftened into general tranquillity, and the felicity of Olivia was rendered more ſecure; he deſcended into the receſſes of his own heart, where, though he felt conſcience diſtilling on the wounds of his boſom, thoſe heavenly balms to which all the ſpices of Arabia are more faint than the breath of the primroſe, he felt, alſo, that the poſt of honour he had long ſuſtained, and to which, indeed, he was called as it were by a voice from Heaven, was attended with difficulties and perils nearly ſurpaſſing human ſtrength and human fortitude.

Yet, ſecure as he was from the practice, or even from the thought of wrong, his peace was in danger, though his principles were ſafe. The very happineſs he had, in a manner, created, contained the oppoſite powers of agony and joy. It was ſweet for him to behold the huſband, whoſe mind had been long bound in the ten-fold chains of deſpotick prepoſſeſſion, paſs, by imperceptible degrees, into the ſofter captivity of a wife, whoſe bonds were of roſes, planted by the hand of virtue, and which the excellent John had woven into garlands for the heart of a rival brother. But, as the wife and children were encircled by theſe, even while he endeavoured to draw the bonds tighter, the ſurrounding thorns ſeemed principally to lodge in his own boſom.

To put an end, therefore, to miſeries of the involuntary kind above related, it was his purpoſe once more to abſent himſelf. Meeting James, ſoon after forming this reſolution, he ſaid, with an air of chearfulneſs, but with an accent that diſcovered

it was aſſumed, "I think our Henry may now become the guardian of his own happineſs, or, at worſt, that like thoſe perſons who have been reſtored to reaſon ſome months, without diſcovering any ſtrong ſymptoms of relapſe, he may be truſted with only one attendant, whoſe eye has the management of his former derangement. After having therefore paſſed a few more days in ſeeing him well ſettled, I think I muſt reſign him, James, to your occaſional ſupervifion, having much to do in my own affairs. My parliamentary, has long been yielded to my military duty, and now that the pacifick ſtate of my country remits of my ſervices one way, methinks ſhe has a claim upon them another. I have thoughts, therefore, of again offering myſelf to repreſent the conſtituents, who, I truſt, will be diſpoſed to confirm their former favour, if that can be called favour which is but an exchange of ſervices. I will ſignify my readineſs to a re-appointment; I will ſhew myſelf, but I will not beg nor flatter nor take upon me any of the

debaſings or drudgeries of election, as ſhameful to the conſtituent, as to the candidate. I muſt ruſh again, brother, into the more active ſcenes, where—in ſhort, there is a reſtleſſneſs about me, perhaps from the habits of an unfixed life, perhaps—in ſhort, I feel uneaſy every where if I remain long in a place."

James did not penetrate all the ſecret motives of this reſolution; he therefore contented himſelf with a nod of aſſent, and was happy to ſee that after the propoſal was eſtabliſhed in his brother's boſom, it became, as, indeed, is generally the caſe in all honourable deciſions of the mind, a ſource of comfort. The matter being thus arranged, John mixed again in the numberleſs occurrences that enter into the compoſition of family happineſs: he good humourly continued to criticiſe the poetry of Henry, who again, reſumed the long-neglected lyre. He warmly reſumed his panegyrick on the virtues of Olivia, whenever, in her abſence, he thought it neceſſary to keep up the fire of Henry's attention

attention to the point at which he moſt wiſhed to fix it; he ſported with her children, entered into all their little differences and agreements, with an intereſt that demonſtrated the affection which he felt for the ſource, deſcended to the ſtreams. If, in any of theſe generous conflicts, a ſigh broke unbidden from him, and caught the ear of the little ones, or their parents, he imputed it to an old phthificy complaint, which, he ſaid, would go off: and if a tear, ſtealing from obſervation, was yet, ſometimes, detected in its courſe, he laid the fault upon thoſe general blame-bearers, the contrary winds, which are charged with producing many a complaint to which they have been no way acceſſary.

Few, therefore, were the interruptions to the family compact, which each inhabitant of the caſtle had entered into, to promote the general harmony. The domeſticks felt and rejoiced in the change; for, without knowing any thing of cauſes, they had before perceived by effects, that ſomething was wrong, and that now all was

 right.

right. True George, who knew both caufes and effects, fo far as refpected his mafter Henry, beheld, with almoft ungovernable joy, thefe happy alterations.—Henry had, of late, paft more of his time at home; the moon, when in her moft attractive ftate, whether in her increafe, full, or wane, was no longer ufed as an excufe for nocturnal wood walks. George obferved, moreover, that fairer weather fhone in his mafter's countenance, in which darted, he thought, thofe beams of *real* felicity that had fo often been counterfeited, to hide a tempeft which fhook the foul.—Thefe favourable circumftances wrought fo much on the mind of this faithful creature, that he refolved to celebrate them, together with the grand event of Jane Atwood's recovery. This, he thought, would beft be done by giving a dance to the domefticks of the family, and to fome of his felect friends in the neighbourhood. The day fixed for the feftival was the anniverfary of his Jane's birth, which, at once, half difclofed and half concealed his

motive.

motive. The time was to be a week from the firſt mention of his deſign, and the place the Fitzorton Arms, a publick houſe in the pariſh, where, the reader may remember, he has already paſt an evening.

CHAPTER LI.

A RURAL DAY.

AMONGST the gueſts which True George had invited, were Jerom the brother, and Jonathan the couſin, of Jane Atwood; each of whom had, all along, been amongſt his favourers, but prevented by that generous youth from any thing that might ſeem to preſs the honeſt wiſhes of his heart too obtruſively on its object.

Both the young men attended on the evening appointed for the little jubilee, and without knowing any thing of the adventure in the wood, they cordially embraced Jane; who, on her part, received them with a fondneſs that, as Shakſpeare ſays, could not be contained "without a badge of bitterneſs;"

bitternefs ;" for, foftened by preceding circumftances, which, mixed with her thoughts the probability there had been of never feeing either of thefe youths or any of her family more, fhe blended tears with fmiles as fhe bade them welcome.

Jerom and Jonathan imagined, indeed, that they were invited to her wedding.— And though George's invitation did not fpecify any thing more than a merry meeting, they imputed his referve on that head to a wifh, on the part of the bride or bridegroom, to " fteal a match :" on which notion Jonathan, who, though hitherto reprefented as a brave, was a pleafant fellow, determined to be as fly as either bridegroom or bride. " Let us refolve, Jerom," faid he, " not to mention our thoughts to the old ones, but only give out we are going to fee fifter and coufin at the caftle ; but let us put our dancing pumps in our pockets ; and, in fhort, prepare for any thing that may happen." " Agreed," obferved Jerom, " it is a good while fince any of us have been at the caftle, and as

we

we have now, thanks to God and Squire Partington! got above old enemies, let us go and enjoy ourſelves amongſt old friends: beſides, that Sir Guiſe has now forſook the abbey, and ſo the coaſt is clear in that quarter."

There were ſeveral other perſons whom George had ſelected from the pariſhes of Fitzorton and Clare, particularly the wiſe and daughters of the neighbouring apothecary; likewiſe Jacob Delve, the ſexton of the united pariſhes, and ſome of the farmers of the two families. Jane Atwood, the fair cauſe of the meeting, on that day entered on her two and twentieth year, and that the occaſion of rejoicing might want no attraction which love or gratitude could give, it was likewiſe the anniverſary of the day on which the hand of Olivia Clare was preſented to Henry Fitzorton.

With all theſe fair motives George ſoon made his friends acquainted: and every individual of the company were unanimous in confeſſing, that they could not have been convened on a more heart-felt occaſion.

With very little ceremony, therefore, they entered into all the ſports that denote the ſincerity of joy—they ſung, danced, gamboled; and they drank liberally, but not licentiouſly, to the health and felicity of the founder and objects of the feaſt.—Jane Atwood, ſhewed ſigns of grateful ſenſibility. The generous vigilance of George to turn from her ear every thing that could wound her heart, either in the indignant reflections which the remembrance of villany frequently extorted from honeſt Jonathan or Jerom when the abbey was mentioned, or the wandering Charles and Caroline; the anxiety he ſhewed to keep within bounds theſe young men in their frequent alluſions to love and wedlock, even though thoſe alluſions might be intended to favour his own paſſion—all this chaſtened the mirth of the evening, and connected what are ſo rarely united in merry meetings, the decencies with the delights of ſociety.

In the midſt of theſe gaieties, and in a pauſe of the firſt dance, as a general glaſs of

of good-will was going round to the Fitz-ortons, two of the ornaments of that family, in the perſons of Olivia and Henry, entered the room, led on by th frolick-loving Partington. The moment the latter opened the door, he exclaimed—" Ay, here they are, ſure enough, all the vagabonds of the pariſh got together! What! ye abominables! you wanted to have all the fun to yourſelves, did ye? But I'd have you to know that there are as great ſcoundrels in the world as yourſelves, and who deſerve to be as merry!—ſo have amongſt ye." Saying this, he ruſhed forward, and ſaluted every one of the company, marking his degrees of regard by his cuſtomary ſcurrilities, diſtributing to each ſome expreſſion that denoted the perſon ſpoken to lived in his remembrance. " You, Mr. Apothecary," ſaid he, " are one of my inſufferables, and ſo here's the firſt ſhake of the hand for it; the ſixpence returned to the lame beggar for that, you old ſcoundrel! I've heard of your tricks. Ay! my bully-back Jonathan—are you there? give

give me your hand—you are a man of few words, a giant of a man, and who (here he whiſpered in his ear) helped to get poor Jane out of the hands of that worthy gentleman Sir Guiſe Stuart."

He next proceeded to Jerom, whom he ſmilingly accuſed of "being a miſerable villain, leaving fathers and mothers, and friends, and his old mule Dorothy, to play at blindman's buff by themſelves, while he went gadding abroad; but," added he, in another whiſper, "as you were one of the beſt friends the worthy baronet of theſe parts ever had to his *back*, and as I know you to be in other reſpects a damned inſufferable ſcoundrel, I forgive you."

"And as for you," buſtling towards Jane Atwood, "you agreeable little raſcal, I am reſolved to rob that caitiff," pointing to True George, then cloſe by her ſide, "of a partner, and will dance with you myſelf."

He now ordered the fiddles to ſtrike up, vehemently commanding every one, not excepting Olivia and Henry, to join hands.

He

He was obeyed; and the Fitzorton arms was a ſcene of hilarity, to which the daſhing movements and headlong hurry of Partington contributed not a little. The good apothecary, Mr. Burton, had the honour of Olivia's hand, and his two eldeſt daughters, Kate and Elizabeth, were diſpoſed of to Jerom and Jonathan; Henry ſtood up with the apothecary's wife, and with that of the landlord's ſpouſe did True George content himſelf, in preference to Mrs. Rachael, who had deſtroyed all intereſt with him, by her invidious hints on Jane Atwood. Nor would the former, indeed, have been included in George's liſt, had it not been to gratify the young ſexton, who ſtill avowed himſelf her admirer.

CHAPTER LII.

THE FIDDLE AND THE FLAGELLET.

IT was not till Partington had, in a manner, run himſelf fairly down, that he permitted any body elſe to reſt themſelves; at length

length he allowed time to recover, and the company were glad to follow his example. But even the fatigues and difficulties formed part of the amufement, and in the midft of panting hearts, puffing lips, and fanned faces, many a jeft found its way into the room, and the feats fhook with joyous emotion. Jane Atwood was touched with the moft grateful fentiments, Olivia was infinitely happy, and Henry for the moment, was void of care. But the apothecary appeared to be the happieft of the whole fet; indeed, his fpirits rofe almoft to an height that often met, and as often called for, a check; but it was of a very gentle nature, from Mrs. Burton, his wife. Jonathan Armftrong was at the time croffing the room with fome negus for his partner, the faid apothecary's fecond daughter, a blooming girl of eighteen. Her father—who had entered the room juft before Partington had not, in the general buftle, particularifed this youth, but now having examined his face, he cried out, in accents of ftrong emotion, "Surely it muft be he! and yet—no —no—'tis impoffible!"

He

He roſe to take a view of his man in front, when, juſt as he came oppoſite to him, he ſtood fixed; Jonathan ſmiled. "If it were not for the great difference of dreſs, I would have ſworn to him," exclaimed the apothecary, in a reſtrained tone. Jonathan ſuddenly ſtarted up, and walked out of the room, beckoning the landlord to follow. "Kitty, do you know the name of that young man?" ſaid the apothecary, eagerly. "Yes, father, it is young farmer Armſtrong, Jenny Atwood's couſin." "Then I muſt be miſtaken," ſaid the apothecary; "and yet, if inſtead of a farmer, he were a prince, it would be no diſparagement to be compared to the man I mean." "You have quite raiſed my curioſity, father, though I do not wiſh Mr. Armſtrong to be more or leſs than he is; for I never ſaw any man I thought ſo comely. You took him for ſomebody beneath him in circumſtances, I ſuppoſe." The apothecary expreſſed his fears that the young man was angry at being ſtared at, and ſo had left the room—" but, by my ſoul,

girl,"

girl," ſaid he, "I could not help it! he ſo reſembles a perſon I once ſaw, and ſhall never forget! You ſaw him, too, but were too young to remember him. Yet, I recollect he took and kiſſed you, and ſaid, when you grew up you ſhould be his ſweetheart. Alas! he was not ſo well dreſſed as I wiſhed to ſee him—in a ſad plight—you were afraid of him. Poor fellow! I wiſh to the bottom of my ſoul, if he be alive, he may be in better circumſtances—but bad as his then were, ours were the better for his bounty." "Our's, father?" queſtioned Kate. "Yes, God bleſs his noble heart! and I have often thought, though I never ſet eyes on him ſince, that ſome of thoſe comfortables, neither your mother or I could find the author of, and which uſed always to come, carriage paid, were from that quarter. Ay! the thoughts of him have cauſed me to drop many a tear, my Kitty." "Why, your eyes are full now, father," ſaid his daughter, applying the handkerchief which was in her hand to his face; "and here is another getting on

your cheek. The company muſt not ſee it now they are happy."

Kitty dried the generous drop on her lips. "I do not care if all the world ſaw it," ſaid the apothecary. "Why, child, the very firſt doll you ever had in your life was ſent to you by that poor fellow, from the fair where he was then limping." "Limping," cried the daughter! "was he lame then?" "He was, and he was not," ſaid the apothecary: "he was poor, and yet he was rich, he was melancholy, yet he was mirthful." "As I live," exclaimed Kitty, "you mean the poor dear—"

As Kitty was proceeding in her ſentence, the attention of the whole company was arouſed by Partington calling to arms; declaring that every man and woman had reſted long enough, and that he inſiſted on running another heat. The ſpirit of obedience remained, but the fiddler and one of the dancers were wanting. "Where is that caitiff the landlord? and the gigantick young ſcoundrel Jonathan?" queſtioned Partington. "I'll have them puniſhed for

quitting

quitting their poſt. You, Goody," cried he to the landlady, "ſhall break the fiddle-ſtick about your huſband's ears; and you Miſs," turning to the apothecary's daughter, "ſhall either knock down the giant with your father's peſtle, or ſhoot him through the heart with your own man-killing eyes."

At the end of this threat, which amuſed thoſe who knew the humour of the threatener, and terrified ſuch as did not, the door opened—we will not ſay to ſoft muſick, but to thoſe mirthful ſounds, which are ſure to put every dancer's foot in motion, and clothe every face in the ſmiles of good humour. Not only the notes of the fiddle, ſcraped by the landlord of the Fitzorton Arms, but the ſounds alſo of a muſick loving aſſociate, who, with a flagellet in his hand, came hopping in to a gigg-pace after him.

"Heyday," exclaimed Partington, the humouriſt and the friend of every innocent humour, "whom have we here? Some ſturdy vagabond, mine hoſt has picked out of

of the ſtreets, I ſuppoſe? No matter! the fellow ſeems to love mirth as well as ourſelves, and, very likely, has as much right to be merry. A heart, you know, may be glad under tatters, and groan beneath embroidery."—"True, an pleaſe your honour, I am a right merry proof of the firſt part of your worſhip's obſervation," cried the man, limping on, and playing a yet ſprightlier ſtrain. The company had now gathered round him, but the apothecary,—how ſhall we deſcribe the apothecary in the moment of recognition! "It is he, by all that is good, and generous, and laughable, and cryable, and comical, and tragical, it is he himſelf! yes, it is my beggar, the beggar of beggars! my own beggar; my friend, my rich poor man, and the benefactor of my family, an pleaſe your honours; it is the very he, who came to my ſhop for the bottle of hartſhorn, when the poor lady and gentleman,—God be praiſed! were overturned, years are gone, near the caſtle!" "As ſure," replied the medicant, "as

"as you are the very apothecary, who brought me back the ſilver ſix-pence."—"And that ſilver, turned to gold, and increaſed and multiplied; and God bleſſed it, and ſaw that it was good." The apothecary not only ran into his arms, but nearly carried him in his own, triumphant round the room.

"Mr. Burton," ejaculated the fervid Henry, "I can ſpare him to you no longer, for he is *my* friend as well as *your's*, and I muſt aſſert my ſhare in him." Henry very cordially embraced him. Olivia, who had frequently heard his ſtory, made her acknowledgments, and True George tendered one of his beſt bows: and ſaid, "he thought himſelf an honoured young fellow in having ſuch a gueſt."—"Stand off," ſaid Partington, "I never love theſe huggers," as that worthy gentleman, old Renault, ſays: "The lame ſtory at the caſtle, which I heard from John Fitzorton, ſhews you to be a moſt facetious ſcoundrel, Giant Jonathan; and, of courſe, I am heartily glad to add ye to the preſent company.

pany. But after all, how is it, you hopping vagabond, that you are ſo ſoon metamorphoſed? Do you uſually carry your legs in your pocket?"—"I remember," ſaid Henry, "a ſigh breaking from you, friend Jonathan, with theſe words:—'Ah! if you knew but the hiſtory of theſe ſtumps!' —I have a thouſand times longed for that hiſtory."—"It is a pity your honour ſhould long for any thing in vain, ſo your honour ſhall be ſatisfied."

CHAPTER LIII.

HISTORY OF A PAIR OF STUMPS.

"MY ſtory is ſoon told, ladies and gentlemen, and that little not much worth hearing; but, as we are here to make out the night as well as we can; and as Jerom and I are diſappointed one way, we will try to fetch it up another. We were always friends from our cradles, and a time was, when we ſhould have been not only

coufins, but brothers." But that was not to be, and as I hope fhe is now likely to make another friend of mine happy— Here he fhook George by the hand "all is well that ends well," you know. When Jerom got hold of a fecret, it was but half Jerom's, fo he brought it to Jonathan; or if I had the lock, as a body may fay, I gave Jerom the key. 'Jonathan,' faid he to me one day, as he fat on his mule, Dorothy, both panting for breath, 'you muft know there are two fellows, who fhall be namelefs, laying their heads together to fend you and I for foldiers, not to ferve our country, but to ferve themfelves.'—— "Thereby hangs a tale," faid Jonathan, winking and whifpering Henry,—' Soldiers, hey, fays I to Jerom? Why, lad, your poor dad and dame had better lofe their right hand than their fon Jerom; and my poor father would be ftarved in his bed, for want of the comforting morfel and fippings I put into his mouth with my own hands, to cherifh up his old heart! We have nothing for it, therefore, but a little

bufh-

bush-fighting, and in that way we will be a match for a regiment of ſoldiers; mark me, you and your mule Dorothy muſt go to Dartmouth fair, where we will pick up a bundle or two of rags—' Rags,' cried Jerom?—Yes, rags my brave fellow.—Don't you remember our ſeeing the play-men dreſs themſelves up like gypſies, to 'guiſe themſelves? well, when we are 'guiſed, you will ſee what I will do.—' Enough,' cried Jerom, ' it is but a few miles, and Dorothy will carry us both: jump up, Jonathan.' Knowing Dorothy could carry a houſe, up jumpt I, and away we went, for I had juſt fed father, poor ſoul, helpleſs as a babe, and left him in a pure doze—Plenty of fine cloaths at the fair, but few rags; towards night-fall, however, a couple of beggars aſked us for charity. A prettier pair of tatterdemallions could not be met with. Charity? ſaid I, why you ſeem to want it, ſure enough; what ſay you, Coz, ſhall we put theſe chaps into a little better repair?'—' Lads,' quoth Jerom, ' you muſt know, there is going to

be acted a ſort of a play in our parts, and we are to play beggars. Now your tatters will juſt ſuit us, and I ſuppoſe our ſuits of good duffil will be as well for you.'— 'Why as we can ſell theſe for more rags, and put ſomething in our pockets, we accept your offer, gentlemen,' cried one of them: 'ſo ſtep into the King's Arms, and —ſtrip, ſhall be the word.' So ſaid, ſo done, we drank our ale, paid our reckoning, laughed over our frolick, and left the houſe. I ſhould have mentioned, though,' continued Jonathan, 'that one of our chapmen aſked, if a pair of ſtumps would be wanting, to complete the joke; and the other obſerved, that an eye-band too might be uſeful; by which means, gentlemen, you will be good beggars from head to foot.' Come, ſaid I, we have no time for haggling, we muſt deal by wholeſale. What will you take for thoſe ſtumps?— 'You muſt know,' ſaid the dealer, 'I am a kind of ſtump-maker by trade, ſo I always manufacture my own legs—Give me half-a-crown a limb, and my ſtumps are

your's.

your's.' Yes, but what will you do in the mean time? 'That is a ſecret,' ſaid the ſtumper: 'but when we have ſettled our bargain, and fairly got out of the houſe, as it is now dark, and as I ſee you love a joke, I will tell you.' I paid the demand. 'You may as well take the eye-band, though, upon my honour, it is cheap at a couple of ſhillings; but as it has already done ſervice, it is your's for one.' Agreed: Well, out we ſallied, and having gained the ſtreet, the ſtump-maker took off his legs, and put them under my arm; after which he ſaid, in a whiſper, 'Now you ſhall ſee my method of getting off without them.' Hereupon he ran with as much eaſe as if he had never worn them, his comrade and he laughing all the way at the neatneſs of the thing. You may remember, ſir, ſaid Jonathan to Henry, I mended this hint, but, I truſt, I had as good a reaſon for it as my friend the ſtump-maker. Thus equipped, we again mounted Dorothy, and got home without any body being the wiſer. Our great coats, which we did not part with,

covered our rags purely. Jerom, ſaid I; next evening, you muſt ſay to your folks, if they ſhould find you out, that you and I, for fear of being liſted, have got 'guiſed, and that we muſt be harboured about premiſes, as poor lame vagrants, paſt ſervice, and give us the run of their barns and hovels; thus I ſhall be at hand to feed bed-rid dad, without any danger of being taken from him, for I will do myſelf and you up curiouſly. Well, we ſoon found out, that we were marked down to be ſhot at, and every man that had two eyes in his head, and a leg to ſtand on, in ſhort, every man who had not been ſhot almoſt to pieces before, was thought pretty good yet for a bullet."

"Of courſe," exclaimed Partington, "you and Jerom, who are a brace of as well-built vagabonds as you ſhall ſee, would have been ſoon picked up."

"Our rags and ſtumps, God bleſs the owners, ſaved us, your honour," replied Jonathan. "So, as Jerom's dad was burnt out—."

"Burnt out!" repeated Partington, in a furious tone, "hah! hah! I ſmell a rat."

"Huſh," whiſpered Jonathan, "couſin Jane muſt not hear this part of our ſtory."

Luckily, Jane had ſome time ſince been drawn out of the room by the delicate Olivia, who was apprehenſive of conſequences.

"The inſufferable little caitiff has ſtolen off, you ſee, and I order you girls to follow her," cried Partington, driving the apothecary's daughters before him; but promiſing to let them hear the reſt of the ſtory, at leaſt, as much of it as he thought fit, another time. Kitty ſeemed to feel this excluſion more ſtrongly than the reſt; not ſo much, perhaps, for the ſake of the hiſtory, as for that of the hiſtorian. "As to that," ſaid Jonathan, appearing equally to diſapprove the meaſure, "there is nothing I ſhall ſay, the young laſſes may not hear: I know what I am about, your honour."—"Come back then, huſſeys," cried Partington.

"Your honour has put me out ſadly," reſumed Jonathan. "Where was I?"

"Juſt burnt out," quoth Jerom. Partington grated his teeth and pulled off his hat. "So as I was ſaying, your honour, before you put me out, uncle and aunt Atwood being burnt out of houſe and home, and ſick and ſorry, on other accounts, that ſhall be nameleſs—."

Partington gnaſhed his teeth more violently, and again took off his hat.

"And my Dad not able to get up or lie down without help; and he did not like any body elſe to touch him, and would not feed out of any other hand—both families had nothing to depend on for above half a year, but what Jerom and I could do for them, ſo we both thought it beſt to run away."—"Run away!" exclaimed Partington, ſtarting up, and ſlightly bowing; "I am afraid you are worthier gentlemen than I took you for."—"Yes, your honour, we ran away, as it were, with ourſelves, leſt the red coats ſhould do the

buſineſs

businefs lefs to our minds; fo, inftead of turning foldiers and ferving our king and country abroad, the Lord protect them! we turned ourfelves, as you have feen, into beggars, in order to ftay and ferve thofe, who to us, were more than king or country —our fick kinsfolks at home. The beft of the joke was, that almoft every neighbour, who ufed to envy and fpite us, when we were Jerom and Jonathan, and would not, perhaps, have given a brafs farthing to either of our poor fathers, loaded us with kindnefs, when they thought us lame Dick and blind Sam, for fo we called ourfelves; and we had as taking a tale for our misfortunes by fea and land, as any of the trade.—' Then as to finding us out,' faid Jerom, ' our own folks hardly knew us.'— " Nay," obferved Jonathan, " we hardly knew ourfelves; for what with one ftain or another, we made ourfelves fine faces, I warrant. But when the gentlemen menftealers had done kidnapping, Jerom being moft wanted, caft his coat, and ftood the mobbing of the parifh; and as to me,

having another part to play, I ſtuck to my rags, and worked my ſtumps a little longer."

The apothecary was flying about the room, and would have preſſed either of Jonathan's hands to his boſom, had they not been filled with thoſe of his daughters, both of whom ſeemed to feel, as if by ſympathy, the glow of the two laſt expreſſions; Henry yielded to the tenderneſs, and Partington to the tranſport of their diſpoſitions, the latter pouring out the full torrent of his long-repreſſed abuſe with tears in his eyes, ſaying, "when thoſe jades can ſpare one of your hands, put it into mine, you moſt abominable vagabond."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SPLENDID SIXPENCE.

"YOUR honours may have heard," ſaid Jonathan, looking earneſtly at Partington and Henry, "that our family had not been well treated by a—"

"Certain

"Certain worthy perfonage," faid Partington, bowing obfequioufly.

"And," refumed Jonathan, "as Jerom had made many trials to come at the fpeech of him in vain, I thought it likely enough I might bring this cleverly about in my beggar's apparel; accordingly letting coufin Jerom into my plan, and leaving Dad for a few days to his care, which I knew I might fafely do, had it been a whole year"—

"I believe it," faid the eldeft Mifs Burton, reddening.

"I went hopping by day, and running by night, down to—to—to—"

"The worthy gentleman's houfe," cried Partington, relieving Jonathan's embarraffment.

"And under favour of my beggarly condition, I gained admiffion into the outward gate of the old abbey."

"Abbey!" exclaimed Henry, "I remember, pleafe your honours, my heart beat and thumped as if it would fly out of my breaft, when I found myfelf in the way of getting at my man, who, for reafons good

good and mighty, kept himſelf about that time as cloſe as a fox in his hole, when he knew the hunters were after him—I had in my hand one of the beſt pieces of dried crab-tree you ever beheld, and I now promiſed myſelf an end of all my labours, in the comfort of trying its ſtrength once more on the head and ſhoulders of one of the moſt—"

"Honourable gentlemen," interrupted Partington, bowing towards Jonathan, "that ever merited the wheel and gibbet."

"But, alas! your honours, this life is full of croſſes!" cried Armſtrong.

"No diſappointment, I hope?" queſtioned Partington, eagerly—

"Limping towards the ſecond gateway, your honours, I was accoſted by a nice white-headed old man, who took pity on my ſuppoſed condition, helped me into his own room, and, as the ſcripture ſays, filled me with good things—"

"Alas!" ſighed Henry to Partington, "this muſt have been Denniſon, the good old ſteward."

"He

"He told me," refumed Jonathan, "his mafter was gone riding round the abbey parks, and while the fteward, your honours, was fpeaking, the barking of a little dog—"

"Caroline's fpaniel!" ejaculated Henry—

"Brought out feveral of the fervants, to whom I gave fome of my ballads—I fold a few of thefe by way of finifhing the fun—then came, as I believe, the miftrefs of the family—"

"O heavens!" whifpered Henry to Partington—

"She gave me money, but begged me to leave the place before her hufband's return, as he did not like to fee any unfortunate people about the premifes. Yes, faid one of the maids, my mafter hates the fight of beggars, and, perhaps, would fend you to the houfe of correction. As fhe faid this, your honours, I felt the crabftick turning round in my hand, as if it wanted to be at him; but juft as I was going to fpeak my lady returned, leading one of the fweeteft young miffes in her hand I ever clapt my eyes upon; inftead of being fcared

at

at beggarmen, as ſome miſſes ſeem to bė, ſhe walked up to me, and ſaid, with a voice that was ſweeter than any muſick I ever heard in my life, "Here, poor fellow, my deareſt mother always bids me love and help the poor—this ſixpence is my own mite, and that ſhilling I give for my father, who is not at home, ſo you need not take the trouble to wait his return—go then, to oblige me, (ſaid the fair young lady,) and if you ſhould come again (added miſs as ſhe walked away with her mother, turning back her pretty head to ſmile on me), let it be on a fine morning, betwixt twelve and one o'clock, for though my father will then, moſt likely, be out, we ſhall be at home."

Henry had run to the remoteſt corner of the room. "O God! every word and action beſpeaks my ever-beloved, ever-regretted, Caroline!"

Partington was too much moved by this account himſelf, to obſerve its effect on Henry. True George, however, whom unconquerable modeſty and innate ſenſe of decorum, had fixed humbly in a corner of the

the room, during the whole of the recital, now rufhed forward, and attended his unhappy mafter, to fcreen him from general obfervation, by ftanding betwixt him and the company.

Jonathan, who was wholly unconfcious that he had produced any uneafinefs, continued his narration.—

"The young lady's fixpence was more valued by Jonathan Armftrong, than a waggon load of her father's fhillings—I threw that which was given me on *his* account—as foon as I got out of fight, though not to affront the ladies—into one of his own fifh-ponds, where I wifhed I had the drenching him with all my foul: but for that fixpence, I laid it up with Mr. Apothecary's, and have both of them yet, and am a better man every time I look at either of them—which is every day; and d *** me, if I would part with either, even to fave old Dad's life, were he ftill upon the face of the earth—yet, I lie too, to fave his, perhaps, I might, but to fave my own—if Dad were dead, may I be as wicked

as

as miſs's father, if I would truſt them out of my poſſeſſion—look'ee, here they are!"

As Jonathan was about to produce his treaſure, Henry roſe up with a furious bound, and exclaimed, in a voice that terrified the whole company, and ſeemed to ſtrike through the very heart of True George, "By heaven and earth, but you ſhall ſurrender Caroline's this moment, or your life ſhall anſwer it!"

The vehement action which accompanied this requiſition, affected George to a degree that brought him on his knees, firſt to his maſter, then to Jonathan, intreating the one to be pacified, and the other only to lend *him* the ſilver token, aſſuring him, in a trembling whiſper, he would anſwer with his own life for its being reſtored.

"Reſtored!" ſaid Jonathan, "why if I had known his honour had valued it, I would not have talked or ſwore as I have. But what ſignifies a raſh oath?—better broken than kept. Jeppy, judge of Iſrael, for that. I ſaid that I would not part with

it

it to ſave my own life—no more I would—but to ſave Sir Armine Fitzorton's ſon, or Sir John Fitzorton's brother, or Squire Partington's little finger from aching; d—n it, I would give both my ſixpences, and all that I have in the world, now Dad is in his grave, and better provided for! There, your honour," continued Jonathan, taking a little leathern pouch from his fob, and diſplaying the hoarded ſixpences, encloſed in many an affectionate fold—"there, take them."

A truly generous action pierces every ſenſe.

The apothecary's Kitty burſt into a torrent of tears, and afterwards fell into a ſtrong convulſive hyſterick, which required all the ſkill of her father, who was himſelf at the moment ſcarcely in a much better ſituation. Jerom had enough to do with the other daughter, and Henry's generous heart was ſo ſtruck with the diſorders he had produced, that, forgetting himſelf, he attended only to the reſtoration of Kitty,

Kitty, begged Jonathan would return the caufe of the general confufion to its place —apologized for his own infirmity, with which he faid, it had pleafed God, for fome months paft, to vifit him, and intreated it might be utterly forgiven and forgotten. Thus all paffed off as a ftart of Henry's infanity.

Ye parents! who have children of his character, even if they have equal virtue and philanthropy—BEWARE! Well was it, however, for his peace, and her own, that his lovely wife was out of the hearing or fight of this paroxyfm, or the circumftance which gave it birth.

Olivia had gone, accompanied by her friend Jane, for fo fhe now efteemed her, to fee her children put to bed, and bring back the report of their being in the fecure arms of fleep, to her adored hufband, and had not yet returned—Kitty, after a very fevere fit, was brought to herfelf; and as foon as fhe had any recollection of circum-ftances, fhe yielded to the artlefs power of

a heart, whoſe lot was in an inſtant caſt for ever. She gave Jonathan ſuch a look as plainly told him her impreſſion.

"My ſtory ends happily," ſaid Jonathan, placing himſelf cloſe to Kitty, "ſo I'll run it off, your honours, in a few words. As I left the great houſe, I bleſſed the good miſtreſs and young lady, and old ſteward, at every ſtep; and juſt as I got back to the outward gate, I met—the worthy gentleman returning home — and though the hour before, my blood boiled at the thought of him, and I had him at laſt within reach of my crabſtick—I thought on the kindneſs of his wife and daughter, and could not find in my heart to touch a hair of his head; ſo hopping on, I let him paſs, and there was an end of my plot. But I ſhould tell you though, that in my way back, ſtopping at a publick houſe, I luckily fell in with two more worthy gentlemen, known by the names of Valentine Miles, and David Oplay, both drunk enough to quarrel with one another, and blab their ſecrets to every body elſe. My fingers

itched at theſe, but thraſhing a drunkard, is no better than ſtriking a man when he's down—coward's work: ſo I reſolved to wait till my men were ſober; and next morning took care to be at a part of the road they muſt paſs. Well, we met, and I believe they will do Jonathan Armſtrong the juſtice to ſay that, after ſhewing them fair-play, I gave them both the genteeleſt dreſſing they ever had ſince they begun to be rogues—I then purſued my journey, laughing to think, that, though I did not ſtrike the root, I hacked ſome of the branches; and by the ſame token I hindered them from carrying on a ſad piece of *deviltry* they were going upon that very day.—And this, I have often thought, is the reaſon, why within a few hours after, Providence overſet the chaiſe which brought me firſt to your honour's and good Mr. John's acquaintance.

"As ſoon as I got back, I told couſin Jerom all that had happened in my laſt begging plan—and I made a vow, from that moment, to keep my tattered garments, well-

well-worn ſtumps and eyebands, as long as I lived!—I laid the old boys up in lavender, out of which I took them only laſt night, in the hope that Jerom and I were coming to Jane's wedding, which we deſired to keep right merrily."

As Jonathan ended, the beautiful Olivia, accompanied by her children, and lovely attendant, Jane Atwood, re-entered the apartment—Henry, running to his wife and embracing ardently his children, exclaimed, "You know not what you have loſt! Jonathan Armſtrong has been giving us the whole hiſtory of his ſtumps and coat of many colours—but how is it theſe our darlings are not in the arms of ſleep?"

"I have loſt nothing," anſwered Olivia, ſweetly ſmiling, "for there can be nothing good or pleaſant, or proper for me to know, that you will not repeat; and as to our little rakes, I found both of them wakeful and merry as it were morn, and no ſooner did they hear that it was Jane's birth-day, and that their father and friends, with their favourite Mr. Partington, were

dancing

dancing on the occafion, than both importuned me, with fuch unrefufable fweetnefs, to go and dance alfo, that I fuffered them to rife, put on their faireft apparel, to fo *doubly* fair a purpofe, for this is, likewife, *our* day of fweet remembrance. Go then, dear ones, cling round your father's knees, and intercede for Olivia."

Henry, extended his arms till he drew the mother and children clofe to his heart, and encircled them all in his embrace.—"Olivia," faid he, with felf-reproving accents, "every day, every hour, more clearly fhews me there lives not a man who can merit thee! and Henry leaft of all!"

"Nonfenfe! nonfenfe!" exclaimed Partington, with obftructed utterance, "this is all for joy, I fuppofe, but 'tis laughing on the wrong fide of the mouth —I'll no more on't. Thefe little varlets fhall not be difappointed; I'll not have them dragged out of bed, poor fools, by their unnatural mother, i'th' middle of the night, for nothing. Here, lame Dick, do you

you take hyſterical Kitty; you, blind Sam, muſt put up with Heſter, and mind you contrive to throw them into another fit or two—You, my little rogue John, ſhall dance with your villanous ſiſter Carry, and I'll manage the figure—Papa and mamma muſt foot it together—and as for you, you moſt abominable caitiff George, I ſhall hook you to this d***d good-for-nothing Jane."

He joined their hands in the kindeſt manner, drew his handkerchief with apparent violence, yet with a lover's ſoftneſs, acroſs the humid eyes of Jane Atwood, and then bidding the landlord ſtrike up his moſt enlivening notes, all parties were in motion, and it was almoſt impoſſible not to feel the innocent charm work its way into the very hearts of the whole aſſembly. At a pauſe of the firſt dance, a full bowl of arrack punch was brought in, by a previous arrangement, flowing from that never-ceaſing ſtream, Olivia's bounty—ſhe had made it in honour of the day, and the bloom which overſpread her cheeks, when,

on its being produced, her huſband exclaimed, "I ſee the ever-giving hand of my wife in all this!" was of the celeſtial red, with which the conſcious and gratified heart paints the cheek when any action finds grace and favour in the perſon on earth it moſt wiſhes to pleaſe—"I will live only for Olivia!" again breathed in the voice and beamed in the eyes of the grateful Henry. The ſpirited brimmer went round; a ſtinted portion was preſented to the young ones—little John diſdained the ſcanty offering, and aſſerted his right to an equal ſhare; and on his mother's repreſenting to him he would be tipſy—"ſo much the better," ſaid the lad, with all the energy of his uncle, "then would it be ſaid, the firſt time Johnny got tipſy, was on a pretty girl's birth day!—no ſhame in that, I hope!" this encouraged little Carry, who by gentle, but continual ſippings, emptied her glaſs—

"Before I drink to the huſſey," cried Partington, taking hold of Jane's hand, "I deſire to know whether any of the good

good company prefent, fee any caufe or impediment why this egregious caitiff George (when he can get her in the mind) fhould not be joined in holy——" "Hufh, for goodnefs fake, Mr. Partington," cried George, then firft confidering himfelf as entitled to fpeak unbidden, "Mrs. Jane will think perhaps—" "What can fhe think," interpofed Olivia, with great foftnefs, "but that fhe has long been his, and ever muft be fenfible to the chafte, delicate, and not unacceptable conduct of her True George—Is it not fo, my Jane?"

"It is, dear and honoured miftrefs, it is," anfwered Jane, with a vioce, look, and manner, difplaying as much the fincerity of her foul, as the graces of her perfon.

"Then I fhall ftill have another merry night for you, my dearly beloved old rags and ftumps!" quoth Jonathan—

But George! and what did George fay? —even nothing—wept as if he had been rejected, and was dumb through excefs of happinefs!—while Burton, the apothecary, leapt, bounded, and frifked, as if the hap-

pineſs had been his, and the lot of deſpairing ſorrow had fallen only on George.

"Then this is keeping birth and wedding-day all under one—only celebrating the laſt a little before the time—well—when that time comes, we will celebrate it again" (ſaid Partington) "ſo, in the mean while here's the health of George and Jane—a pair of raſcals juſt fitted to one another."

Here Partington drank from the bowl itſelf, and made every one preſent do the ſame, not excuſing even Carry and Little John, the former of whom ſaid ſmilingly, ſhe had come almoſt to her brother's way of thinking.—The latter drank luſtily from the bowl as Partington held it to his lips, and it was not without difficulty, the mother, ſtroking his hair and kiſſing his forehead as he drank, could induce him to looſen his hold. The muſick and the dance were once more reſumed, and the evening cloſed with Partington's obſerving, that by, or before, that day month, he expected to ſee all, or moſt of, the young villains,

who

who had been partners for the hour, made partners for life.

CHAPTER LV.

It was propofed by Olivia that fhe fhould firft fet down her babes at the caftle, and then refign her coach to Mrs. Burton and her family at Brixham, the little hamlet where they refided.

All but Mrs. Burton declined this polite offer; the daughters faid they preferred a walk by moonlight; but whether this preference was entirely in compliment to the moon, or veiled fome other motive beneath her beams, it is for the reader to afcertain.

Jerom and Jonathan were of the like opinion.

The apothecary declared that, late as it was, he muft call upon a patient by the way, who was in an alarming fituation; befides which, his little pad would take it

extremely ill if he was not ſuffered to carry him home, after the poor fellow had been ſo long in waiting, and had taken his nightly tankard of ale, which Burton always allowed him after his day's work.

Thus all followed their own plans, and Mrs. Burton being handed into the carriage by Henry, after the Fitzorton party arrived at the caſtle, was driven, in ſolitary grandeur, to her houſe.

Jane Atwood alſo requeſted to be permitted to be of the perambulating party: Partington intended to have yielded his own ſeat to this intereſting young woman, but he no ſooner heard her petition than he penetrated the motive, vaulted into his place, ordered the footman to ſhut the coach door and leave the abominable night-walkers to run into chains and fetters their own way, adding, that he could ſee all the young raſcals, men and women, were upon a robbing party, and had a plundering deſign upon each other's heart. We are concerned to obſerve, at the bottom of theſe otherwiſe pleaſing arrangements, that no

no importuning of the young ſexton, not even the powerful influence of example, could induce Mrs. Rachael to allow him to ſhare the moonlight privileges granted by the other fair ones; on the contrary, that poor ſwain was left within view of his own church-yard, there, if he thought proper,

"To take the meaſure of a new-made grave,"

while the inexorable fair, perhaps in more deſperate circumſtances than himſelf, took her unprotected way home, ſometimes ſhooting by her obdurate George, like a troubled ſpirit, and ſometimes pacing ſlow with returning ſteps, as if to terrify her rival.

But the gentle Jane, who knew nothing of theſe kitchen adventures, and had a mind that kept her above the little jealouſies of inferior nature, ſuppoſed this ſome whim of the girl's to carry on the frolicks of the night, ſo paſſed quietly, and even happily on, with her protecting George; and this ſhort walk from the Fitzorton Arms to

Fitzorton Caſtle was one of the moſt agreeable in the whole life of the latter. Every ſtep he took was ſweetened by the reflection that his well-meant plan of calling his patrons and friends together, had more than anſwered his warmeſt expectations. It had revived old friendſhips, and created new loves; it had added to the daily-growing power of his honoured lady over his almoſt idolized maſter; and, after a thouſand unexpreſſed but modeſt fears, and a long and generous forbearance to urge even his moſt reaſonable pretenſions, this was the hour to illuminate his path with the brighteſt rays of hope, had night, inſtead of favouring with her faireſt moon beam, been involved in tenfold darkneſs—for Jane now crowned his perſevering, though not perſecuting love, with love's pureſt treaſure—the avowal of no ſlight return!

CHAP-

CHAPTER LVI.

MOONLIGHT PRIVILEGES.

WE truſt there are not a few of the Fitzorton Arms party, who ſhared with George the heart-won ſweets hinted at in our laſt page; but, certainly, none deſerved them more than the good Burton! who, after the harmleſs revelries of the day, amidſt the good and happy, did not forget the midnight duties, ſocial and profeſſional, which he had promiſed to the guilty and wretched. A patient of that deſcription had for ſome time been on his liſt: previous to the mention of which, ſome eventful retroſpects are here neceſſary.

We left Sir Guiſe Stuart where the vicious deſerve to be deſerted by the good; in that manſion, which, after the amiable ſon and daughter were driven out, reſembled diſmantled paradiſe, when its angel gueſts had left it open to the entrance of ſin and death. In the horrid ſhapes of

Lady Tempeſt Stuart, and all her ſerpent train, thoſe ſatantick powers there reigned triumphant, and during the abſence of Olivia and Henry, and the reſt of the Fitzorton family, held ſuch

"Huge uproar wild,"

by the addition of beings like themſelves, that the diſaſtrous abbey, once inhabited by many a gentle ſpirit, became, as it were, a Pandemonium, in which every luxury and vice was carried to an exceſs, that, exciting the indignation of the uncorrupted part of the country, called for the interference of the guardians of publick peace.

In this character, John Fitzorton, who happened about that time to be at the ſtill unſpotted caſtle, inſpecting the premiſes of Fitzorton, in the abſence of Henry and Olivia, when this complaint was made, felt himſelf called upon to ſanction the pariſh in their indictment of the abbey as a common nuiſance. The enormities perpetrated within its walls juſtified the meaſure, and John, inveſted by nature with all the powers

powers of awful virtue, and by his office with thoſe of legal authority, undertook to cleanſe this Augean ſtable.

And he did this in his own way. He waited a time when the aſſociated revellers were juſt met to celebrate the day in which the miſtreſs of the gang uſurped the honours, and made herſelf lady of the domain —ah! how unlike the blameleſs feſtival of True George for the reſtored object of his heart, and for the anniverſary of the day that conſtituted Olivia lady of the caſtle!

John Fitzorton, therefore, intrepid and alone, went to the abbey gate, and demanded admittance with an accent that terrified, even to flight, the minion who opened it. John ſtrode on, and being in the duſk of the evening, was either not noticed, or taken for one of the numerous gueſts that had been expected. He walked the long and dimly-lighted ayles and paſſages of the manſion, following rather his ears than his eyes, and at length arrived at the place from whence the loudeſt din of merriment ſeemed to iſſue. The door of the apart-

ment was aſcertained by a lamp ſuſpended over it, and on the right he deſcried a large bell, which in more diſtant times, was intended to ſummon the forefathers of the place to prayers. This was, in effect, the caſe; the revellers had choſen for the ſcene of their bluſhleſs orgies, the houſe-chapel, in which they were about to celebrate the fête that brought another domeſtick dæmon into the family.

John had juſt ſtruck the huge clapper of the pondrous larum-bell, which, from its being unexpected, gave a fearful ſound, when deeming all terror, but that excited by a ſenſe of guilt in the preſence of accuſing innocence unworthy of him, he opened the door of the apartment without any pomps of admiſſion, and armed only with the mail which the majeſtick mind, on ſuch occaſions, ſeems to throw over the perſon, he preſented himſelf to the fiends, that might truly be ſaid to "look as if all hell had drawn them into league." In ſo many direct and unqualified words, and with a voice that might have been uſed by the

the "accuſing angel," he told them, "he little imagined they would have dared to provoke his juſtice any more after what had paſſed, but that, as they were again become objects of publick notoriety, if they did not, one and all, deport themſelves as it behoved every member of the community—honour and virtue he did not expect from them—they ſhould, in the firſt inſtance, be ſent where, indeed, publick juſtice had long ſince required them—to the houſe of correction; and, in the ſecond, puniſhed with all the wiſe ſeverity of the law. Think upon it," added he, "you either do, or ought to know, that my power always meaſures to my words. I ſhall hear of your proceedings, and will not ſuffer the peace and honour of the pariſh, nor indeed of the whole county, to be any longer invaded."

Whether there is really an omnipotence in conſcience that in guilt "makes cowards of us all;" or, in uprightneſs, that at once renders us inſenſible to danger, and often protects from wrong by ſtriking

terror into thoſe who might, otherwiſe, cruſh us in a moment: or that an individual, cloathed in the majeſty of honourable thoughts and actions, appearing ſuddenly before a ſet of beings made abject by crime, is more formidable than armies, it is certain that Sir Guiſe and his colleagues heard themſelves rebuked by John Fitz-orton in the terms deſcribed, without any interruption, and not only ſuffered him to depart unqueſtioned, but were thrown into ſuch diſmay by this unforeſeen circumſtance, that the nuiſance complained of, ſo far as the *publick* had any thing to do with *private vices*, was from that hour removed.

Not long after this tranſaction, the abbey banditti, finding they could no longer hold their prophane carouſals in that part of the world, gradually diſappeared; and the female fury in chief, for there were many inferior diſgraces of the ſex in her train, perſuaded, or rather compelled her huſband, over whoſe nature ſhe held deſpotick ſway, to move to the metropolis, a proper ſcene of their miſdeeds; where individual vice,

if

if it trenches not on the laws, is either not ſeen, or ſilently ſhunned, or loſt in the general maſs of human affairs crowded together.

In conformity, or rather in obedience to this meaſure, the furniture of the venerable manſion of Fitzorton would have been "thrown amongſt the common lumber," had not the worthy John, as well from his own manly impulſes, as bearing in mind the tender wiſhes of Henry and Olivia, and knowing the circumſtances which endeared certain articles, ſecretly ordered them, with ſundry others, to be held ſacred at any price: and although neither he, nor any perſon concerned, mentioned theſe purchaſes to the parties *moſt* intereſted, they were placed in the care of perſons incapable of abuſing a truſt, and to be forth coming on demand.

But, independent on the rapacious violence of his wife and of her choſen ſet, whoſe dark and nefarious practices increaſed daily both in number and atrocity, Sir Guiſe, whoſe ruin was all along predetermined,

termined, found himſelf about this time much haraſſed by his creditors; and at length it became neceſſary to ſecure himſelf from the perſonal dangers by which he was environed.

With this view he was ſmuggled off to London, and his lady left to follow him by indirect and circuitous ways, when ſhe had arranged, or, more truly to ſpeak, *deranged* the affairs of the abbey. The furniture of that noble manſion being by no means an object of general purchaſe, was ſent away to an auction room in the metropolis, and the direction of their ſale given to Valentine Miles; and, that all things might be done in order, the auctioneer was an intimate friend and near relation of Mr. Dabble. Lady Stuart, however, made a little reſerve of ſuch valuables as ſhe choſe to ſelect from the general wreck, ſuch as jewels, linen, plate, &c. none of which were amongſt the things which Caroline Stuart would have deemed precious.

Thus

Thus was the patrimonial reſidence in which Charles and Caroline were born, and which Henry Fitzorton had ſo often viſited, from a paſſion that extended to every object within and without, reduced to a deſolate ſhell! and the ſhell itſelf advertiſed publickly for ſale or hire.

Luckily theſe operations were carried on while Henry and Olivia were on their travels; on their return a nameleſs predilection attracted both the wife and huſband to the ſpot which had been the ſcene of ſo many pleaſures and pains; yet the ever generous Henry had not dared to enquire, perhaps had not greatly wiſhed to know, what became of thoſe aiders and abettors in his calamity, Sir Guiſe and his abandoned wife. He contented himſelf with a general account, by which he underſtood the abbey was ſhut up, and the late gang removed to London. And even when impelled by his wounded mind to explore the haunts of his former days, his walks were rather confined to the chapel-houſe, grand avenue, and foreſt paths.

Thefe had undergone, in the parts he had been wont to frequent, no great alteration, at the period of his re-eftablifhment; and John had always infifted that the caftle fhould be confidered as the family feat of all the brothers, and of Olivia, with the appropriation of their refpective apartments, as in the days of their childhood, whenever they were difpofed to refume their unaltered privileges.

In this defolate and deferted ftate, however, without a fingle inhabitant, did the venerable abbey, and its fmiling environs, long remain. The country people, fince the death of Lady Matilda, and the banifhment of her children, had marked it even with a fuperftitious abhorrence, and had combined with it fo ill a fame, that we do not believe there could have been found any one in the parifhes of Stuart, Fitzorton, or Clare, who would have exchanged his cottage for the proudeft apartments of that magnificent ruin. Whereas there was not a nook or corner in, or about, the caftle, or the manor-houfe, which grateful affec-

tion

tion did not diſtinguiſh by ſome memorial of regard and veneration. As the one was the object of moral averſion, ſo was the other of love; and while the harmleſs ruſticks of the neighbourhood paſſed haſtily from the abbey, informing their ural viſitors, that *there* had lived the wicked Sir Guiſe, they fondly ſtrayed and lingered over the grounds and gardens of Fitzorton and Clare, officious to celebrate the place where the good Sir Armine and Mr. Clare and their heirs, had long flouriſhed, or ſtill reſided.

Such is the popular odium which attaches even to the receptacles of vice, even when the vicious have deſerted them, and ſuch the reverence that is paid to the manſions of virtue, even when the virtuous are abſent, or in the grave. Indeed, to ſuch a point was this ſentiment in the preſent inſtance carried by the uncorrupted ſwains, that the perſon who rented the woodlands, the park, the orchard, and ſome of the paſtures environing the abbey,

refuſed

refuſed the latter, though it would have been included in his bargain.

Olivia and her Henry, after their reſettlement at the caſtle, went to take a ſurvey of the Fitzorton domain in a ſun-ſetting walk, wreathed arm in arm, and extended their walks to that of the abbey. Their hearts deplored the alteration! Henry ſighed, but did not ſpeak; Olivia, who eaſed her regrets by giving them the reliefs of generous expreſſion, intreated her adored huſband "would give her leave to indulge in one more ſmall expence, that ſhe would take care," ſhe ſaid, "ſhould not break into the fund either of his bounty or her own." The object of this expence was, as the tenant ſeemed willing to reſign his leaſe, for Henry to take the garden, park, and pleaſure-grounds, into his own hand, do with it as he choſe, and, to uſe her own words, "make it look more like its former ſelf; for who knows, deareſt love," adjoined ſhe, "although the heavy veil of myſtery ſtill hangs over the fate of Charles

Charles and Caroline, what may yet happen?"

We are not able to tell the reader, what were the precife words of Henry's reply, but he knows enough of his difpofition to believe they were not unworthy of the occafion. The abbey eftate was about this time feized by creditors, who litigated the pretended claim of Lady Stuart, and her accomplices in chicane; and at length a bill being filed in Chancery, the rents were, by decree, paid only to a receiver, till rights could be afcertained by due inveftigation of the law, and one of the perfons appointed to manage the caufe was James Fitzorton, who undertook it principally with a hope, fuggefted privately by his brother John, that the iffue might, perhaps, be favourable to the fon and daughter of Sir Guife. Hereupon Olivia enlarged her plan, by an opportunity which James gave her, of taking the houfe, and as much of the land as fhe thought proper; in which fcheme, though it was naturally, and, indeed, moft innocently gratifying to Henry,

that

that amiable man took no active part; but, for some reason or other, John approved and promoted it. The house itself stood for some time wholly unoccupied, but under the improving hands of John, who on this occasion commenced farmer, the lands were thriving, and under those of Olivia, assisted by Henry, the gardens were restored to their original grace, preserving, as much as might be, every feature they had lost. The chapel, where the sacred remains of Lady Matilda reposed, was not neglected, neither was the little chapel house of farther Arthur forgotten by its protectress; the summer-houses were all repaired, and the grand avenue which she knew to be amongst the haunts of her Henry's muse, was redeemed from the axe, and became an object of her particular patronage.

It is hard to say whether the feelings of Henry during these good works were more delighted or aggrieved: if they gratified him one way, they pained him another; yet his sense of Oliva's motive struck every

chord of his heart. By theſe, and ten thouſand other charms of conduct, the ſpontaneous effuſions of a truly noble nature, which neither knew nor imagined guile, ſhe imperceptibly drew Henry from others to herſelf; ſhe made even thoſe things familiar to his eye and ear which at firſt wounded them, and he could endure to look on objects, and hear remarks, which, had they been kept out of the way per force, might, perhaps, have aggravated his melancholy or deſpair; but by this wiſe management, or rather by this conduct, for ſhe knew not that any management was neceſſary, his abſences of mind or of perſon, and his irregular ſallies of every kind, were far leſs frequent, and, from the night in which ſhe left the Fitzorton arms, he every hour grew more ſenſible of domeſtick comforts, becauſe more tenderly alive to their delightful ſource—his exquiſite wife! And if *ſhe* was more happy than himſelf, his ſatisfaction in making her ſo, at length far ſurpaſſed the pleaſure which *could* be

enjoyed

enjoyed by ordinary mortals, who account themſelves bleſt.

CHAPTER LVII.

FLIGHT AND DESOLATION.

FOR ſome time Sir Guiſe Stuart found a ſafe retreat from his creditors in London; and while any property remained with him, either immediate or reverſionary, or he could be made, any way, ſubſervient to intereſt or pleaſure, his evenings were enlivened with the ſociety of his lady, her Valentine, or ſome of their tribe. Nay, when he had eventually transferred all within his reach, ſave the abbey lands, theſe worthy colleagues occaſionally made up a party, ſeemingly to divert their deluded victim, but actually to enthral him ſtill deeper in debt to themſelves, thereby laying the groundwork of thoſe differences which were to end in total ſeparation from his perſon, and his concerns.

But

But the moſt active and conſtant aſſociate, was Mr. Dabble, who under this grand ſupport, my Lady Stuart, meditated a bold ſtroke for the good of all parties—videlicet, the aſſignment of Sir Guiſe's landed property at the abbey, into his hands, in truſt, for the ſaid Sir Guiſe, who, after ſuch aſſignment, was to ſwear himſelf not worth a ſhilling; which in that caſe he might very ſafely have done, even had his conſcience been addicted to ſcruples.

There was but one circumſtance that had kept the abbey eſtate out of the hands of theſe good friends: for, in truth, it had been won long before by Miles, who, finding he could not hold it, for a tolerable good reaſon, very generouſly made the baronet a preſent of it:—This reaſon, was the difficulty Sir Guiſe found to make out ſuch a title as would render it tranſferrable. Now, though this difficulty remained in its full force, and the moſt able lawyers had declared it was the baronet's to uſe, but not to abuſe; in ſhort, that although he had ſuffered a recovery to bar

 his

his iſſue, it was a violent meaſure, in defiance of the laws; though the wonder-working Mr. Nick Dabble had given it as his opinion, "the thing might be done, and he would engage to make out as good, and indiſputable a title as any broker in the world ought to deſire in leſs than a month: and as to the aſſignment to himſelf, he would undertake to prove, to the ſatisfaction of any court in Chriſtendom, that it was for value received."

Sir Guiſe was neither in a ſituation, nor in ſpirits to recede, and Mr. Dabble was beginning to put all his magick wheels in motion, when a greater magician than himſelf, in the form of an execution, bond and judgment, was unluckily, as we have recently noted, put upon the ſaid eſtate, by another claimant; and then followed the chancery bill, which put a ſtop to the rapacity of all claimants; but by the interference of John, and the conduct of James, two other branches of the Fitzorton family, —namely, Henry and Olivia, were appointed tenants, *pro tempore.*

This

This was a mortal blow, not only to the hopes of Nick Dabble, and Co. but to the tender friendſhip of the whole party. By gradations, ſufficiently perceptible, that party, however, met leſs and leſs frequently at Sir Guiſe's apartments, then ſituated in the Minories. His lady repreſented to him that "ſhe had of late met ill-looking people lurking about, and that her being ſeen going to and fro, too often, might cauſe ſuſpicion, ſhould the ſcouts unfortunately be in ſearch of her dear Guiſe;" ſhe accompanied this remark with ſome conjugal blandiſhments, and then took her leave, with an aſſurance of ſeeing him as often as ſhe dare. Nor was Miles leſs friendly, though he plainly ſaw it would be right to deny himſelf the pleaſure of attending his dear Baronet ſo often as he could wiſh.

This amiable wife and friend, then conſoled themſelves as well as they could, for the loſs of his company, by driving to one of the beſt houſes in Groſvenor-ſquare, which had been a bridal preſent to her

Ladyſhip, but recently made a birth-day preſent, for eſpecial reaſons, to Mr. Miles; and when ſad reflections on her huſband's forlorn ſtate, or ſome gayer cauſe, made a change of ſcene deſirable, the good Lady drove her Valentine in her own phaëton and four, to a country box at Wimbledon, which the latter fairly won of his friend the Baronet, one evening at a game of puſh-pin; and, when theſe failed, they went in their poſt chariot down to the manſion of which the Lady had been the miſtreſs, even in her unmarried ſtate; and which, from that predilection, had been tacked to her ſettlement.

But being perſons of nice affections, they ſtill pitied their good friend the Baronet extremely. They were even friends to him in his adverſity, for they ſeldom called but they left with him ſome comfortable ſupply for his table, either of fluids or ſolids—frequently a diſh of fiſh, a baſket of game, and—once a dozen bottles of wine—and if their viſits decreaſed from once in the week to once in the month, the fear of

of having the loſs of his precious liberty to anſwer for, covered all apparent omiſſions, and they were "cruel only to be kind."

Hereupon they felicitated themſelves on their having found it practicable to alienate themſelves without a quarrel, for which they had been ſometime in training. The ſtratagem of working upon the Baronet's fear, which they well knew had always been an inſtrument of great uſe to them, was happy. It proceeded from her Ladyſhip's own fruitful mind, and gave to ſeparation its very ſofteſt form.

Mr. Valentine Miles, for his part, "pitied Sir Guiſe from the bottom of his ſoul, but thought, if he could get abroad, it might be better. In which caſe, though the Baronet certainly ſtill owed him a very large ſum of money, he would contribute fifty or an hundred pieces yearly, with the greateſt pleaſure in life."

Mr. Dabble declared, *he* never meddled with family affairs, except he could be uſeful; but, if his dear friend the Baronet

could point out any thing, wherein his opinion or advice could be ſerviceable, he might be commanded. He then recollected ſeveral engagements, before he could get to Weſtminſter Hall, and feared he ſhould not be able to keep his appointments, though they were all in a manner, upon ready-money jobs.

Miles, alſo, remembered ſomething he had forgot, and with the moſt winning civility, wiſhed the Baronet a good day; and Lady Stuart put a bank note of ten pounds into her dear huſband's hand, bid him keep up his ſpirits, promiſing to ſee him again as ſoon as poſſible—then, taking a ſweetly-perfumed handkerchief out of her pocket, ſhe put it to her face, and ſaid "Adieu, my dear love! John, draw up the carriage."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE STRENGTH OF VICIOUS ATTACHMENT.

THE mind of Sir Guiſe Stuart was by no means prepared to bear up againſt calamity like this. It was probably the firſt moment of his exiſtence, in which he began truly to feel the heaven-marked diſtinction between virtuous and vicious aſſociates; for, though a mingled maſs of confuſed and oppreſſing ſenſations prevented all reply or reſiſtance to what he ſaw and heard, his heart roſe to his quivering lip, and his eyes rolled the ſcalding tears down his face, as he beheld Lady Stuart and his friends go from him, and claſping his hands, he exclaimed, after more than a minute's ſtruggle for utterance, —"O Matilda—Matilda!—my wife—my buried wife!—my children!—my exiled children!"

 How

How long he might have remained in this ſevere, but ſalutary ſtate, it is impoſſible to ſay, for, in the midſt of his reflections, two unknown perſons ruſhed into the room, telling him, " they were his majeſty's officers; deſired he would haſtily make a package of what things he thought neceſſary, till he could pay the ſum of fourteen hundred pounds:" they then hurried him down ſtairs, with intent to convey him to a place of ſecurity. The ſight, however, of the ten pound note, with which his wife had inſulted his diſtreſs, and which he ſtill held in his hand, a good deal ſoftened the tones and addreſs of his majeſty's officers; and one of them civilly demanded, " if his honour would chooſe to go in a coach?" Sir Guiſe's ſilence—indeed he was, as yet, incapable of ſpeech—being taken for conſent, the catchpole was ordered by his ſuperior to call a hackney coach, " and, do you hear, bring a handſome, genteel one for his honour, fit for a knight and barrow-knight to ride in, for

for you know, Timmey, the gemmun has had coaches of his own, nay, plaintiff ſays—" "Who is the plaintiff?" queſtioned Sir Guiſe, now firſt finding his voice. "A client of our Mr. Nicky Dabble's, an't pleaſe your honour, and Mr. Nicky himſelf is the attorney concerned—mayhap your honour knows Mr. Nicky—a cute one—Why Timmey, how you ſtand—why don't you go for the coach?"

The follower whiſpered his ſuperior, and ſet off. "Hark'ee, your honour," ſaid the latter, "gemmun are gemmun, and blackguards are blackguards. I know how to do one, and do t'other. As to this affair of fourteen hundred pounds, I fancy, you never had the ſpending the odd fourteen: and, I believe, our maſter Nicky would be glad to let you off for the coſts—which, I believe, are all he expects to get by it; and, at preſent, they are not paſſing a few pounds; but I fancy Mr. Nicky knew as how your honour was to receive money to day, ſo he bid us to be

in wait to *do* you as ſoon as he ſhould come to the publick houſe acroſs the way, that he might have the fingering of whatever you might handle—that pretty bit of ſoft paper for inſtance—before it was broke in upon: but I knew the difference betwixt obliging a gemmun of honour, and a blackguard lawyer—and as to Mr. David Otley, the plaintiff—"

"Otley!" cried the almoſt gaſping baronet, "Is he the plaintiff?"—"No matter for that—I don't approve of any gemmun being plundered, either by plaintiff or attorney, while I knows it; and, therefore, if your honour prefers liberty to a jail, clap that ſlip of ſmooth paper, which is now in your hand, into mine, and run away with *yourſelf* as faſt as you can.—There's a ſort of a rumpus in the ſtreet you ſee—I can't help a priſoner's eſcaping in a croud you know; beſides, while follower is gone for a coach, priſoner was ſtronger than me, and knocked me down. There, thank your honour—mum's the

word—you knocked me down, you know—good night—God blefs you."

The bailiff did even as he thought fit with the paffive Sir Guife, whom the intelligence of Otley's being the plaintiff, and Dabble the attorney, had fo ftunned, that a razor at his throat would fcarce have cut him into a fenfe of any thing but their villany. The bank bill was, therefore, drawn from his unrefifting hand, and fome hearty fhoves were found neceffary to put him into motion, before he even thought what courfe he fhould take. The bailiff, however, had vanifhed with the money—the Baronet, who dropping his furname, had adopted one of his chriftian ones, that of Lorrain, recollected he was in arrears to the landlord, whofe valuables were all, on pretence of fecurity, in his wife's poffeffion—and he found himfelf in the ftreet, releafed from the gripe of Mr. David Otley and Mr. Dabble—two of his warmeft friends in the fummer of his crimes—and urged, partly by a defire to counteract their plans,

and partly by fear, he ſet forward without any determinate point as to where he ſhould go.

This laſt diſaſter ſo aggravated that which immediately preceded it, and opened on him ſo many dire explanations; and he was, beſides, ſo unaccuſtomed to bear hardſhips himſelf, although he had ſo often inflicted them on others, that he roamed from one ſtreet to another, more than an hour, before he could even collect his ideas ſufficiently to think on the road he ſhould take. The day was now drawing in, and Sir Guiſe, wholly ignorant of that part of London, had got into the extremity of Whitechapel, when he aſked, "if he was going right for Groſvenor Square?"

The perſon of whom he made the enquiry, informed him he was in as oppoſite a direction as any different point of the compaſs could place him; "but, Sir," ſaid the intelligencer, "as you are a ſtranger in London, and I am going part of your road, if you will permit me I will

put

put you in the track." The baronet accepted the civility; but coming to a ftreet which was better lighted, the guide was ftruck with a countenance which the lamps afcertained:—"Can it be poffible," he exclaimed, "that I fee Sir Guife Stuart?—Ah! you are a very wicked man, Sir Baronet, and have done me many an ill turn; but, in this world we are to forget and forgive, fo I'll e'en do you a good one by way of change—Come, Sir, follow me."

Guilt is ever fearful; and of all guilty things, Sir Guife, as the reader knows, was, perhaps, the moft fearful; but he feemed to be now doomed to fall from one calamity to another. As they walked on, the man refumed difcourfe.—"Sad matters I hear of you, Sir Guife. Your poor children are turned out of doors I find, and you have brought home a new wife, who, they fay, is a match for you—Ay, you'll never have fuch another as the firft—but you foon fent her out of the world. And pray what is become of poor Jenny

Atwood?

Atwood? *that* was a ſhocking piece of buſineſs, Sir Guiſe! and good old Denniſon too! I underſtand *he* has left you; and worthy father Arthur, and moſt of your ſervants; and, in ſhort, every body that was good for any thing; and what, i' th' name of miſchief, are you doing in this part of the world? Nothing good can bring you into Whitechapel at this time of the night—alone too, and on foot; what! ſome new ſcheme—Ah! Sir Guiſe, you'll never leave off your old tricks till ſome judgment comes home to you."

To all theſe recapitulations and reproofs, Sir Guiſe made no anſwer, which ſomewhat ſurprizing the ſpeaker, he ſaid, "But heyday, how is this? you did not uſe to be the man to hear good advice from an inferior fellow like me, without ſpeaking. Though I have known you, indeed, dumbfounded before to-night! Do you remember the pretty piece of work at the inn? when you and your madam, with both your rogues, were caught! I thought that

that would have been your laſt prank. I am ſure I ſhall never forget it while I have life! Poor dear Sir Armine Fitzorton too! —the beſt man in the world—you muſt have a curious conſcience if it does not make your heart quake every time you think of that buſineſs. I muſt own I expected you would ſwing for the annuity job—and half promiſed my wife an holiday on that occaſion—Why, what a' plague, dumb ſtill? Perhaps I have been miſtaken all this time, and if ſo, I aſk your pardon; for though I'm often called *right-on Joe*, I ſhould be ſorry to compare any body to Sir Guiſe Stuart, who may be a better man—be who you will, ecod, you can't be a worſe, that's ſome comfort ſtill. But ſtop a moment, let's have another glimpſe of you—yes, but you are Sir Guiſe Stuart though—and I, you no doubt perceive, am Joſeph the turnpikeman, near Partington Bury, whom you threw out of bread when I lived in poor old Maſon Atwood's pariſh, becauſe I would not vote

for your friend; and they do ſay, that you burnt down Maſter Atwood's houſe, and *'bauched* his daughter: I have longed to tell you a piece of my mind ever ſince, and now I've had my longing; ſo if you have not been doing ſome curſed thing, according to cuſtom, to make your pillow lie as uneaſy under your head, as if it were filled with hob-nails 'ſtead of feathers—I wiſh you a good night. Look'ee—we're now at the bottom of Ludgate-hill—there's a ſtand of coaches on your left hand; and, if you like it, you may perform the reſt of your journey in a coach—that as you pleaſe; I ſtop here at the Belle Savage, and to-morrow, having done my buſineſs, ſhall be at the Pike, and mayhap, the next day, at the Bury—Maſter Atwood is in a fair way now—I ſuppoſe 'Squire and Madam Fitzorton of the caſtle, and our 'Squire Partington, don't keep you company any longer — God bleſs them for ever—ay, and God mend you; ſo once more, Sir Guiſe, your ſervant."

Not

Not even a ſyllable at parting broke from Sir Guiſe; though ſuch accuſations, from ſuch an accuſer, a very few years, nay months before, would have called forth all the oppreſſive cruelty of the baronet's nature, and he would have meditated how moſt effectually the offender might be puniſhed for his audacious truths. But the torrent pouring on him at a moment, when the "ſtricken deer was already galled" moſt ſorely, the judgment, which the turnpike-man hinted at, ſeemed already to have overtaken him, and this the fatal night on which his puniſhments were to begin. He threw himſelf, however, into a hackney-coach, and deſired he might be driven to Groſvenor-ſquare. Soon after he was ſeated, he recollected that the fellow who was diſpatched by the bailiff to look for a carriage fit for "gemmin of honour to ride in," had obligingly undertaken the care of his bundle of neceſſaries, in keeping which no one could accuſe him of theft, ſince Sir Guiſe never went back to

claim

claim his property. So that the loſs muſt be ſet down amongſt the miſadventures of the night.

Mild would have been the wandering baronet's lot if his nocturnal misfortunes had ended here. He was deſtined to ſharper trials. He was arouſed from his reflections about the bundle, by the coachman's deſire to know whereabout in the ſquare, which they were about to enter, his honour was to ſtop? Sir Guiſe looking out, was juſt going to pronounce the name of Lady Stuart, when a coach with a flambeau, ſhewing it to be his own, drove furiouſly by, and took the direction of the ſquare.

"Follow that carriage," ſaid Sir Guiſe, "and when it ſtops, draw up on the ſame ſide, and ſet down." He did ſo, and Sir Guiſe ſaw his Lady, attended by two gentlemen who handed her out, walk into the houſe. Every window teſtified there were great doings within. Lady Stuart received maſques that night, and had juſt come from

ſeeing

ſeeing part of the grand ballad of the opera, under the ſupport of the two beaux, who had been lounging in her box.

Sir Guiſe felt a ſudden revulſion of blood, as if the almoſt extinguiſhed parts of his nature were brought back to him, and was haſtening towards the ſtill open door, when he ſaw Valentine Miles, brilliantly dreſſed, ſtand upon the grand ſtaircaſe, that fronted the ſtreet, as if maſter of the ceremonies of the night, to receive a party of both ſexes, who came fluttering in from two other coaches.

Sir Guiſe drew back, and heard Miles greet them with a loud laugh. They were all uſhered in ſave one gentleman, between whom and Miles a converſation took place, which found its way into the marrow of Sir Guiſe's bones. "Well, Otley, we have given our booby baronet the finiſhing ſtroke at laſt! He became a d***d bore, ſo Tempeſt and I found it neceſſary to give him the go-by at once. Poor devil! he ſhan't ſtarve however; he's a horrid

horrid fellow to be ſure, but dry as a ſponge—juſt as he ought to be. I really wiſh the man well—we have had many a good batch together, but I think we ſhall be more comfortable when we have got him ſafe in limbo.—Have you ſettled that matter with Nick? But come, let us go up ſtairs, Tempeſt will wonder what we are at—Suſpicious as the devil—Entre nous, I am almoſt ſick of her—that divine Caroline ſtill haunts me—yet I can hear no tidings. O! could I get that girl, and poiſon that d****d John Fitzorton, and diſpoſe of that curſed whirlwind Tempeſt, we were the happieſt fellows breathing. Well, all in good time."

They both laughed heartily; then aſcending the ſtairs, paſſed into the drawing room, and the porter ſhut the door.

Sir Guiſe came forward, ſupporting himſelf from falling againſt his own door.—Devoured by thronging emotions, he caught hold of the knocker, but the ſaſhes of the drawing room being thrown open, he

he ſaw his wife, and one of the gentlemen ſhe had brought home with her, hanging out of the window, from whence, keeping his unobſerved ſituation, he liſtened to their diſcourſe.—" I tell you, my Lord, I never mean to ſee him again, and wiſh I could, for your ſake, ſay the ſame as to Miles, but that requires time; we are heartily tired of one another I aſſure you, and depend on my beſt endeavours to effect our mutual releaſe; then I am your's for ever. As to Sir Guiſe, if he becomes troubleſome, it will be worſe for him. Knowing my averſion, and way of thinking, you ought to allow I have had great merit in ſtaying with him ſo long, yet it was all on your account, you ungrateful thing. However the point is at laſt gained, ſo don't terrify the poor devil.—You had ill luck, you ſay, laſt night. Let us change purſes; this contains five hundred—Fortune, multiply it by thouſands! Dear Jack, I love you!—but I hear the foot of Valentine pacing its jealous rounds behind us—let us divide."

Her

Her Ladyſhip, and her Lord, whoever he was, now turned from the window; and Sir Guiſe ſtaggered from the door, pierced to the very ſoul with a thouſand wounds.

CHAPTER LIX.

MIDNIGHT REVELS, AND MIDNIGHT MISERIES.

PERCEIVING more company driving up, the forlorn baronet croſſed over, till he reached the garden in the centre of the ſquare; where, leaning againſt the iron railing, he had an entire front view of his houſe. The rooms above filled apace with a motley mixture of both ſexes; for although the new Lady Stuart was, in the ſocial ſenſe of the expreſſion, rather a man's woman than a woman's woman, and would have found it difficult, even ſince the repair of her ruins by marriage, to gain admiſſion into any honourable private circle, ſhe contrived to fill her houſe with people of all ſorts two or three times in a winter, by holding out the bribe either of a dance, maſquerade, or petite ſoupé of two or three hundred perſons, many of whom come to ſtare,

ſtare, ſome to eat and drink, more to get rid of themſelves, and knock down an idle hour by a more idle novelty; and as to reputation, it is aſtoniſhing how many perſons, even of character, will attend the ſhewy *cram* of perſons of no character, at the houſes of the latter, although they would as ſoon think of inviting to their *own* houſes, except in the like mobbling way, a ſet of figure dancers from the opera-houſe.

What were the feelings or ideas which faſtened Sir Guiſe ſo long to the ſpot where he was ſpectator of all that paſſed, it is hard to ſay. Fixed, however, he was, with more than a ſentinel's vigilance, nor, till the lady's whole party appeared to be got together, did he quit his poſt. He then went nearer to the door, but perceiving it thickly environed with ſervants and chair-men, he was again returning to his former poſition, when the ſound of a voice, pro-nouncing his own name, caught his ear. " Sir Guiſe Stuart," ſaid the ſpeaker, " if he

he is not between four walls, is all this time in ſome ſorry ſixpenny room in the Minories. He's a ſhocking wicked wretch to be ſure, and any place is too good for him; but, d***n it, for his wife, who got every thing from him, to be keeping it up here, juſt on the day, as my fellow-ſervant tells me, ſhe has given her huſband up for ever—that is too bad."

"Why don't ye know, Honey, the old ſaying," cried one of the chairmen, "always ſet a thief to catch a thief; and by the ſame rule, I ſay, ſet a rogue to puniſh a rogue. An honeſt man will not lay on the laſh half ſo tightly as he that ought to have it on his own back. For this Lady-made-madam, ſhe's bad enough to be ſure, but if all's true they ſay of this Sir Guiſe, by Jaſus, if he were to ſtand out in the ſtreet without a hat on his head, all weathers like my chair, or have his coat bruſhed on his ſhoulders with this pole I am ſitting upon, 'twould be no matter. The unnatural *crature* has killed his firſt wife and tranſported both her children."

The muſic now ſtriking up in the drawing-room above, and paſſengers ſtopping in the ſtreet below, to liſten, Sir Guiſe was prevented from hearing more. It had been raining ſome time, and though Sir Guiſe was not provided with any defence but his ordinary dreſs, he ſtood fixed, as he ſaw the maſques were forming themſelves into parties, and the ſcene was beginning to animate. He remained to obſerve the miſtreſs of the revels. After ſtanding ſome time, a heavy groan broke from him; and a perſon, whoſe curioſity had braved the rudeneſs of the night, thereupon aſked if he found himſelf unwell? Sir Guiſe made no anſwer, but by a bow, and dreading diſcovery, walked farther off. The rain increaſing, the ſervants, who had been goſſiping at the door, went into the houſe. —The chairmen trotted off; the coachmen drove away. Thoſe whom the notes of the fiddle had attracted, found the charm diſſolved by the weather, which ſoon aggravated into ſtorm. Sir Guiſe was left alone to abide its fierce encounter. The torrent,

in

in a short time, increased to such a degree, that a refuge became absolutely necessary, even to him, in whose mind a ruder hurricane had gathered. The baronet sought shelter under his own door, which being supported on columns afforded an ample pediment. To have demanded admission, would, amongst such spirits, he thought, have subjected himself to more galling disasters.

As he meditated on these things, some of those reflections, and, we believe, some of the first of the kind he ever truly felt, and which would never have found admission in less afflicting circumstances, forced their way into his bosom. Hearing the voice of unrestrained merriment, and of the torrent falling on each side of him—seeing those who had most encouraged his crimes, and whom he had most encouraged, enjoying their—or rather *his*—dear-bought luxuries, in luminous rooms, under splendid roofs, while he was shivering beneath, then the idea of the banished Caroline, his ever-duteous daughter, crossed his mind, and he

 exclaimed

exclaimed—“ Ah! were my child, my poor Caroline—the miſtreſs of this manſion—every door would, at her bidding, worthleſs as I am, be thrown wide open to ſhelter her father!” He folded his, arms looked ruefully up at the windows, which were now all cloſed to his view, his frame ſhook, and the SIGH OF CONSCIENCE broke from his boſom.

This being the ſecond inſtance in the whole life of Sir Guiſe, in which we have been able to trace any thing like *genuine* regret for conſcious error, we have been the more anxious to record it. There are natures, on which the benevolence of providence can work little good, and which require its ſalutary rigours to ſubdue. The rocks which are ſcarce warmed by the ſun, yield to the angry vehemence of the thunderbolt.

The ſound of many ſteps in the paſſage, and of a motion upon the handle of the door on the inſide, drove the terrified Sir Guiſe from his ſanctuary into the ſtreet, without any thought of the tempeſt, which had abat-

ed

ed nothing of its violence. He ran along the pavement till he got out of the ſquare, and again became a wretched wanderer of the night. After being drenched to the ſkin, he ſtood under an arch in the precincts of Drury Lane, which was the direction he happened to take, pondering what was beſt to be done.

The watchmen were calling the midnight hour, and our wanderer aſked one of theſe, "if any houſe open to travellers was to be found in the quarter of the town where he then was?"—"Houſe! yes, but what ſort of traveller are you, with your fine morocco ſlippers, and that velvet cap on your head? Why you ſeem to have jumpt out of bed in your ſleep. Traveller! ha! ha! ha! aye, aye, there are houſes enough open for ſuch travellers as you, in this part of the town, if you look ſharp." Saying this, he laughed yet more ironically, repeated his whining intelligence of its being "paſt twelve o'clock," and continued his round.

Sir Guiſe proceeding a little farther, was attracted by a light, which, through a ſmall

tranſparency, held out a welcome information. Not having taken refreſhment or reſt, ſince he was forcibly carried from his lodging in the early part of the day by his majeſty's officers, he accepted of this invitation willingly.

The uncommon vehemence of the ſtorm had crouded it more than uſually with gueſts: We ſtate, with concern, that many of them were females; and of theſe, not a few were foremoſt in riot, and intoxicated. There were, however, ſome exceptions. Two of the women importuned him to drink, and on his forbearing to anſwer, rather than refuſe, they execrated him for a ſot, who came into good company to get drunk by himſelf. A ſtrong reinforcement of the petticoated ſex ſoon after arriving, dripping from head to foot, a diſpute aroſe amongſt the new refugees and thoſe who had come in before them. The object of their contention was the ſemicircular wooden bench that faced the fire; thoſe who entered laſt, inſiſted they ought to have

have the benefit of it, to repoſe and dry themſelves, and that thoſe who had warmed themſelves both within and without ſhould recede. This, by the maxim of "firſt come firſt ſerved" was ſtrongly oppoſed by the original ſettlers. Whereupon words and blows were ſoon intermixed.

In the midſt of theſe orderly remarks, the watchmen, partly alarmed by the uproar, and partly to expel the external cold of one fluid by the internal heat of another, or to keep watch over the ſleeping city between the half hours in the chimney corner of this ſnug retreat, which happened to be their ſcene of general rendezvous, entered the room of battle. But the ſpirit of contention was now not to be reſiſted, and even theſe tottering guardians of a proud and great metropolis, in vain interpoſed their authority. A reinforcement, however, ſoon arriving in the more awful forms of conſtables and their aſſiſtants, the whole party were threatened with the watch-houſe and juſtice Barhim. At the name of this laſt perſonage Sir Guiſe ſhook with an in-

voluntary ſenſation of diſmay, and was making an attempt to ſteal out of the hotel unperceived. In this endeavour, even as he was gliding to the door, one of the watchmen held the lanthorn to his face, and exclaimed,—" Yes, by this light, but it is he, ſure enough—the very gentleman traveller who aſked me about lodgings. Ha! ha! his velvet cap and ſlippers have found their way into our Tiffy Taffey's night-houſe: but why, Mr. Traveller, would you be after going away from old friends!" This excited enquiry; enquiry produced a ſtory; the ſtory led to queſtion; and anſwer led to confuſion, which led to ſuſpicion. The landlady obſerved, " that the fellow had been there an hour without calling for any thing."—" Yes," ſaid one of the gueſts, " but he would neither drink himſelf nor treat others." To ſay the truth, the different ſcenes into which the baronet had been driven, the impreſſions made on him by each, gave an equal colour to the worſt, and moſt favourable conjecture; his ſilence, his confuſion, his equivocation, his unſatisfactory

tisfactory account of himſelf, his univerſal tremor, his wiſh to eſcape, and the little correſpondence, notwithſtanding his cap and ſlippers, betwixt his general dreſs, and the place he had choſen for his night's repoſe—having, on his firſt coming into the houſe, enquired for a bed—all warranted ſuſpicion of the worſt kind. Yet his wildneſs of look, haraſſed air, wandering anſwers, pallid countenance, indicated rather ſome unhappy lunatick eſcaped from his priſon-houſe and his keeper. To ſolve this knotty point, the chief conſtable of the night, in his magiſterial capacity, came forward. Sir Guiſe and this expounder of nocturnal riddles conferred; the latter returned to his companions, obſerving ſhrewdly, that "he had diſcovered the fellow to be either a d***d ſly rogue, or an honeſt madman; but that it would be neceſſary, unleſs any of the preſent company could appear to his character, to ſecure him as a vagrant, who could not, or would not, give a proper account of himſelf, and

who muſt, therefore, be carried before the higher powers."

"I can ſay nothing to his character," ſaid a modeſt looking young woman, who had not joined in the affray, but had ſat, unobtruſively, in the chimney corner, "because I have never ſeen the gentleman before; but on his obſerving me kneeling down to give this poor infant ſuck, he roſe from the chair where he was ſitting when I came in to ſhelter myſelf, and gave me his ſeat; and ſoon after, on aſking me whether my huſband and father and mother were dead, and my telling him, that my huſband was in priſon by my own father's ſuing him; that I was living with my poor huſband by day, and ſlept at my father's by night, but that the latter quarrelled with me this evening for ſtaying ſo long in jail, which I ſhould not have done had not my huſband been very ſick, and no body but me to do for him; ſo my father, who bore a ſpite to my huſband for marrying me; and to my mother, for always taking my

part,

part, grew angry, and after curfing both me and my infant, turned us both out of doors—I fay, on telling this, the gentleman fighed as if his heart was as full as mine, and put this fhilling into my hand; and I don't think it likely, a gentleman could do fuch a kindly action as this, and be a bad man; and rather than any harm fhould come to him, I will give the fhilling to you, Mr. Conftable, with all my heart."

The company in general feemed fatisfied.

"As to that," faid the officer on the ftaff, "I muft own, the ftory feems to tell better for the gentleman than it does for you, my girl; for to tell you the truth, I think you have been telling the gentleman a lie, on purpofe to get the fhilling."

"It muft be a lie," faid feveral of the people around; "what would the woman try to perfuade us, her own father, or any woman's father, would go to turn his own child out of doors, or hate her mother for taking an own child's part!"

Here

Here the conſtable ſhook his head at her.

"God forbid!" ſaid one of the men, who had juſt been warring for his ſeat, "God forbid! any of us, drunk or ſober, ſhould be ſuch monſters as to abuſe our own fleſh and blood for being loving!—ſuch deſerve to be burnt alive!—I dare ſay the gentleman thinks ſo himſelf."

"Come, come, my girl," ſaid the conſtable, "I'll tell you what, you muſt give a little better account of yourſelf than this, or elſe we muſt *juſtiſ-iſe* you a little."

While he was pronouncing the laſt words, a woman ran into the houſe with every mark of anguiſh, crying out, "This is the only place I can ſee a light at, and unleſs ſhe has taken ſhelter here, poor ſoul, I ſhall go raving mad.—Yes, heaven has directed me to her—my poor good, good Patty".—Here the ſtranger ran into the embraces of the ſuſpected young woman. "Your cruel father is now ſafe aſleep, love, and you may come home to your own bed. I could not have reſted in mine,

if

if I had not found you.—Your father has given me a fine ftroke in the arm here, in fpeaking up for you, but I do not mind that—bleffed be God, here you are—how I have been running up and down—well! have you had any thing—is there any thing to pay?—I have got a little comfort at home before you go to bed, and your father's paffion will be over by the morning."

The moft unaffected ftrokes of natural love now paft between the mother and the daughter: Patty related the ftranger's goodnefs, without any allufion to the fufpicions againft herfelf, and then whifpering her mother, the latter faid—"Poor gentleman, do you think fo?—our lodger is gone out for a few days, you know, and if the gentleman finds himfelf not right, and he can't have a lodging here, he fhall not want for —— Oh, good Father of us all!—is this the gentleman?" exclaimed the woman—"Why, Patty, this is Sir Guife Stuart, the great baronet of the abbey, where your own father and I lived years agone.—

Do not you know me, ſir? I am Margaret, who was upper houſe-maid to your honour's lady? Ah, ſir, I am afraid my Robert learned ſome of your honour's ways.—I have often thought evil communication, as the ſcripture ſays, corrupts good manners; and I am ſure, before Bob lived at the abbey, even till dear madam Caroline left it—he was as mild as morning; but no matter for that, we have both earned our bread at your honour's houſe; and though to be ſure, we left your ſervice for reaſons many, if we can do you a good turn, we will, for my poor lady's ſake, and poor ſweet miſs's and the young ſquire's; nay, for your honour's own ſake, for what you gave to Patty. Your honour looks but pitiful; and who knows but Providence may have turned your honour's head a little, in order, by and by, to turn your heart?"

The motley ſpectators ſeemed, in general, much moved by the interview of the mother and daughter, and ſtill more by their ſympathy for the baronet's diſtraction; of which not a ſingle perſon now made

made the leaſt doubt. That a man of his rank ſhould thus ſally forth, in his cap and ſlippers at midnight, and on ſuch a night—that he ſhould ſtroll about the purlieus of Drury-lane, and at laſt wander into a night-houſe, and there think of taking up his lodgings—were, in the opinion of the company, conſummate evidences of a diſordered mind. A concluſion, which the whole tenour of his behaviour, from his firſt entrance, ſeemed to juſtify: for, except in the inſtance of his relieving the young woman, he did not ſeem to notice or reply to any body, though he was himſelf often addreſſed both before and after the battle; on the contrary, he fixed a fearful eye around him, and at intervals ſighed profoundly.

From theſe ſymptoms the ſentiments of the midnight ſociety, took a milder turn; and, from regarding him as an object of ſuſpicion, they conſidered him as one of compaſſion; this was greatly increaſed, when, upon being recognized by Patty's mother, and receiving her offered ſervices, he

he ſuddenly threw himſelf into the chair, which the former had left, and turning his face from the company, ſeemed to indulge ſome deep-ſeated grief, that they doubted not had been the cauſe of his melancholy condition.

While he was in this reverie, Patty's mother had retired with cautious ſtep to an oppoſite corner of the room, beckoning the company, moſt of which followed her with eager curioſity; but none with a more anxious intereſt than the landlord, who hung over his bar door to hear what this former domeſtick of the ſuppoſed madman had to unfold. After many expreſſive winks and looks, but all in whiſpers, ſhe told a tale of the baronet, enough to ſober the moſt inebriated; and their ſentiments began again to veer from pity to indignation, particularly at the account which was given of his treatment of *his* unoffending children, Squire Charles and Miſs Caroline; in this part of her narration, Margaret was the more pointed, as ſhe ſtill held in the belief, that her own huſband's temper had been hurt

by

by following his maſter's cruel *example.* But when the good woman gave it as her idea, that the baronet had gone diſtracted at the thought of his own baſeneſs; and that he doubtleſs, even now ſuffered the pains of hell in his heart, and would, moſt likely, exchange this bad life for a worſe, after many years of weeping and wailing, the commiſeration of the company reſumed its power. The conſtable obſerved, that "as God had taken him in hand, mortals ought to let him alone."—While he was making which remark, Sir Guiſe ſprung up abruptly, ſmote his breaſt, and again ſunk into his ſeat.

The landlord turned pale, and ſaid, "he ſhould not like to ſleep in the houſe with a madman:" the company, in general, ſeemed to catch his fears, and the idea that inſpired them. The watchmen declared, "the clock was on the ſtroke of one—they had already let the half hour glide by uncalled, and muſt now be off." Sir Guiſe again left his chair, and paced the room with hurried and troubled ſteps. Such

of

of the people as had not left the houſe were terrified, and the landlord fearfully ſaid, "what, in God's name, is to be done? he begins to gnaſh his teeth? I ſuppoſe he will have a raving come on preſently, and I ſhall be left alone with him!"—"Dear mother," ſaid the young woman, whom his bounty had diſtinguiſhed, and who could not be prevailed on to leave him, "you and I are not afraid of the poor gentleman: I dare ſay he will not hurt us; and as you promiſed him our lodger's bed, and he, you are ſure, will not be at home till to-morrow dinner, I think, if we could get him to go with us, we ought to keep our word." The grateful-hearted girl then went ſoftly up to him, and curteſying as ſhe ſpoke, begged, in ſoothing accents, to know, "whether he would honour his old ſervants ſo far as to go with them, and remain till his lady, or ſome of his family, or friends, might be ſent for later in the morning?" adding, "ſhe was ſure her father would think it a duty to go himſelf as ſoon as he was up."

Not

Not all the riot of promifcuous diffipation, nor the almoft exhaufted ftate, in which he had fuffered many hours fafting and fatigue, had, as we have feen, power to withdraw the abforbed foul of our unhappy fufferer from the ftrange, fudden, and dire reverfes, into which the different events of the day had hurled him; but the found of unexpected, and unmerited kindnefs, at fuch a forlorn moment, recalled his wandering fpirit, and he exclaimed, "Alas! I thank you; but I have no lady! no family! no friends!"

Terrified beyond meafure at intelligence, which the poor girl feemed to interpret literally, fhe faid, "What! all gone! well may your honour's wits be gone too! then have you the more occafion for fomebody, that knows your honour, to take care of you."—"Do, pray your honour, let us fhew you to our houfe,"—faid Patty's mother, "'tis but a little way—"—"And we'll all help the gentleman," cried the landlord, who had begun to recover himfelf when he heard Sir Guife fpeak.—

"He

"He ſeems to be coming about," added he to Patty; "we had better get him off now. He's in what they call a *lucidus* interval."—

"I am ſorry," ſaid the baronet, "I have given ſo much trouble—I will now go—but here is ſomething for—"—"God forbid, Sir, I ſhould take any thing" ſaid the landlord, "from a gentleman in your condition, had you been living here for a week—but you have neither ſipped or broke bread." "No, Sir! good heavens, mother, only think of that—I'm ſure," ſaid Patty, "if the good young lady your daughter, who, alas! is loſt, knew her father wanted comforts, ſhe would almoſt break her heart."

"That ſhe would!" exclaimed Sir Guiſe, turning up his eyes, and ſhaking his head. —"I am ſure I ſhould, if I thought my poor father, who is now aſleep in his bed, had he hurt me ten times worſe than he did this evening—aye, had he almoſt killed me."

Sir

Sir Guiſe again traced the room in ſtrong diſorder.

"Aye, and ſo would Miſs Caroline, Patty, and his honour knows it full well: —he knows, that many a time and often, when the poor pretty creature—But I ſee his honour is ſuffering enough for it now."

Sir Guiſe ſtarted away furiouſly, pulled open the door, and ruſhed out.

"If you don't call that mad, I don't know what is. I ſaw it coming;" ſaid the landlord, "thank God he's gone, however. Well, good night, I muſt lock up, or I ſhall have him back again as ſure as you're alive, and then he will murder us all, for aught I know; and there's no law for a madman, if he were to cut our throats, God help us, from ear to ear."

"Cut our throats! poor ſoul, he'd rather, I can ſee, cut his own," ſaid the mother. But where's Patty? She's gone after him, as ſure as can be. That girl has the courage of a lion when people are in diſ-

treſs,

trefs, and yet gentle as a lamb too—I muft follow her."

CHAPTER II.

THE PROGRESS OF CONSCIENCE.

AT the corner of the firft ftreet the mother was met by her almoft breathlefs daughter, who obferved, that, "by good chance, the poor gentleman had taken the right way—we may foon overtake him, mother—He is fitting, poor foul, upon the fteps of St. Martin's church.

Patty then addreffed herfelf moft winningly to the object of her care: "O, only do fuppofe for one moment, good, dear, Sir, that I am your daughter—pray, your honour, forgive my boldnefs—and you won't refufe me—we are juft at home—indeed we are—only in the Haymarket."

Sir Guife took her hand, got up, and being in the next moment joined by the mother, he was prevailed upon to accompany them.

Patty thanked him as if *ſhe* had been the compaſſionated object; ſuch is the ſpirit of genuine benevolence in the days of our youth.

The mother, after a few minutes walking, took the key from her pocket, opened the door of her houſe, paſſed her huſband's ſhop, which was that of a confectioner, and preſenting to Sir Guiſe her huſband's arm chair, welcomed him with leſs ardour, but with much ſincerity.

Patty ſoon repleniſhed the fire.

Her mother obſerved, "ſhe was ſure her morſel of good ſtuff in the pot was done enough," and took it off.

Patty apologiſed for putting his honour in the common ſitting room, "but as 'tis a bad night, your honour muſt be cold, and as we have not a fire in the parlour, except on a Sunday, in damp weather it is *chilly*," ſaid thegood girl, ſinging and blowing the fire.

Meantime, her mother ſpread the cloth, and placing upon it what ſhe had provided, namely, ſome warm veal in ſoup, ſhe ſaid,

"what will do for one, will always do for two." Patty, who had run into the ſhop, came with a reinforcement of the choiceſt of its produce. "Yes," ſaid the ancient dame, "your honour and my lady uſed to praiſe my Robert's paſtry. The gentry uſed to ſay, if you would eat good paſtry, you muſt go to the abbey—aye, how often have I ſtolen up with a puff or two to Miſs, in her room above, when all was not as it ſhould be in the parlour!"—

"Well! don't talk of that, dear mother, but let his honour eat, and I'm ſure now you ſpeak of good things, your currant wine, mother, is, to my taſte, better than father's paſtry at any time: ſuppoſe we try? I know where it is: do *you* ſit down and reſt yourſelf."

Down ſat the mother, and away tripped Patty, as if ſhe had never heard the voice, or felt the hand, of ſeverity in her life.

However defective Sir Guiſe Stuart was by nature, or vitiated by habit, to have been inſenſible of ſuch diſintereſted courteſy, under ſuch circumſtances, was impoſſible.

fible. To fay the truth, he ftood in great need of their charitable fuccour; but could be prevailed on to accept of it only on condition of Patty and her mother partaking of the repaft.

"O, if that's the cafe," faid Patty, fportingly forcing her mother into one chair, and placing herfelf in another, "we will eat like little hunters."

The mother, however, after all, was the only one of the trio who feemed to honour the feaft. Patty was every inftant jumping up to make fome addition, that fhe recollected; and before any body began, had placed many more of her father's delicacies upon the table. And then fhe made up a defert of comfits, fugar drops, candid orange, and various other conferves, borrowing fomething from every jar in the fhop window.

But her gueft, though much relieved, and in fome meafure refrefhed, could not recover the fevere fhocks he had fuftained, nor refift the avenging power that appeared, all at once, to have awakened, after a deep fleep of many years. "Your honour would

wiſh to repoſe," ſaid the mother, withdrawing as ſhe perceived his melancholy, and wiſhing to remove it. The aſſiduous Patty, with an addreſs and *bounty of thought* that might have become his own delightful, but ill-requited, Caroline, ran again into the confectionary, and returned with a handful of mottoes, "your honour muſt break one or two of theſe with poor Patty before you go;" then bluſhing for the liberty, and curteſying to excuſe it, ſhe took one that lay enfolded in the figure of Hope, and broke it in the baronet's hand: "O do tell me, your honour, what this ſays?"

Sir Guiſe cleared the device from its envelope, and read a French diſtich, which purported, that though ſtorms and rocks threatened the ſhip, it might be ſteered ſafe into the harbour, where Hope might ſecurely caſt anchor, and the voyage of life turn out proſperous. Patty next tried her fortune, and choſe a roſebud, which ſhe prevailed on the baronet to preſs in her tender palm, and then expound to her. It conveyed to the heart the often-employed moral emblem

blem of a mixture of fragrance and thorn in every ſtate; but Patty declared it signified, that "the reſt of Sir Guiſe's days ſhould be ſweet as a flower, when *his* roſebud, Madam Caroline, returned." "Aye," obſerved the mother, "after a great ſhower God ſends out his rainbow, to clear all up."

In the midſt of theſe good-natured exertions of the amiable Patty, her mother came into the room with bed linen, which ſhe bid her daughter place to the fire. "They are not ſuch ſheets as your honour has been uſed to in the abbey, but they're not bad either, for our gentleman lodger loves good linen; aye, and he deſerves it too, not becauſe he's a parliament man only, but becauſe he's a good man: aye, and here's one of my Robert's caps. An abbey-made cap that, Sir! he has been often in your honour's kitchen in times of old. Well—there's to be an end of all things: and here's a curious ribband to tie him with. Aye, it's many a day ſince this ribband ſaw the light—I keep him in roſe-

leaves. Whoſe do you think it was, Sir? Poor thing! I ſhall never forget the donor. 'Margaret,' ſaid ſhe, 'you were always a great hoarder—here's ſome more trumpery for your doomſday box,' I think ſhe called it. Well! how things come about! In ſeven years time old comes new again. Father of mine! that one of my dear, dear Miſs Carrey's ſaſhes ſhould be given ſo many years ago to Peggy Chambermaid, as they uſed to call me, and now tie up your honour's poor hot head. Well—God orders all things." "There, your honour, 'tis nice and warm now," ſaid Patty, "and mother and I will have the bed ready in a twinkling."

Had the urbanity of the hoſteſs been leſs, it was no time for the gueſt to refuſe. He accepted it with many thanks, and as Patty was ſhewing the way to his room, he looked earneſtly in her face, and, as ſhe took leave, he exclaimed in a faultering voice, "You bring to my mind, young woman, more than one, heavy, heart-felt loſs; but I thank you."

Thus was Sir Guiſe Stuart, from a ſituation which gave the fulleſt ſcope to a proud and tyrannous diſpoſition, and the moſt cruel exerciſe of ſuch diſpoſition over the mild, the unreſiſting, and ſubordinate, reduced to receive the commiſeration of thoſe inferiors in rank, but ſuperiors in principle, whom his former vicious purſuits had driven from his ſervice.

CHAPTER III.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

EQUALLY haraſſed in mind and body, the Baronet ſunk into a temporary repoſe; the enjoyment of which, under his preſent circumſtances, the charitable reader, however juſtly he may hold vice in abhorrence, will not grudge him.

He awoke late, and ſomewhat renovated; but a recurrence to what had paſſed ſoon drove him from his pillow, and, betwixt ſhame and anxiety, he left his chamber.

The ſtaircaſe led immediately to the room where he had ſupped, and the firſt object which caught his obſervation was his quondam domeſtick Robert Irwin, the cook, ſitting at breakfaſt, with his daughter Patty by his ſide, and holding one of her hands to his lips.

"Margery," ſaid Robert to his wife, who was employed in an adjacent room, "look about you, Sir Guiſe is come down." Robert roſe, and made his bow, Patty her curteſy, and her mother ſo willingly obeyed her huſband's word of command, that ſhe was ready with her greeting almoſt as ſoon as the reſt. Sir Guiſe was then conducted by the ancient dame into the parlour, where a cheerful fire, the beſt cup and ſaucer, and all the ſabbath-day regalia, were diſplayed: "I am glad, Patty," ſaid the baronet, ſighing, "to ſee your father and you on ſuch good terms again." "As to that," anſwered Mrs. Irwin, "my Robert never bears malice: 'Tis a word and a blow to be ſure, and, as the old ſaying is, the blow ſometimes comes firſt; contrarywiſe would

be

be better, but he never ſulks—as ſome folks, that ſhall be nameleſs, uſed to do. Well! let every one mend one, and then God will forgive all." Hereupon they left their gueſt to his morning repaſt; while he is taking which, we will let the reader into another ſecret, touching one of his favourites.

The circumſtance of Sir Guiſe's ſervants quitting the abbey was deemed ſo worthy by John Fitzorton, who, both by precept and example, was an encourager of every virtue, that he marked all thoſe who had ſacrificed intereſt to principle, on that occaſion, as proper objects of his good-will.

Notwithſtanding the aſperities of Irwin's temper, John found he had been the moſt active inſtrument of ſerving Charles and Caroline previous to their departure, even unknown to themſelves; for which reaſon, John not only continued their penſion, but, what was a rare meaſure with him, augmented it by helping Robert and Margaret to unite the confectionary with the paſtry buſineſs, in both which they were ſoon ſaid

to keep the faſhion ſhop of the town: John farther enabled them to furniſh a commodious houſe, of which he had the firſt floor reſerved for himſelf, whenever he ſhould be called by buſineſs or inclination to the metropolis, and he paid for his apartments almoſt the rent of the houſe. All which indulgences, the reader may be ſatisfied, proceeded from a thorough ſenſe of their being merited; for, except in a caſe of decided worth, of ſome kind or another, it was as hard a matter to make John Fitzorton grant, as for Henry to refuſe, a petition: but, where it was juſtified, the former would ſometimes even outſtep the latter.

When honeſt Irwin thought due time had been given for an undiſturbed diſh of tea, during which he had put his ſhop affairs in forwardneſs, and equipped himſelf in his beſt apparel, he paid his old maſter a viſit, purely to know "if he could be uſeful?" but on opening the parlour door he was ſomewhat ſtartled, at ſeeing the baronet ſtand fixed at the end of the parlour, diſcovering marks of great agitation. On

Robert's coming up, he turned round with great emotion, and holding a ſmall picture in his hand, aſked—"How, Robert, did this come into your poſſeſſion?" "That, an pleaſe your honour," anſwered Irwin, "was the gift of Miſs Caroline the night after my lady, her mother, was put into the chapel. The young lady gave ſomething by way of loving token to all the ſervants: and my Margaret, whom I was then wooing, and who would have laid down her life for your honour's firſt wife, fancied that bit of a flowerpot, becauſe it was done by her honoured miſtreſs's own pretty hands—and ſo we had it put up in that bit of a frame, leſt it ſhould come to harm; for I ſuppoſe my Margery would not have any thing happen to it for all ſhe's worth. If your honour looks underneath, you may ſee the time it was done. Here's the writing, your honour, and M. E.—Matilda Edgcumbe—for it was done before my lady was wedded!" "I ſaw it before," obſerved Sir Guiſe, with a ſigh. Robert receiving back the picture, hung it in its place on a

little gilt hook; and as he was fixing it, he obferved, " there is a drop of wet got on the frame."—" Very likely," anfwered Sir Guife, turning away his head.

Whether the baronet felt his affections touched by a circumftance which brought under his eye an image of a former alliance, thereby forcing on him a comparifon as to his prefent thraldom, or whether the foregoing adventures had a little mended his imperfect nature, he now felt difpofed to place a fincere confidence in Robert, and related to him the different events that had befallen him in the courfe of the paft twenty-four hours. Irwin heard with forrow, and obferved upon what he heard, with fincerity: " I am forry for it, Sir Guife, to the bottom of my foul; I knew things would go to ruin when you turned the poor 'Squire and Mifs Caroline out of doors, and brought that firebrand into the abbey; but I can't fay I ever thought it would come to this! Heigho! we are all wicked enough I fear! but this is all nothing—do let me go, your honour, to this—but I won't call

her

her names, as there's none bad enough, and you have made her your wife—but I may be able, mayhap, to work ſome good out of her, by telling her the ſtate you are in, and ſo I can bring off ſome comfortables for your honour to wear; as for money, that, I ſuppoſe, ſhe would not have robbed you of, if ſhe did not mean to hold it faſt—but that's nothing—for, thank God and my friends, and your honour yourſelf—I have money enough, and to ſpare—the wicked ſhould help the wicked in their diſtreſs; what I want to get out of her jeopardy is your apparel; mine are ſo coarſe and clumſy—I am twice the man I was ſince I left your honour—I can't offer them, elſe I'd ſee her d***d before I'd go to her for any thing; and as you tell me that devil Mr. Dabble is at work againſt you, not a ſoul ſhall know where I come from."

The terror of Sir Guiſe's nature was not leſſened by adverſity; and, as it poſſeſſed no natural dignity, the meanneſs or indelicacy of condeſcending to ſend for any part of his own right to a plunderer, made ſlight impreſ-

impreſſion, or, perhaps, never ſtruck him at all. After a few more injunctions of inviolable ſecrecy, Irwin was permitted to do as he thought proper. Juſt as Robert was leaving the room, Patty, with a modeſt curteſy, entered, and was about to ſpeak, when her father ran to her, threw his arms round her, embraced her very affectionately, and ſwore, "he never would lift his hand to her again while he lived.—Poor Patty! I ſee what comes of it, and I wiſh God Almighty may puniſh me as he has his honour there, if I ever touch this pretty face any more, except to kiſs it, as I do now."—"You make me bluſh, my dear father," ſaid the generous girl, "and may lead the gentleman to think—"

"I don't care what he thinks," interrupted Robert, "there's no denying that I have been cruel to my poor Patty, aye and to Margery too—but I never ſaw it ſo wicked as I do now—ſo now my heart's more at eaſe, I will go ſee what I can do for your honour!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE APPARITIONS OF GUILT.

THE inſtant he departed, Patty laboured to convince Sir Guiſe, that her father had been blaming himſelf without cauſe, though the Baronet had moſt likely ſomething within, that overturned all her pious arguments on that ſubject; ſhe then told him, "that as their lodger would not be at home till late in the day, her mother thought it might be more agreeable to ſit in the room above ſtairs, which," ſaid Patty, "is more pleaſant, as it looks into the ſtreet, and if Sir Guiſe pleaſed, ſhe would ſhew him the way;" adding, "that even if their lodger ſhould happen to arrive, he was ſo good a gentleman, ſhe was ſure he would not be diſpleaſed."

Sir Guiſe having few reſources within himſelf to which he could apply with any

hope

hope of conſolation, accepted the propoſal, and followed his amiable guide into a ſpacious dining apartment which opened into a drawing room, and that again into a more extenſive bed room, than the front of the houſe ſeemed to promiſe; "nor is this the beſt part either, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "for beyond this chamber there is another apartment as large again as this, but our gentleman—'tis all his own furniture you muſt know—has filled it ſo with goods of one ſort or another, that it is never uſed:—It is generally locked, but I ſee the key is now in the door."

Sir Guiſe, feeling his curioſity excited by this eulogium, expreſſed a deſire to look at what had been ſo favourably deſcribed.

Patty ran haſtily to open the door, and begged he would walk in. The Baronet entered; but in the next moment, abruptly receded with every mark of horror, as at the ſight of ſome dreadful apparition. Of dreadful apparitions, indeed, we have been told with all the aweful pageantry of circum-

circumftances; and thofe who have wifhed to affect our imaginations or agitate our paffions, by making us wifh, yet dread to approach the phantoms they have conjured up, have at laft wound up our hopes and fears to the expectation of fomething tremendous: but without ufing any of thefe arts of heightening, never furely, has the human eye been ftruck with a fight, nor the human foul appalled with a fenfation more terrible, than Sir Guife Stuart experienced on beholding the objects now difplayed to his view.

He beheld a fpacious room crouded with objects, which, though inanimate, might rive the hardeft heart; the bridal-bed, which admitted him as an unworthy partner, when the good and beautiful Matilda became his wedded victim: the family-piece that contained the portraits of her parents, wreathing around her virgin form garlands of flowers; the facred couch whereon fhe breathed her laft;—even the cradle which lulled a while the cares that

were

were in ſtore for her unhappy children, the ill-treated Charles and Caroline.

"How?—how came theſe here?" aſked Sir Guiſe, in a voice that communicated the terrors it expreſſed!

"I know not, an pleaſe your honour," replied the trembling Patty. "I was at ſchool far away when they were brought; they belong to our lodger."

"Who then is your lodger?"

"Sir John Fitzorton is his honour's name."

Inaſmuch as it was poſſible to augment the emotions of Sir Guiſe, they were increaſed by this intelligence. "John Fitzorton!" reiterated he in faultering accents, "is he the owner of theſe goods, and the occupier of theſe apartments? and where is he? when does he come? perhaps he may be even now in his way hither:—hark! hark! child! there is a knock at the door; doubtleſs it is him—he muſt not ſee me go out: O hide me from the eye of John Fitzorton!"

As

As he uttered theſe queſtions, he was running wild as it were with dread about the rooms; and it was in vain that Patty aſſured him, "it was only her father come back:" but this information, Sir Guiſe ſeemed not even to hear. He continued to traverſe the apartments, and had got into the ſtore-room with an idea of ſeeking a hiding place; but there, yet more afflicting images ſmote his view, and again drove him back in conſteration, and he exclaimed, "O God! thoſe objects are more terrible, even than John Fitzorton! I had rather brave the ſight of him, his whole family, of hell itſelf, than be cloſed in that place!"

Without attending to the aſtoniſhed Patty, who ſuppoſed that the madneſs he had exhibited the night before had returned, he precipitated himſelf down ſtairs; ruſhed in a diſordered manner by Robert and his wife, and ſtaring wildly at them without ſpeaking, got into the ſtreet.

CHAPTER V.

A BAD MAN'S FRIENDS.

THE ſurpriſe which behaviour of this kind produces in the ſpectators, takes off for a while all power of action; and Sir Guiſe had gained the pavement, and was running along it at full ſpeed, like a man dreading purſuit, before either the huſband or wife could impart their ſuſpicions to each other. Both however agreed, when they recovered ſpeech, that his raving fits had returned; and when the daughter came, with an air ſcarcely leſs diſtraught than his own, to give in her evidence, by relating his ſtrange demeanour in the rooms above, theywere unanimous not only in their ſentiments, but in their commiſeration.

" And no wonder," cried Robert Irwin: " what that poor man has upon his mind,

is enough to drive the devil himſelf out of his wits ; and if he had ſeen what I did juſt now in Groſvenor-ſquare, he would have been madder ſtill. Behold ye, when I got there, his fine lady-madam, had but juſt got into bed, and ſome of the ringleaders of her gang were keeping it up over the dice-boxes, and the beſt wines out of poor Sir Guiſe's cellar ; the porter, whom I waked out of his great chair, and, who is the only man I knew, told me that the ſervants, men and women, were aſleep, or dead drunk on chairs and ſophas and carpets in the different rooms.

"But you have got ſomething there, for his honour," obſerved the wife.

"You ſhall hear," reſumed Irwin ; "as nobody but the porter could ſpeak, he told me, he was ſorry for his maſter's misfortunes ; but it was more than his place was worth, to diſturb her ladyſhip ſo ſoon after ſhe was gone to reſt."

"I told my errand, but the porter adviſed me to go as I came : "for moſt folks, Robert," ſaid he, laughing, "go away empty from

from this houſe, even if they come into it load-ed."—"No matter for that," ſaid I; "then I'll ſee if I can't make a bit of a change in the old plan: I ſuppoſe the maſter of the houſe has got a corner of it above or below where he puts his things; now as he wants ſome of them, and has fallen into a bit of a ſcrape, I ſhall thank you to ſhew me where it is." "Why how you talk, Robert!" ſaid the porter; "this is not Sir Guiſe's houſe, nor Madam Tempeſt's nei-ther, no, nor Vally's, 'tis in ſhort, no-body's houſe, and every body's;—proper-ly to ſpeak, it belongs," added he, laugh-ing, "to one King Faro, harder than his name-ſake of old; for Tempeſt, and Vally, and Nick, and the Otleys, who are now at the top of the tree, and fifty others, are only his ſubjects, and he plays the deuce with 'em all ſometimes: and as to Sir Guiſe, he has been at peep-bo with his and my lady's creditors ſome time; and, ex-cept a ſmall bundle which was brought here late laſt night, by one of Nick Dabble's chaps, ſaying it belonged to Sir Guiſe, who

had

had given his chum the flip, I don't think he has a rag belonging to him in the houſe: if you think that will be of any ſervice, you may take it, as nobody but I have ſeen it, for they were all drinking, dancing, dice-ing, and maſquerading when the chap brought it for Nick, and I think it is as well ſaved out of old Nick's hands as not;" whereupon, the porter went to a cloſet, in the great paſſage, took out this bundle and gave it me, and that's all I got for it: ſo I came running off as faſt as my legs could carry me, juſt as if I had eſcaped from a den of thieves."

"I never heard ſuch ſhocking doings in my life," ſighed Patty; "but all this time, poor Sir Guiſe is running diſtracted through the ſtreets." "That's true, child," ſaid Robert, "here, take this till I juſt ſtep into the parlour; Margery, give me the key of the bureau, I muſt take a little caſh with me for fear of accidents."

CHAPTER VI.

THE EQUITY OF A NOBLE FOE.

TWO hours did poor Robert Irwin, from the pureſt principles of compaſſion, uninſpired by one grain of eſteem, ſearch in vain for his object: at length, ſlackening his pace, and returning home with dejected looks and diſappointed face, the ſhouts of a mob attracted his attention; and advancing to explore the cauſe, he perceived a man haranguing the croud with the utmoſt violence, while he held another man by the collar, and bawling forth, that "he would take his oath to the perſon being the one who had eſcaped from his brother officer the day before, and that he was therefore his priſoner, becauſe they were in partnerſhip; and he would, for that reaſon, as ſoon part with his right hand as with the man;—for to tell you the truth, I ſuſ-

I ſuſpect there has been a kind of colluſion betwixt partner and priſoner, aye, for aught I know, maſter Juſtice too; and d—n me if I find them out, if I don't hang them all like ſo many onions on a ſtring: for if they cheat me, they have but another to cheat; I had a right to my thirds, and never took a farthing."

The face of the priſoner thus aſſailed, was covered by his ſpread hands, and the reſt of his body was ſo encircled by the crowd, that very few of thoſe whom curioſity had drawn, could diſcern their object. At length a voice from the multitude, called aloud, "who owns this velvet cap?" which the perſon ſpeaking had placed at the end of a ſtick elevated above the heads of the people; "I do," anſwered Robert Irwin, working his way through the crowd:—"at leaſt I know the head it was upon a little while ago: aye, and there is part of the head now in that fellow's hands."

Irwin elbowed on, and recognized Sir Guiſe Stuart. Meanwhile a gentleman riding through the ſtreet, where the mob had

gathered together, ſtopped his horſe, and deſired to know the nature of the affray? The perſon of whom he made the enquiry anſwered, "Why we hardly know what to make of it, Sir; but it ſeems to be a falſe arreſt, and upon the perſon of a poor man out of his ſenſes." With great earneſtneſs and a voice of command, the gentleman ſignified that he was a magiſtrate, and ordered the croud to make way. The priſoner firſt caught his eye, and immediately muffled himſelf up in the flap of his coat. "By what authority, fellow," queſtioned the gentleman, "do you hold that perſon in cuſtody?"—"By that of the law; I have a writ againſt him at the ſuit of Mr. Nicholas Dabble, the attorney."—The gentleman ſtarted, and ſeemed ready to leap from his horſe: "Let me look at the writ."—"Partner has it, but I knows my man, and I'll have him to lock-up-houſe in Shire-lane, and then to Newgate, if he do not pay the money, and moreover clear up another little affair." At this inſtant Irvin ſeemed deſirous to conceal himſelf alſo, and going

going up as by ſtealth to Sir Guiſe, he put the bundle into the Baronet's hand, ſaying, in a whiſper, "Take this, Sir, it will bring you off, but don't ſay any thing about Robert." After this, Irwin mixed in the thickeſt of the croud.

The gentleman now alighting from his horſe, went cloſer to the parties; in his way to whom a general whiſper had circulated, touching the name and authority of the magiſtrate. This whiſper ſoon caught the bailiff. The late furious aſſailant would have relinquiſhed his prey, conſcious he could not legally hold it, and gone quietly off, but the gentleman, who had an eye upon all his movements, commanded him to tell his name and addreſs, together with that of his partner.—Now the commands this gentleman, though depending very little on the ſofter arts of perſuaſion, were the leaſt refuſable in the world. The trembling catch-pole obeyed, attaching to his obedience this curious defence, on which he relied for future favour, "I am ſure your honour, if my partner in this buſineſs

ſhould turn out a rogue, and if Mr. Nicholas Dabble ſhould prove he has outwitted himſelf, I *muſt* be an honeſt man: I was looking for a coach while partner took huſh-money of the priſoner, and boaſted of it to my face. Yes, and I went and left a bundle I had the care of at the priſoner's houſe, though I did not get a farthing of my dues out of the huſh-money. Thus your worſhip obſerves plainly what ſort of an honeſt man I muſt be."

"I do," anſwered the gentleman, "and you may go about your buſineſs."

During this converſation the priſoner neſtled himſelf, as well and as long as he could, amongſt the mob; but the gentleman, who had hitherto conſidered the aggreſſor in this affray as the principal object, had now leiſure to advert to the aggrieved, in whom he ſoon diſcovered the perſon of Sir Guiſe Stuart.

Many, we truſt, are the readers who, judging from themſelves, will be able to conjecture, what muſt have been the feelings of an honeſt man, ſuch as John Fitzorton

—for

—for he was the magiſtrate—on this diſcovery: Few, we hope, judging from themſelves, will know how to form any adequate idea of the ſenſations of Sir Guiſe Stuart.—They were, however, ſufficiently expreſſed in his behaviour. Concealment no longer poſſible, humiliated by preſent, and degraded by paſt circumſtances, all of which came with an overwhelming force upon his memory, he bowed ſubmiſſive to his protector as to the acknowledged virtue of a ſuperior being. He bent his eyes to the ground, and, as if dreading to be ſeen by thoſe of John Fitzorton, he held the bundle which Robert had put into his hand, before his face, and then ſlunk away.

John Fitzorton, after he had received his horſe from the perſon, who had been walking him about, re-mounted and rode on.

Robert Irwin, believing he had eſcaped unſeen, haſtened home almoſt immediately after he had given the parcel to Sir Guiſe, and on reaching his houſe, related the adventure in the ſtreet to his wife and daughter, obſerving, that though his honour Sir

John would not be difpleafed at him for going of a meffage for an unfortúnate man, yet to be feen with Sir Guife Stuart, after the fhocking thing that had happened at the caftle, might offend his honour. "Heaven forbid!" ejaculated his wife. "Surely," obferved the daughter, innocently, "if people knew what the world fuffered from bad actions, they would try very hard to be good: but thank God, father, people who have been bad may live to be good again."

"I hope I fhall be a proof of that, Patty," faid Irwin, with tears in his eyes: "all things they fay are for the beft, love; and, perhaps, Sir Guife having come to our houfe in this manner, and feeing the judgment that is upon him, may make me better all the reft of my life; I am fure I will try, Patty: I will, indeed, love."

Here Robert moft affectionately renewed his endearments; and Patty returned them.

Juft as this peace-reftoring difcourfe ended, John Fitzorton reached his lodgings, and

and without diſcovering any thing particular in his air, or manner of ſpeaking, went up to his apartments. Our little family, therefore, were completely happy; in which ſtate we will leave them to taſte the joys of domeſtick reconciliation, the crowning of which was the enlargement of Patty's huſband.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MERCHANT OF MONMOUTH STREET.

WE will now follow the ſteps of one who knew no ſuch comforts, and who, alas! had no hope ever to enjoy them.

Sir Guiſe Stuart was thrown into ſuch additional diſorder by the unexpected ſight of the man, whoſe eye, even in the proudeſt period of his life, he moſt ſought to avoid, and whoſe family he had ſo irreparably injured, that, to meet him under ſuch circumſtances, and to receive that ſervice

 from

from his equity which could not have been expected from any other motive, funk deeper into his mind, and feemed harder to bear than any thing that had attended him fince he became an outcaft. His refcue from the gripe of the law, fo much wifhed before, was now but a fecondary object of felicitation: it dwindled even to nothing in comparifon of the grand efcape from John Fitzorton, who, indeed, was armed with terrors no villainy could brave or endure.

After long wandering about without any fettled direction, he found himfelf in Monmouth-ftreet, and as he furveyed the different dreffes there hung out at every door, a fudden thought induced him to accept the eager invitation of one of the traders to walk into a fhop. The trader feeing a bundle under his arm which, more mechanically than from confcioufnefs, he had ftill carried, fuppofed he was come rather to fell than to buy, and defired to fee his goods.

Sir Guife, thinking it might promote his plan, favoured the motion, and inftead of

bartering

bartering his watch for fometing he wifhed to purchafe, he untied the bundle, which he knew was the fame that he had haftily packed at his lodgings in the Minories, and he fuppofed Robert Irwin had taken it from the bailiff; it contained a change of thofe things of which Sir Guife ftood much in need: but on the parcel being opened, a fmall pacquet loofely wrapt emptied its contents on the floor.—"Good heavens!" exclaimed our Baronet, "how came this money here?" Now this exclamation, and the difordered furprize with which it was made, and the general air, as well as the particular look of Sir Guife Stuart, and more than all his appearing without any covering on his head, his velvet cap having been fomehow purloined after Robert owned it, did not prepoffefs the tradefman in his favour. A few queftions, and particularly one, touching his bare head, and flipper'd feet did not mend the matter. Whereupon being a man of very nice honour, as to ftolen articles in cafes where the odds were againft his holding them with

any ſecurity, he ſaid, " he ſaw plainly how that bundle had been obtained; and unleſs a better account was given than had yet been offered, he ſhould feel himſelf called upon, as an honeſt man, to apprehend him as a rogue—for, pray, how came you to be ſo much ſurprized to find thoſe five guineas, if they were your property?"

"Becauſe," ſaid the Baronet, very truly, "I knew no more of them than you did."

"That is rather ſingular too," obſerved the clothier, "how ſhould they get into an honeſt man's bundle without his knowledge. Secondly, be ſo good to tell me where you came from? and, thirdly, who you are?"

Our Baronet's ſilence was interpreted into a tacit confeſſion of his villainy.—"Well, come," ſaid the trader, "there is ſome ſhame in you however, and as you may live to ſee your error, I will let it paſs; and if you wiſh to purchaſe any articles you ſee in the ſhop or at the door, why I will

will deal with you as if you were as honeſt a man as myſelf."

Sir Guiſe wanted not ſagacity to perceive that the laying out part, at leaſt of the money which had thus, unexpectedly, crept into his bundle, would be the only thing to ſave him, and he was glad the matter had taken that turn.—"I came into your ſhop, Sir, not to ſell but to purchaſe, and though you have wronged me by your ſuſpicions I will deal with you. I have a particular occaſion for a drab coloured coat and waiſtcoat, I noticed hanging at your door, and the broad brimmed hat I perceived on a peg over it." "Here they are, but here is a ſnug brown bob goes with them—better have that, and you'll be all of a piece," ſaid the dealer, who did not doubt but our adventurer was going to take refuge from his purſuers for the late or former offences, in the dreſs of a quaker. Sir Guiſe approved of the wig extremely: "And what think you of theſe brown worſted ſtockings, and as to ſhoes I can fit you in a trice—there, Sir, I'll be bound for their

fitting as well as if they were made for you —but, perhaps, you had rather have boots," obſerved the trader, who had now got into the ſpirit of trade—"I can ſuit you there too—I call my ſhop *every body's warehouſe* —Lookee, Sir, and here's a curious pair of ſtocking breeches juſt of the colour—and now you are ſet up—unleſs you ſhould like this horſeman's coat, which, you perceive, is juſt in the ſame ſtyle, they are your's for the five guineas which ſo much ſurprized you juſt now."

"You may put them up," ſaid Sir Guiſe, "but I do not ſee how I ſhall carry them—could I not get ſomebody to take them as far as ——" "O, yes, any where," interpoſed the dealer—"there's a fellow going by the door who will I dare ſay be glad of the job—ſhall I call him?" "If you pleaſe," anſwered Sir Guiſe. The man expreſſed his readineſs to attend the gentleman; he ſaid he was very poor, and had been looking in vain all the day for employment. The goods were ſoon packed ſo as to go into the bundle, except the brimmed

beaver, which the dealer, facetiouſly ſaid, would be moſt eaſily carried on the new owner's head. The five miraculous guineas being paid into the long opened palm of the dealer, the porter took up his load, and the purchaſer deſiring him to follow, the buſineſs ended not a little to the ſatiſfaction of all parties.

Thus Sir Guiſe, who, within a few hours, had been taken for a madman and a thief, eſcaped by good luck from being carried into cuſtody in either of thoſe characters: yet the laſt ſix and thirty hours had been the moſt diſaſtrous of his life. They were the firſt he had ever paſt in the ſchool of adverſity, where he was taught the rudiments of what, to ſuch diſpoſitions, is only to be learned in that academy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MORALITY OF CONSCIENCE.

THE intereſting objects which our adventurer ſaw at the hoſpitable Robert Irwin's,

Irwin's, and the different impediments, he had met with in his way, had confumed fo much time, that the fecond day of his wanderings was far fpent before he found himfelf extricated from the feveral ills which had annoyed and threatened him.

Behold then our Baronet followed by his temporary fquire, fallying forth with as little arrangement what point of the compafs to fteer by, as the fquire or knight of Cervantes. In woefulnefs of countenance, indeed, there was fome real refemblance betwixt the immortal Quixote and our forlorn Baronet; but, alas! none either in their difpofitions, or motives of enterprize. Sir Guife Stuart had neither the knight of la Mancha's extravagance of honour, nor his wifh of acquiring fame by heroick deeds, by the refcue of innocence oppreffed, or the voluntary encounter of dangers and of death. Indeed, our Baronet's fole defign, in the purchafing his coat of mail, was to efcape the wounding eyes of thofe whom he himfelf had outraged: and had the honeft, the mifguided, hero of the Spanifh

ftory,

ſtory, met him in his career, and been previouſly made acquainted with his courſe of life, he would have been thought a giant of guilt and necromancy, more deſerving of the avenging lance than any monſter he had contended with in the progreſs of his adventures.

His attendant ſquire, indeed, had no trace of the merry-hearted Sancho; but followed the ſteps of his employer with gloomy fidelity, from one place to another, till the ſhades of evening, and ſome more powerful circumſtances induced him to aſk our hero whither he was going? This queſtion received no anſwer, becauſe it was found unanſwerable: Sir Guiſe had been long ruminating what he ſhould do with himſelf. The adherent ventured, at length, what follows: "Poſſibly, Sir, you have loſt your way, or may be you overheard what the man ſaid to me in the ſhop about you, and ſo don't like to go into your old haunt, wherever it may be, leſt I ſhould run back and tell him. Now if this ſhould be the caſe, I will tell you a ſecret. I am a diſtreſſed

ſed bit of a gentleman myſelf, and when an odd thing lies in my way, ſuch as a ſtray bundle, a few looſe guineas, or what not, why I have no objection to it; and for all I am in ſuch a pickle now am as keen a fellow as you can be. In a word, I am one of the ſort—and, therefore, you have nothing to fear from me: For all that, perhaps, you don't like we ſhould join forces—ſome, in our line, like doing buſineſs alone; others are for partnerſhip.—If you prefer the latter, we muſt take a loving pot or bottle together, and ſay good luck to one another. We are near to the ſign of the Hand-in-hand, where ſome of the ſort meet; it lies juſt cleverly for the great weſt road, has good ſtabling, a knowing oſtler, and a man may be in town or country, horſeback or on foot, in five minutes."

This diſcourſe might have terrified a ſtouter heart than that of Sir Guiſe; not, perhaps, on account of the thing itſelf, for he had long aſſociated with probably more guilty peſts of ſociety than the poor rogue then at his elbow. Indeed, had our Baro-

net

net been made of more courageous materials, it is not impoſſible but that the ſlight hold which conſcience yet had of him, and an almoſt deſpairing ſituation, might have then united him with the ſociety to which his aſſociate alluded: But a certain dread that ſeized his joints, and the faſting and fatigue, which weighed upon his limbs, extorted from him, in a ſort of half uttered and half repreſſed way, this heart-riving apoſtrophe, "O! Sir Guiſe, Sir Guiſe Stuart, that you ſhould be brought to all this!"

"Great God!" apoſtrophiſed his aſtoniſhed companion! "and is it poſſible I ſhould again be in the ſame place with Sir Guiſe Stuart? I thought, indeed, I knew ſomething of his face, disfigured as it is by time and by that long beard.—Ah! Sir Guiſe, if you are really he who had the great hall in Somerſetſhire, where I knew you, and are owner of the abbey in the weſt of England, you are the bittereſt enemy I ever had in the world, and have brought me to this paſs—but, as it appears

you

you have brought yourſelf to nearly as bad, I won't—no—d—n me, I won't ſay any more—we muſt now both of us live as we can."

"And who are you?" faultered out Sir Guiſe, ſcarcely articulating.

"See," replied the other, "how things come about—Don't you remember Giles Smith the maſon, though that's not the name I go by now—don't you remember ſmuggling off Jenny Atwood? a d—mn'd affair that—my firſt devil's work, as I may ſay, for you—and though you gave me all the work of the hall—I never throve ſince, but took to thieving, and if I ſhow my face again at the Old-Bailey 'twill go hard with me. I did but juſt nick it laſt time—but mum—walls have ears; this is a notorious part of the town we have got into.—But what am I to call you? you don't go by your own name of courſe.—The ſhopman whiſpered he would make it worth my while if I would call, and let him know where you took me to; but I'd be d—d firſt—though you have been my ruin

—for as I ſee you are one of us—and upon the ſhift—I'll not be the man to bring you up before your time. If we can't be true to one another 'tis very hard. I don't aſk what you have got in this bundle beſides the cloaths you bought of the Monmouth-ſtreet man, I find you picked it up by the *way of Cheapſide*, ſo perhaps you hardly know yourſelf. But you ſee the condition I am in, and if you can help me to a trifle for back and belly I hope you will; for, to tell you the truth, I am as poor as a rat, and as tired as a dog, and what is worſe, have not broke my faſt to day."

"Nor have I ſcarcely," ſaid Sir Guiſe; "and if you have any place where we can ſtop, without any danger of being diſturbed, I will," added he with a heavy ſigh, "do what little I can for you."

"As to that," obſerved Smith, "we can't be better than at the Hand-in-hand at preſent. 'Tis juſt between the hours: thoſe who are for the country are off; and the town chaps won't meet till midnight, after all the publick places are ſhut. Give me

your

your hand, this is the ſnug door: Lord how well I know him—but don't tremble ſo—Though I am no better than I ſhould be to be ſure, I am as true to my ſet as you can be."

CHAPTER IX.

TRICK FOR TRICK.

EXHAUSTED by what he had already undergone in body and mind, Sir Guiſe felt for a moment an indifference to what became of him, and ſuffered himſelf to be led into the houſe. The ragged condition of the one, and the ſhabby gentility of the other, aſſiſted by the broad brimmed hat, aſſorted well enough with the different appearances aſſumed by the nimble-fingered race; and on calling for a bottle of port with biſcuits and ruſks, they were ſhown into a private room. When the wine was brought, its price was to be paid on the ſpot; "a rule, which may perhaps, ſurprize

prize you," ſaid Smith to Sir Guiſe, when the waiter was gone; "but if you conſider the precarious ſituation of the cuſtomers who frequent this houſe, many of whom are taken away to priſon without a moment's warning"—

"To priſon!" repeated Sir Guiſe.

"You will not wonder," continued Smith, "that every thing here is for ready money only." "Are there no perſons that frequent it but of the deſcription you allude to?" aſked the alarmed Sir Guiſe. "O yes," anſwered Smith, "but it is a rule of the houſe, to ſet down every man as a rogue whether he be ſuch or not; but don't alarm yourſelf, for at any rate we are ſafe; I am an old cuſtomer, and was once a leading member of a club held in the room above, and you will of courſe be taken for my friend." "I ſee," cried Sir Guiſe, "that circumſtances have rendered me obnoxious to miſtakes, wherever I go, I aſſure you, Smith." "Pſhaw, don't vex yourſelf about that," interrupted Smith, who was ſettled in his faith about Sir Guiſe,

and

and had begun on the wine and bifcuits, with great diligence; "we are all liable to miftakes: come, come, do as I do."

While the Baronet fteeped his rufk in fome wine, Smith adverted again to the contents of the bundle, and afked, "for what purpofe he had made a purchafe of the quaker-fuit of cloaths, and the drab riding-coat? Come, Sir Guife, open your heart at once," added he; "you were always a cautious man: a fhy cock, as we fay, you know—whatever prank you have played, that drefs will bring you through, ha! ha! ha!—a good thought—who will fufpect a prim quaker to be a bundle-ftealer?"

Sir Guife, not relifhing this fufpicion, told Smith the adventures of the laft eight and forty hours.

"Curious," faid his comrade, "a very curious ftory: yes, I always thought what would come of your marrying that termagant." Another fupply of wine and bifcuit was ordered. "Apropos, what fay you to a flice of butter? rufks and bifcuits are dry

dry eating by themſelves," ſaid he. "I ſee clearly now what you are upon: you think you may have better luck in a new dreſs; your old one, I gueſs, is too well known. To tell you the truth, I ſhould like to adopt your plan: ſuppoſe therefore," ſaid he, as ſoon as the waiter again diſappeared, "I caſt this old ſkin of mine and put on yours, while you make yourſelf into a Simon Pure.—Obſerve, I can draw the bolt of the door, and it is done in a twinkling.

Sir Guiſe, who anxiouſly wiſhed an opportunity to put on his diſguiſe, agreed to the propoſal. "Strip then is the word," ſaid Smith, faſtening the door and dropping his tatters with a diſpatch, yet with a compoſure that ſhewed he was familiar with expedients. But Sir Guiſe, though no leſs diſſolute, had moved in the higher paths of diſhonour; had been accuſtomed to more ſplendid viciſſitudes, and could not eaſily diveſt himſelf of the external manners of a gentleman. He was therefore, more impeded in his progreſs, and not a little

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embarraſſed at making an entire change of apparel before the man, whom, in the proud day of authority, he had made a ſubordinate inſtrument in the moſt atrocious actions. An obſervation, however, from Smith, on hearing a noiſy party coming into the next room, and calling riotouſly for half a dozen of bottles from the "good-luck-bin," ſoon quenched the few bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame that ſtood in the way of our Baronet's diſpatch, and he was equipped in a few minutes at all points fit for the tabernacle. "I take it," whiſpered Smith, "there is one of the early gangs come in; and by their ſpirits, I judge, have been pretty ſucceſsful.—'Ecod I like myſelf ſo well in this green coat and ſcarlet waiſtcoat, that I am half tempted to make a little tour of my own acroſs the country. I do think I ſhould have ſome luck in your coat, my old friend, eſpecially, if I ſtood in your ſhoes, or ſlippers, which is the ſame thing, and red-morocco will not at all ſuit your dreſs: theſe ſhoes of mine will ſet you on your legs famouſly; well, what ſay you,

you, ſhall we try our fortunes? Who knows?—There is no moon.—Nice and dark: we are juſt off the ſtones; the lamps are never half lighted at the ſkirts of the town:—at any rate, we had better be off now, unleſs you are determined on the third bottle."

Sir Guiſe declared, "that he had not any more money, and did not think, till he had rummaged his pockets, he could have found enough to pay for the two former."
"No," ſaid Smith, increduloufly: "what the deuce ſhall we do about the waiter?—O! I have it;—ſtop, let me do up your parcel;—there, it will be much lighter for you now.—Do you ſtay here, and I will go and ſpeak to Scuttle the waiter, who is a good-natured fellow, and when I have ſettled it with him, I will come and fetch you: for, between ourſelves, ſome of the hue-and-cry gentry will be taking their rounds preſently."

Sir Guiſe felt uneaſy at the thoughts of being left alone, and as rogues are exactly as ſuſpicious as honeſt men are confident,

 he

he aſked tremulouſly, "why they ſhould not go and ſpeak to Scuttle together? I will give him one of the handkerchiefs, or cravats out of the bundle: will not that do?" ſaid the Baronet. "No, I will tell you how it ſhall be; I ſhould not have thought of giving that fellow a thing of that value."

Smith opened the door, looked into the paſſage, where not ſeeing any body, he took the hand of Sir Guiſe, who had, indeed, taken Smith by the ſkirts of the coat, and moving quietly, they gained the ſtreet without any interruption. "And now," ſaid Smith, "we muſt determine on ſomething; do we part, or do we keep together?—See, people are pouring apace into the Hand-in-hand. Suppoſe we croſs over the way, and then we can think. Plaguy dark. Mind how you go; and for fear we ſhould miſs one another, when you get on the pavement, cry hem."

Being arrived on the other ſide, Sir Guiſe gave the ſignal; pauſed a few minutes, then repeated it to as little purpoſe:

and

and after a longer interval hemmed once more. His companion, who had, in the firſt inſtance, been kind enough to carry the bundle for Sir Guiſe Stuart, now carried it for himſelf. In a word, Smith, inſtead of croſſing over, figured into the very houſe which he affected to quit by ſtealth, and left his aſſociate, from whom he had nothing more to expect, to go where he thought proper: perfectly ſatisfied he would never either think or dare to look for him, the ſaid Smith, in the Hand-in-hand hotel.

Thus was Sir Guiſe, after having made another diſcovery of the extent of his wide-ſpreading ſeductions, again driven unprotected into the ſtreet. What is far worſe, that conſcience, which, had it been clear, might have darted a chearful ray of light from within, told him, his lot, though hard, was merited. Incapable of choice, he took the path in the direction it lay, from where he had croſſed; an afflicting ſigh broke from his heart, and he continued his route in one undeviating line for many hours,

during which, he was ſo abſorbed in an abyſs of reflection on the events of the paſt and present time, that his fearful nature had no leiſure to yield to any apprehenſions from ſolitude and darkneſs.

The fate of Sir Armine, the exile of Charles, Caroline, Denniſon and the Monk, the flaming cottage of the Attwoods, the plots upon Jane, the treachery of Miles, Dabble, and their banditti, the tyranny of lady Tempeſt, and the ſcorn of John Fitz-orton; all haunted his midnight path, and impelled him forward, almoſt without knowing that his feet were in motion.

At day-break, he perceived himſelf on a road he had often traverſed, under all the ſmiling auſpices of fortune and of power; by mere accident he had ſtruck into the broad high way that led to the county in which ſtood the abbey.

Yet, to what end ſhould he go farther in that road? to what purpoſe ſhould he take any other? was there in any part of the town or country a being of either ſex, whoſe eye would gladden, or whoſe heart

would

would bound to greet him? to whom either his profperity would be welcome, or his misfortunes endearing? Should he purfue his prefent track, even to the abbey, that venerable manfion, he thought, was now a miferable ruin like himfelf, and even that ruin not at his command. Although Henry and Olivia might be at the caftle, would they afford him fuccour? it was madnefs to fuppofe it. Should they be abfent, was not an indelible mark fet upon him by every member of their houfehold? Could he return to the hofpitable houfe of the Irwins? there the terrifying furniture of his difmantled abbey rofe to his view, and there, yet more tremendous, was John Fitzorton!

Such were the queftions he put to himfelf, and fuch their replies: while both ferved but to point the forlorn ftate of his character, and condition. "Whither then fhall I go, and what will become of me?" faid he, fmiting his breaft.

But all this time, he went rapidly on, and having neither the wifh nor the means to

ſtop, he out-travelled in the courſe of the day all that had partially got the ſtart of him for a while.

Towards evening the weſtern coaches paſſed him, and ſtopped to change horſes, at about an hundred yards after they left him behind. As ſoon as he came up with them, one of the coachmen, as he was going by, exclaimed, "Egad maſter, you have got a brave driving coat there, which you don't ſeem to know what to do with." "Have you any inclination for it?" anſwered Sir Guiſe, who had found it unwieldy to bear on his back, and intolerable to carry under his arm. "You'll aſk too much for my pocket, I fear, but I will tell you what I will do with you: I know you quakers don't uſe many words; I will give you his majeſty's picture in gold, and a ride any where on this ſide Plymouth, if you are going that way: I have but one paſſenger, who I believe is in his firſt ſleep; what ſay you, friend?"

Our adventurous Baronet approved the firſt part of the propoſal very well; for though

though the great coat might at ſome future period be uſeful, the offered guinea would be ſo immediately; he did not ſee the advantage of the offered ride, and yet it being neceſſary to go ſomewhere, he thought he ſhould, during that ride, have a better opportunity to think, and come to ſome concluſion, eſpecially as it was likely to be a ſtormy night, in a coach than on foot. "Well, friend," ſaid the coachman facetiouſly, as he was coming out of the houſe, where he had been taking his dram; "ſhall thee and I ſhake hands upon it, a ſpike and ſpan new guinea, look'e, and as eaſy a coach as ever man ſlept in; if you have a mind for a nap, you will think yourſelf ſwinging in a commodore's cot." "There is no bed to be had here, Sir," ſaid the landlord of the inn; "we have been obliged to turn ſome of our cuſtomers away, and ſo I think you can't do better than accept the coachman's offer." "It ſhall be ſo then," ſaid Sir Guiſe, delivering the coat. The driver opened the door, and helped our quaker-ſeeming hero into the

coach, where he was ſcarcely ſeated, though it was too dark to make any uſe of his eyes, when a moſt violent ſnoring aſſailed his ears, "Perhaps," ſaid the landlord, "the gentleman would like to take ſomething." "Pleaſe to bring me a roll, or a cruſt of bread, and a glaſs of brandy," ſaid the Baronet; but while they were gone to fetch them, he regretted his having given the order, reflecting he had no money to pay for it, and he could not preſs for the guinea ſo abruptly; when it was brought, he aſked with ſome heſitation, "whether the landlord could give him change." "No, d—n it, don't change for a cruſt and a glaſs of brandy and water," ſaid the coachman, "I hate dry bargains: I always think they never thrive with a body;—ſet it up to me, landlord." Sir Guiſe aſked if he would partake of it. "Enough is as good as a feaſt, friend: warm your own inſide with it, and let me warm my outſide by hanſelling the coat, for it begins to mizzle." While the coachman folded himſelf up in his new purchaſe, Sir Guiſe finiſhed

finiſhed his repaſt, which was in truth much wanted; and after the uſual adieu, the vehicle continued its journey.

CHAPTER X.

GHOSTS OF THE PAST.

FOR the firſt three or four miles Sir Guiſe thought intently; but the very intenſity of that thought, his former violent exerciſe, both of body and mind, and the lulling motion of the coach, diſpoſed him, at length, to imitate his unknown fellow-traveller by falling aſleep.

How long he remained in this comfortable oblivion of himſelf, and of his misfortunes, cannot be known; but, ere it was yet day, a ſudden jerk of the vehicle ſhattered one of the ſide glaſſes from the frame, and both our ſlumberers awoke at the ſame inſtant. This brought on a ſhort converſation between the paſſengers, one

of whom ſaid he was happy, on waking out of a nap, to find he had got a companion. "Not," added he, "that I am properly an inſide paſſenger, only as there was not any one in the ſtage, and as I am an acquaintance of the coachman's, and 'twas likely to be an ugly night, he gave me a lift; but if you have any objection, Sir, as I am but a ſervant, and in a manner, out of my place—if you'll pardon the joke, I'll turn out, and get upon the box."—Sir Guiſe, whom recent events had taught ſomething of humility, told his fellow-traveller there was no occaſion; whereupon the former ſpeaker continued: "Going into Devon, I hope, Sir? as I ſhall then have more of your good company. I ſtop a few miles on this ſide Dartmouth. If you are of thoſe parts I dare ſay you may know either me or ſome of my maſters, God bleſs their honours, and all the family!—ſuch a family as would do your heart and ſoul good to know them: the Fitzortons, Sir, I mean; a brave old houſe their caſtle; we ſhall ſee it a few miles on this ſide Dartmouth:

mouth: a noble park too, and as fine gardens as you ſhall wiſh to look at; but what are they? nothing!—not worth thinking about in compariſon of the family they belong to. A houſe, park, and a garden, are fine things, and God gave them, and God be praiſed for it; but where they are placed or built there they ſtand like ſtocks; but good people, who can move about to find people, who have only a cottage and bit of garden at the end of it, are better to my thoughts than all the gardens and caſtles in the world."

A profound and audible ſigh now caught the ear of the perſon who had been ſpeaking, and a pauſe enſued on both ſides, in the courſe of which the ſigh was repeated.

"I don't know why, but it is a ſhocking thing to hear any body ſigh," obſerved the other paſſenger: "it always makes me ſigh too. May be your honour may be uneaſy at ſomething that is on your mind, and do not like to hear talking. Some do and ſome don't. Our Mr. Sir John can't bear to hear a word ſpoken by man, woman, or

child, when he is vexed or uneaſy, but muſt have it all to himſelf, though it laſts for a week. If you do but ſay a word, he will frown and growl at you, and go and lock himſelf up; but Squire Henry, God love his dear tender heart! the more kind things you ſay to him, the more he loves you; and though he may ſometimes be too heart-full to make you any anſwer, when he comes to himſelf he will ſpeak to you ſo kindly, and thank you for your love and trouble, that it would make you cry like a child, I am ſure it has me a thouſand times, to hear him. Now as I don't know which of theſe ways is your way, Sir, if I offend, or make you worſe by talking, only ſay ſo, and I will not ſpeak another word all the way."

The generous ſpeaker having waited ſome time without receiving any check, imagined converſation might amuſe and relieve his fellow traveller, on which idea he proceeded: "Ah! good Sir, we have all our ſorrows, and the beſt often the moſt, as I dare ſay you know by yourſelf. Why even moſt of our

our family at the caſtle have had terrible trials. To begin with Sir Armine, all the world has heard of his goodneſs; for all that, he had his enemies, and one who I fear ſhortened his life."

"I fear ſo too," faultered a voice that ſtartled the ear of the obſerver.

"You have heard of the ſtory then, and no doubt," reſumed the other ſpeaker, "know many more ſad ſtories that go along with that affair. If ſo, you can be no ſtranger to the ſhocking doings amongſt ſome neighbours of ours.—Thank God Almighty, the ſtorm is pretty well blown over now: but there will be a long account for ſomebody to ſettle by and by. Doubtleſs then you know the abbey-family?"

"I do," anſwered the perſon addreſſed.

"Aye, I don't wonder at your ſighing," obſerved the other, "they have made my heart ach many and many a time. Then I dare ſay, you are no ſtranger to Sir Guiſe Stuart:—there's a monſter of a man for you! I do not think there is man, woman,

or child, in the whole world, that cares whether he is dead or alive."

"O yes, there is," continued the perfon, heavily fighing, "more than one."—"May be you know mifs Caroline, his daughter, Sir, as kindly, dutiful, and pretty a creature as ever broke the bread of life. God knows where fhe is now; and I am acquainted with another as good and handfome as fhe, who wifhes this monfter of a man well: but I find it has all come home to him at laft. Such a ftory did I hear of him yefterday in London, at an old fervant's of his, one Robert Irwin, where I went to take orders for the caftle from our Mr. Sir John, who has lodgings at Robert's:—fuch a ftory!—Ah good Sir, the wicked never profper long together. This very Sir Guife, is, I find, gone all to ruins, turned out of houfe and home, and with five guineas, which Robert, out of pure charity, put into his bundle, is now roaming about, God knows where. There is a change for you, Sir! yet how could he expect any better?"

"A change

"A change indeed!" cried his auditor with pathetic energy.

"Yes," refumed the relater, "I would not have a—a,—friend of mine told of it for the world; nay, I would not wifh any of our family to know of it, 'fpecioufly Squire Henry; and I am fure, Mr. Sir John will not mention it to him for reafons good. The wicked man is going about under God's judgments: I fhould not at all wonder if we fhould hear in a little time he were hanged, fhould you, Sir?—And yet," continued the narrator, "poor man, I can't help pitying him. If I had not received orders from my mafter Mr. Sir John, and you know, Sir, when a fervant has got his orders, he has only to do them outright in town or country, I fhould have tried to hunt him up; for though I think him the worft creature that lives, I have my reafons why I would not let him want a mouthful of bread, and a drop of drink, and a bed to lie upon, while I had it of my own to give. He is now with the Almighty's angry finger upon him; for it is not us, but he, you know,

know, Sir, to puniſh people; to my thoughts, ſuch a wicked man as Sir Guiſe Stuart is more to be pitied than an honeſt man in the time of his trouble: becauſe you know, Sir, conſcience ſays ſuch comforting things to the one, while the other can find nothing but taunts and torments within and without. And now I'll ſay no more about him; for you muſt know, we never mention his name, nor have not done a long while at the caſtle; and for my part, I ſometimes wiſh the abbey was ſunk under ground, that none of our folks might look at it, then we might be happier even than we were. Indeed I ſhould not have run on thus now, for I am no very great talker; but as I heard you ſigh, and as I think a man had better ſigh for the diſtreſs and wickedneſs of another man than for his own, and as I imagined you liked to hear rather than ſpeak, I have gone on. See, Sir, day is beginning to break. Come, good Sir, we ſhall have the ſun up preſently, and then we ſhall be able to look about us."

CHAPTER XI.

MORE GHOSTS.

IT is not eaſy to conceive any mortal man in a more comfortleſs ſituation than Sir Guiſe Stuart during the time this harangue was carrying on by the ſpeaker, with a moſt ſincere hope of affording him relief. In all the ſimple truth of an honeſt heart, he here heard himſelf at once commiſerated and deſpiſed. The cauſe and effect of all he had ſuffered was placed in natural order before him, and all this from a man who avowed himſelf in a ſtate of ſervitude, but whom he knew, at the ſame time, to be arrayed in all the majeſty of virtues, which made the once lofty Baronet ſhrink in the compariſon. The only favourable circumſtance was the darkneſs, which had veiled him from the eye of his accuſer, and that darkneſs was paſſing away.

The morn had no ſooner rendered objects diſtinct,

diftinct, than it appeared to the companion of Sir Guife, that he had been addreffing himfelf to a quaker. This accounted at once for the little that had been faid in reply, and that little expreffed with fo much energy of pity for the guilty wanderer; moreover the difguife was more friendly than the wearer of it had conjectured, for the haranguer, even when the deciding beams of the fun fhone full upon every thing, had not the moft remote fufpicion that he was in company with the man he had delineated. The cafe was reverfed with refpect to the delineator, who not having an atom of difguife about him, body or mind, was inftantly difcovered to be True George, who had upon the whole more reafon to quarrel with the conduct of Sir Guife, than any of thofe whom its crookednefs had involved, but who was, perhaps, amongft thofe that moft compaffionated him.

About an hour after the fun had rifen, the vehicle made its ufual ftop to breakfaft. George opened the door, leaped out, and with the refpectful manners that marked his character,

character, took off his hat and offered his arm to his companion; then directed a waiter to ſhew the gentleman into a parlour, and modeſtly betook himſelf into the kitchen.

Our unfortunate baronet now meditated an eſcape from his fellow-traveller, by inſinuating that he was arrived near the end of his journey, and that he would perform the little that remained on foot.

As he was projecting this over the firſt cup of tea, the coachman made his appearance with the purchaſe-money of the coat, which he laid upon the table, and then ſaid, pointing to a ſmall packet of letters tied together, "And I ſuppoſe, friend, theſe are your property, at leaſt they were found in the great-coat pocket, and are of no ſervice to me."

Sir Guiſe on receiving them, read on the ſuperſcription of the outer letter his own name and addreſs, and remembered ſhifting them from the dreſs he gave to Smith at the Hand-in-hand. "Very well," obſerved he, with an air of attempted indifference,

ence, "you may lay them down there, they are of no confequence." "That you know beft; Friend George, the young man who rode with you, faid he thought they were, and talked of coming in to afk you whether you can give him any tidings of the perfon they are directed to. You know him, no doubt, or elfe you would not have fo many of his letters to keep. He is but a bad bargain be where he will; and I wonder you quaker-folks fhould have any thing to do with him: but that is none of my affair, friend; your fervant—the horfes will foon be ready:—I will keep my word; you may ride as far as you like. I wanted George to read one of the letters to us, but the devil a bit. I don't fuppofe that fellow would read a word now of a letter that had not his name at top on it, an' though it were all againft himfelf. I never fee'd fuch a chap: we'll make hafte wi' break-faft. We've a long pull yet, and all up hill; fo I'll now go and take a fup with George, and then jehu!"

The moment the coachman departed, the Baronet, who had been groaning in ſpirit at the mention of the letters, turned to a large glaſs that hung on one ſide of the room, and thought he could place the wig and hat to much greater advantage. To which end he took them haſtily off, and was juſt folding his own hair ſo as to make it lie ſmoother under the wig, when with nimble, yet reſpectful ſteps, True George came running in, and ſaw the very man he was going to make ſo many enquiries after; ſo that inſtead of aſking the ſuppoſed quaker what was become of Sir Guiſe, it would have been more in point to have enquired of Sir Guiſe, what he had done with the quaker?

The diſmay of Sir Guiſe was not inconſiderable; but the perſon by whom he had been detected had no talent, or at leaſt no reliſh for that ſort of ridicule which expoſes misfortune, however merited; and to inflict pain was as oppoſite to his nature, as to deſerve its infliction on himſelf. "Bleſs God then," ſaid he, "you are found without looking

looking for you any further: as to your dreſſing like a quaker, Sir, I can eaſily gueſs you would wiſh to be any thing but Sir Guiſe: and as to what I have ſaid of you, Sir, I wiſh it was not true with all my heart; but we may as well pretend to ſay it is night when it is broad day; truth is truth."

"For God ſake leave me!" ſaid Sir Guiſe, powerfully moved, "let me ſtop here."

"No, not here: no, no; get into the coach again, and then if I may ride with you, ſomething may be thought of;—ſee, Sir, the horſes are put to, and the coachman will be here in a moment. Come, I will help to put your head to rights again. So,—that's good, ſo much for the wig,—there—now for the hat.—Now you are as good a quaker again as ever you was."

The good-natured fellow had juſt made him up, when the coachman came with his ſummons. "Coachee," ſaid he, "the gentleman is ſo kind as to permit me to

keep

kèep my feat in the infide a little longer, and fo with your leave, I'll"——" Aye, that you fhall, Mr. George, and welcome, though I were to pay for you an infide from London to Plymouth." George gave him his hand in thanks; then, out of that abundant loving-kindnefs with which his blamelefs heart overflowed, he opened the coach-door to Sir Guife, as he had done before, and got in after him.

Whether attracted unawares by the charm of integrity and worth, as it was confpicuous in this eftimable young man; or whether urged by motives of defpair arifing from a furvey of his own fituation, brought about by varied duplicity; or whether his heart was preffed by a load that impelled him in mere relief to difburthen itfelf; Sir Guife at length treated George with a candour to which that heart had long been a ftranger. " O! Mr. True," faid he, " after what has paft it would be vain to conceal my deplorable ftate any longer; and I will, therefore, in this defolation of my affairs, afk you what courfe

you

you think I can purſue to ſave me from the world and from myſelf?"—He then unfolded the whole of his diſaſtrous adventures; and concluded by obſerving, that to undergo again all that he had ſeen, heard, and endured, for the three paſt days, would be worſe than death; ſince every moment of that time had proved to him he had not a friend on the face of the earth, and convinced him he did not deſerve one.

The degree of ſelf abaſement to which a human being muſt be reduced before ſuch a forlorn declaration can be extorted from him, cannot eaſily be imagined. It preſuppoſes a condition ſo deſtitute, that perhaps before the idea of it can gain admiſſion into the mind of man, all that ſuſtains, or elevates his nature, muſt have taken its flight; yet the confeſſion could not have been truſted to a heart more full of good faith and charity, than that of the honeſt creature, who heard, and who could not but believe it was as ſincere in the feeling, as

as he had but too many reaſons to know it was true as to fact.

A more daring offender, or more properly to expreſs ourſelves, a man with like abandoned principles, but ſuſtained by more conſtitutional audacity than Sir Guiſe Stuart, as in the caſe of his compeer Valentine Miles, might have reſiſted the rapacious tyranny of a proſtitute, exalted into a wife; he might have contended with all the viprous train that envenomed that alliance: poſſeſſed of more animal courage, he might have anſwered force by force, foiled ſtratagem by ſtragagem; and by uniting the ſpirit of the tyger with the wiles of the fox, he might have ſtruggled for his rights, ſuch as they were, and perhaps regained them. But finding himſelf beſet on all hands, and ſtrongly purſued even by the beaſts of prey that had fed upon his honour, peace, and fortune, his heart died within him, and he fled.

True George was for many a mile as taciturne as he had been before loquacious: at length he fervently ejaculated—" The

Lord have mercy upon all miserable sinners! Oh! Sir Guise, I would not be you for all that is on the face of the earth, or at the bottom of the sea."—To this another long pause succeeded, which made Sir Guise suppose that even this genuine child of pity had abandoned him. But the same principles that induced the worthy adherent of the Fitzortons to attempt the relief of a supposed stranger in distress, by conversation that might beguile the way, led him to preserve silence, now that person was known, lest he might advert to any thing which could increase affliction.

He did not again break silence till he knew by contiguous objects that he was approaching scenes which must greatly increase the shame of his convicted traveller: A little to the left stood the hall of the good Partington, and the comfortable farm-house of the bounty-guarded Atwoods—the family of the injured Jane were almost in view.

"I think, Sir," observed George, draw-

ing a green blind before the window of the coach, at the ſide on which theſe objects lay—"I think, Sir, the light may be rather troubleſome, and the country to your right, juſt where we now are, is more open than this to the left." In this remark the good creature had no view whatever but to prevent the infliction of pain to a heart already overcharged; for every lineament of the Baronet's countenance, the former comelineſs of which we have before particularized, denoted, beyond all queſtion, variety of ſuffering. But the deſign of the good-natured George being thus anſwered, another long ſilence took place; at length leaping at an idea that made him ſtand almoſt upright in the coach, he exclaimed, "I have it, Sir! I have it!" and then a fourth pauſe, as if to ſhape and arrange this new idea. "Good heaven!" thought George, "and is this poor ſinful being without houſe, home, money, or friends? and not any body to ſpeak to him but his conſcience, which muſt needs be angry with him? Why he has nothing for

it but to knock himſelf on the head to get out of his own way, and that would not anſwer his purpoſe either; for he is no more fit to die than to live: yet if he ſhould lay violent hands on himſelf now that all the world frowns on him, as to be ſure he deſerves, I ſhould never reſt in my bed, nor perhaps, would ſomebody elſe either; and ſhe might even hate me for letting a poor wretch die in his wickedneſs, when by a little chriſtian charity I might have made him live to repent."

CHAPTER XII.

MORE YET.

SUCH were ſome of the reflections that occupied the mind of George during thoſe ſtops in converſation, which the conſcience of the perſon, who was the cauſe of them, tranſlated ſo differently.

But the journey was now almoſt performed, and ſome deciſive meaſure was to

be purſued. "Sir Guiſe," ſaid George, "it does not ſignify talking; while a man is in the world he muſt live, whether he is good or bad; I am but a ſervant, and you are a baronet, but as you don't ſeem to know what to do with yourſelf at this preſent ſitting, will you be ruled by me?"

Sir Guiſe aſſured him he would; but that he did not care what happened to him.—Truly to ſpeak, the Baronet was ſunk to a degree ſo extreme, that fear and hope equally forſook him, and he might have been led about at the pleaſure of enemy or friend.

No ſooner, therefore, had George, who had been watching the mile ſtones, with his head out of the window, gained the ſpot, than he called to the coachman to ſtop, jumped out of the vehicle, hat in hand, as before, and when Sir Guiſe had followed him, "Will," ſays he to the driver, "I find the quakerly gentleman does not cleverly know the road he is to go, and may loſe his way, except he is with ſome-

 body

body that can help him out a little; we ſhall go together, and if we ſtrike into the foot path at the end of that lane, we ſhall ſave near two miles; and as the gentleman is rather ſick with his ride, a little walking may do us both good: So I wiſh you a good journey, Will, and many thanks for your kindneſs. Our caſtle has always ſome good ale in it you know: Good-day, though it's getting dark enough to ſay good-night."

While George was talking to the coachman, Sir Guiſe had an opportunity to look about him, and, however fatigued, it was not without conſiderable anxiety that he perceived he was at a point that conducted both horſe and footman by a bridle way, or a cut acroſs the fields, either to that pariſh which was once his own, or to that which ſtill appertained to the Fitzortons. His apprehenſive nature caught alarm at this, and he fearfully aſked George if he was going to diſcover him? condemning his own abſurd feelings for ſuffering him to be drawn

ſo

ſo near the place in the world he would moſt avoid.

"As to that, Sir," obſerved George, "I take it all places are pretty much alike to you juſt now; only I have my reaſons why I think that where I am going to take you to will be the beſt; as to diſcovering you in that dreſs, I don't think that your own poor dear baniſhed child, Miſs Caroline, nor ſomebody elſe I know in the world, could make you out in that dreſs, if you keep your hat and wig on: For," added he, "you are no more like what you was, in any ſhape, than you are like my Squire Henry, God love his heart! and beſides you promiſed me for once you would be ruled by me." "And ſo I will," ſighed out Sir Guiſe, following George, who had been getting through the lane all the time he converſed: "Only one thing I have to obſerve, Sir," reſumed George, "as ſoon as I have houſed you, where I mean, you muſt let me run off to deliver Mr. Sir John's orders at the caſtle; and when I have done there, for I am but a ſer-

vant as I ſaid, I will come and ſee you ſettled better."

"As you think fit," anſwered the humiliated Baronet.—"Then pleaſe to take hold of my coat, and pull at it as much as you will I'll get you on.—Hark! we ſhall now hear how time goes—Is that your clock or ours?—I beg pardon—is that from the abbey or caſtle? But that's no matter. 'Tis ſix o'clock you hear. How ſhort the days get! Another quarter of an hour, and our noſes will ſmell the fire I hope, and ſee the faggot ſparkle, and hear the kettle ſing to make us a diſh of tea.—All you have to do is to mind your wig and hat; leave the reſt to George. O'd! ſave us! if all men that an't ſo good as they ſhould be, were to be kicked into the ſtreets to ſtarve, I don't, for my part, know what would become of the beſt of us; the more wicked a man is the more time he wants. God knows very well what he is doing, and throws a man a plank, when the man himſelf thinks he muſt go to the bottom. Mayhap now I may

may be one of thofe planks, and fo catch hold of me Sir Guife, and let us jog on. One thing is for certain, you can't be worfe off than you are, and you muft own you may be a great deal better—Mind that I'll call you—I'll call you—what fhall I call you? We muft have no more Sir Guifes at prefent. And yet what fignifies lying?—I'll call you nothing, only fay, 'Sir,' and the 'quakering gentleman,' who travelled with me, though 'tis ten to one if we fee any body to night, but a perfon who can't know you, and her fervant-maid who is a new-comer, and who don't know you from our father Adam."

This ambulatory difcourfe was accompanied by fuch encouraging tones, that the drooping fpirit of our helplefs adventurer could not but be cheared, even in the midft of the moft cutting humiliations.

"There, Sir, now get over this ftyle, and you are on your own—no I beg pardon—on the abbey ground—but we muft leave that and turn more to the right—Aye,

aye, come out Mrs. Luna, as my Squire Henry calls you, though he has many more fine names for you, Madam Cynthia, Miſs Phœbe, and the like—He's one of your poet gentlefolks you know, Sir, and ſo I believe is his lady, Madam Olivia. Come out then, and we ſhall ſee our path plainer. Keep always to the right—Look'e the caſtle is all to the right. There's the lights about it—bleſs its old face! I have not been away but four days, and long to ſee it again—Look, look, how the lights are moving about the rooms. Don't you ſee them through the dear brave old windows. That yonder is madam my lady's apartment: And that juſt over it is a room where—where another of the family ſleeps —Heigh ho! hark how the dogs begin to bark!—Don't be afraid, moſt of them are faſt: But if they were all looſe they all love me, bleſs you; and, therefore, whoever is along with me, that's George's friend, they'll think, poor fools. By the ſame token don't you remember poor little

Fitz?

Fitz? The old caſtle to my thoughts always looks gay at night-time, juſt as if 'twere full of luminations. But what a ſad figure the poor old abbey cuts of late years! —ſee not a farthing candle:—hang it what am I ſaying?—I'm talking like a fool!—but the ſight of home always puts me in ſuch ſpirits they run away with me.—But do you ſee a candle through that copſe—that's blind Goody Brabſon's, one of our Madam Olivia's father's old ſervants, paſt work now. So lives eaſy in one of madam's cottages; the ſquire and ſhe have a round dozen often there altogether, ſix for men, they are Squire Henry's, and three for women, thoſe are Madam's—with a ſervant a piece to 'tend them, and a ſpare bed for a friend—Pray ſtep on, Sir—Yes, as I was obſerving, a ſpare bed,—for as madam Olivia ſaid to the builder—all my cottagers muſt have a bed room for a friend: how lucky 'twas I thought of that: Pray, Sir, don't you think God Almighty puts theſe things in our head juſt when we want them? For my part I as much believe he put it

into my head to take you to Goody Brabſon for a night or ſo, till we could turn about, as if I had heard his voice. It does one's heart good, and 'ſpecially when one lies in bed of a dark night, to think, you hear God Almighty's voice. I hope you will hear it one time or other, I mean in the way I ſpeak of; not as they ſay wicked people often do. O! then a clap of thunder muſt be nothing to it; even though nobody elſe can hear it!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOSOM SNAKE.

SUCH converſation carried them over the flowery meads, and along the moonlight paths of Fitzorton, with the uſual expedition of True George, who bore the half-fainting burthen of the paſſive Sir Guiſe at his ſkirts; and they ſoon arrived at the little

little neighbourhood of cottages, which were amongſt the many good works of Henry and Olivia, to employ their fortune and their time ſince their union. That theſe cottages might be under the immediate eye of their founders, they had been erected only a quarter of a mile diſtance from the caſtle, and received, either from their patron or patroneſs, a ſmiling viſit almoſt every day.

"This is Goody Brabſon's, Sir," whiſpered George; "'twas not her having no eyes, but her having a good old heart, got her here. She was good to ſome folks when they were burnt—by ſome folks—out of houſe and home; and ſhe ſaved—ſhe ſaved—ſomebody's cat from the flames; and I know who has got a kitten of that cat now. But Lord how I run on! See we have got into Goody's garden—there's ſuch a like flippikin of garden as this to all you ſee—and for that reaſon it's called Eden-place. Eden was one of God's gardens you know, Sir, when the two people he gave it to were good; and madam never

puts

puts any but good people in our Eden. Well, here's the little door, how ſweet the jeſſamy and honey ſuckles ſmell that grow round it! I know who ſet ſome of theſe with her own pretty hands—Not a ſoul ſtirring—all as ſtill as the moon-ſhine. I told you we ſhould ſee nobody—ſtep in, ſtep in, they all know me: this little parlour is our plan Mind hat and wig, that's all. O! here is Sally the maid—ſo Sally, where's Goody? and how does ſhe? here's a gentleman travelled down with me who an't ſo well as he ſhould be, and can't go farther to night for fear of getting worſe: ſo I have brought him here to have Goody's ſpare bed." "He can have that, Mr. George; but Goody is in bed, and ſhe has been in bed theſe two days. Madam and Squire have been here to ſee her but now, and were to ſend ſomething which I expect every minute." "Poor Goody, I hope ſhe'll be better to-morrow," ſaid George. "I muſt go home now with my orders: but I'll be here betimes in the morning."

This

This whiſpering dialogue was held in the paſſage, and Sally was juſt deſiring the ſtranger to ſtep into the parlour while ſhe aired a pair of ſheets, as the latch of the houſe door was lifted up, and in came two perſons who brought their welcome in their hands; for each bore a baſket of the good things of this world. As Sally advanced with the light to meet them, the one proved to be a fellow-ſervant of True George's, and the other the object of his firſt and laſt pure affection, Jenny Atwood.

"O! my good gracious!" exclaimed the latter, reſigning her ſhare of the pleaſing burthen to Sally, "how glad I am to ſee you come back!" which aſſeveration was confirmed by her throwing out both her hands to George, who, on his part, was hurried out of all things elſe—indeed out of himſelf, by that aſſurance, and the ſudden ſight of the ſole object of his heart. "But how is it you did not come firſt to the caſtle: what does this mean, hey, Mrs. Sally?" queſtioned Jane, ſmiling; "perhaps you can anſwer me that queſtion—

yes,

yes, yes, I ſee how it is: Mr. George likes a cottage better than a caſtle."

This playfulneſs, which ſincere and unexpected ſatisfaction called forth, was ſoon checked by ſympathizing enquiries after Goody Brabſon, for whom, ſhe ſaid, the lady Oliva had ſent a little of every good, and would herſelf repeat her viſit in the morning.

All this time George was drawing Jane and her companion nearer the door. "Well, then," ſaid he, "we had better make the beſt of our way home now, as I have orders to deliver from Mr. Sir John.—Hope ſquire Henry and my lady are well, Jenny?"—"Charmingly," ſaid the latter, "thank heaven!—well and happy"—"God keep them ſo!" anſwered George—by this time in the garden, Sally following with the light.—Good-nights were now plentifully exchanged; and after George had deſired Sally to remember what he had ſaid to her, and to make things as comfortable as ſhe could for the ſick,—pronouncing the laſt words very emphatically—he ſet off with

with the two meſſengers of bounty for the caſtle.

The beams of the moon have ſeldom ſhone on three worthier perſons; for the ſervant who made the third, was one who had, from his earlieſt youth, lived in the family of the Clares, and had been amongſt the moſt ſelect of thoſe who had been tranſferred to the caſtle for his good behaviour, on which account there had long ſubſiſted a friendſhip betwixt him and True George.

When our loving trio, therefore, had gained the ſtep-ladder kind of ſtyle, that led by a back way to the caſtle, "Do you know," ſaid George, "that the firſt thing I did when I got within ſight of our houſe, was to give a look at your chamber window, Mrs. Jane; and I could not help ſaying to—a—a—perſon that was with me"—"A perſon?" queſtioned Jane, "you had company then,—one of the neighbours I ſuppoſe?"—"No—no—yet 'twas a neighbour too—that is"—"Hoity toity!" cried Jenny, reſuming her ſportive ſuſpicion, "why you ſeem in a flurry, George—If poor Goody Brabſon

Brabſon had not been ſick in bed, I ſhould have thought that pretty Mrs. Sally had taken a moon-ſhiny walk to meet you."— George laughed: "Aye, you may laugh, Mr. George," obſerved the fellow-ſervant, "but lads, even though they have been in London, like a pretty country laſs by the light of the moon, as the ſong ſays, ſpecially when they are new faces. But I can tell you, friend George, if you go moon-lighting to Goody Brabſon's Sally, you'll ſtray upon my grounds."—"O, ho! is that the caſe?" ſaid George, repeating his laugh.

Theſe little rebounds of jocularity, which were rare indeed with Jane Atwood, but which were excited by returning health, ſomewhat better ſpirits, the benevolence of her late errand, the unexpected ſight of her preſerver, and the continuance of comfort at the caſtle, which they were now approaching. Henry and Olivia Fitzorton, attracted by the mild beauty of the evening, and yet more by the ardour of their generous hearts, had walked forth, arm in arm,

arm, to meet the meſſengers of their loving-kindneſs.

Scarcely had the enquiries, reſpecting the health of Goody Brabſon, been made, and anſwered, when a diſcovery of their favourite domeſtick—whoſe return they did not expect for ſome weeks, as he had been lent to their brother John for a month—brought on interrogatories ſeven-fold. Theſe, alſo, being anſwered with only a little mental reſervation in George, touching his delay—which was ſet down by the queriſts to the account of love, though the reader knows it proceeded from a leſs ſelfiſh nature—the whole party went ſatisfied into the houſe: Henry and Olivia to peruſe the deſpatches John had ſent them, and the fellow-ſervants to regale themſelves in Jane's ſitting-room.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BOSOM FRIEND.

HOW far the wretched object of our good Samaritan's bounty was capable of enjoying the comforts, thus procured, may be eafily conjectured, as well as with what emotion he muft have arifen at the return of day. He beheld from the chamber window of the widow woman, that manfion, the very path to which had, by one atrocity or another, been formerly watered with the tears of his victims, and the manfion itfelf converted into a houfe of mourning. Nor did the mifery of thefe fenfations yield to thofe which muft fcourge his heart at the profpect of his own ruins. Goody Brabfon occupying a corner-houfe of the building, her fpare bed-room had a remote view of the abbey, particularly of thofe invidious fcreens of clay, and blank walls, which abject malice had reared, as has been noticed

noticed in the early part of this hiſtory, to deſtroy the proſpect of the worthy dwellers of the caſtle. This memorial of his miſerable mind had been left either from neglect or inattention, even ſince part of the premiſes had undergone the benevolent and reforming hand of the excellent Olivia; and the ſight of it brought thus morally under his eye, ſtruck him as a monument which his own hand had erected to the diſcredit of his unmanly character. But, perhaps, the acuteſt ſmart he had yet felt from the ſting of adverſity, was the ſight of the innocent girl he had attempted to deſtroy in return for the pure virgin heart ſhe gave him: to ſee her too recovered from his ſnare, and likely to give happineſs to the very man on whoſe charity her betrayer was thrown for bread.

But while the proſpects of Sir Guiſe were thus dark and cloudy, thoſe of the compaſſionate youth, who had taken pity on him, were ſcarcely leſs perplexed and involved: His night was not leſs interrupted than that of Sir Guiſe, though from far different

ferent caufes; and while his ruminating head yet preffed his pillow, what, after all, he fhould do with the man to whom he had been induced, by refiftlefs circumftances, to promife protection? was the great queftion. To mention him to any perfons of the parifh, as a proper object of their bounty, would, he knew, be madnefs; to difcover him to Henry Fitzorton would be, perhaps, to revive images which it had been the labour of years to keep under: to breathe an accent that fhould poffefs Jane Atwood with the fecret, would be wild and rafh: yet, fome active meafure muft be purfued, and that without delay.—"He cannot remain where he is now," faid George, "more than a few hours." He remembered that Olivia had promifed Goody Brabfon a morning vifit.—He knew, befides, that the former was an early rifer, while autumn had a flower to beftow towards the making up her Henry's breakfaft bouquet—a cuftom fhe had never forfaken, when health and the feafon permitted, fince the exchange of the flowers of

of Henry's fancy, for thofe of the garden, on the memorable anniverfary of her birth.

All thefe confiderations drove George from his bed at the dawn of day, by which he gained nothing more than the being in readinefs to follow up any favourable plan that might offer itfelf to his revolving mind. —" The worft of it is that I could not," faid he, " have picked up and brought home any man but this in all the world, whom our family would not have been willing to keep out of trouble: but for Sir Guife Stuart!—I don't know a foul—except, indeed, one who muft not know of it—who would not as foon fee almoft the devil —God forgive me!—in their houfe as he. —Heigho! I don't know what's to be done with him, that's the truth of it. And yet one man fhould not let another man ftarve, or drive him on to more wickednefs neither. There is fomething fhocking in that."

Here fucceeded a cogitating fit of another hour, when the caftle clock ftriking feven, ftartled him for the condition of Sir Guife,

Guiſe, who would think himſelf neglected, and, perhaps, be thrown into deſpair. " O! what *ſhall* I do with him? where ſhall I hide this poor miſerable ſinner? Money I could give, and food I could buy; but a houſe—what *ſhall* I do for a houſe to put his head in?"

As he aſked himſelf this laſt queſtion, he had ſat down at his window, from whence he obſerved Olivia already in the garden. It was her cuſtom on a beautiful morning, ſuch as then it was, to glide from her apartment without diſturbing any body; for the comfort of her whole houſehold—in all which that word of the greateſt importance in family arrangements, was the point which both ſhe and her huſband deſired to gain—and is, indeed, one of the moſt rare to be ſeen in the annals of domeſtick life—namely, SUPERIORITY of STATION, but EQUALITY in HAPPINESS.

CHAPTER XV.

GENEROUS CONVENTIONS.

AFTER Olivia had taken two or three turns up and down the ſhrubbery neareſt the houſe, and had marked the fragrant objects of her morning-offering, ſhe ſtruck into the path that led to her cottages. George no ſooner perceived this, than he left his room, purſued her ſteps with incredible ſpeed, and having overtaken her, followed the impulſe of the moment, and with panting eagerneſs addreſſed her thus. "God knows, my Lady, whether I have done right or done wrong."—"Right, I dare ſay, my good fellow," anſwered Olivia, a little ſtartled: "but what is the matter?" "Right or wrong, my Lady, it can't be helped now; I have met with one of my dear maſter the Squire's enemies, and your Ladyſhip's enemy, and Mr. Sir John's ene-

my,—my enemy,—Jane Atwood's enemy, and I believe every body's enemy upon earth:—but I met him, my Lady, unawares,—the ſight of him took away my breath, almoſt my ſenſes,—and ſcarcely knowing what I ſaid or did, I,—I,"— "Heaven's what!" demanded Olivia, "what did you do? not murder him I hope?" "No, my Lady, not murder him: though that, I ſuppoſe, is what a true ſervant ought to have done;—inſtead of which, I never touched a hair of his head; but contrary-wiſe, as I found he was juſt at death's door, no food to eat, nothing to drink, and no bed to lie on;—all his fortune gone, and his heart ready to break—that, though I knew him to be one of the worſt wretches that lives, and told him ſo twenty times over, I could not bear to leave him as I found him,—and ſo—pray, pray, my Lady, forgive me,—I e'en brought him home with me, got him into a bed; I know he had not been in one for ſeveral nights before; and,—do pray, forgive me: upon my ſoul I could not help it,—I,—,

—I,

—I,—I, have him on the premiſes at this moment."

"Thank God, and thank you, my good George, for it!—but who can you mean? —I have no notion of any of the perſons you have mentioned having an enemy upon earth."

"Except him, my Lady, or his gang, I don't think they have: but, for all that, as I ſaid before, I have brought him among us, and uſed him as if he was a friend."

"Well then, ſuch treatment will, I hope, make him one: but you obſerved, he was found in a diſtreſsful condition, and it could not be wrong to afford him your pity. I will juſtify you by adding mine."

"If he had been the devil, my Lady, and I had heard ſuch ſighs and groans as I did, I ſhould have done as I have. Not that I want to make him a burden to any body. 'Twas I brought him, and I'll take care of him. I only want a little houſe-room ſomewhere at hand, and nobody to know of it, my Lady."

After this exordium, George related, according to his manner, every circum-

ſtance of the caſe, from his firſt meeting with Sir Guiſe in the ſtage-coach, to the introduction of him at Goody Brabſon's, with the contingent adventure of encountering Jane Atwood. "Therefore, do pray, my Lady, excuſe my boldneſs in taking ſuch a kind of a perſon into your Eden; you may think it is as bad as the devil thruſting himſelf into Eden of old: but God help us, my Lady! if all wicked ſinners were to be hunted from one place to another, and then were to be left to roam about the world, why they would run at us like mad bulls for want of a reſting-place, and ſomething to eat—for 'hunger will break through ſtone walls:'—no, no, much better to my thoughts, give them wherewithal to lay their head, and a little victuals to eat: and as they are not fit for better company, let them ſway themſelves; and though to be ſure, my Lady, you can't, as the ſaying is, make a ſilken-purſe out of a ſow's-ear; yet, if by a little kindneſs, under God's aſſiſtance, we could get but ſome of the devil out of Sir Guiſe before he gives

up

up the ghoſt, why that would be no ſmall matter. You know, ſome folk who were once a little out of the right path have come into it again. You and I, my Lady, know ſomebody who is now a pattern for any lady in the land to cut out by; heigho!—and though this wicked, abandoned ſinner, whom I cannot tell you half what I think of, never can be fit to touch the hem of that ſomebody's garment,—you know who I mean, my Lady—he may take up a little; and a chriſtian ſhould try to do good, or elſe what ſignifies their being chriſtians: and we are bid every ſunday, your Ladyſhip knows, 'to raiſe up them that fall.' God knows Sir Guiſe has fallen low enough. O do, do then, my Lady, let you and I try to raiſe old Sir Guiſe up without a ſoul being the wiſer; for after all is ſaid and done, God knows what help the beſt of us may want before we go out of the world."

Olivia chilled and glowed at various paſſages in our child of nature's account, and at the comments his ſimple and upright

heart made on it; and although ſhe did not know all the dark and deadly offences of Sir Guiſe, ſhe knew more than ſufficient to engrave his name even on her forgiving heart in characters never to be eraſed. Abhorring of the ſin, but by no means to the excluſion of pity for the ſinner, ſhe inſtantly aſſured George that ſhe ſo entirely approved of all he had done, not only in regard to the relief he had offered, but in the ſecrecy of it, that ſhe ſhould readily join him in all his worthy endeavours. "The only matter," obſerved ſhe, "that will diminiſh our ſatisfaction, is the impoſſibility of calling in on my part, my beloved Henry, or the amiable Jane on yours; as, though I am convinced they would both aſſiſt, and take delight in a benevolence of this kind, you are ſenſible there are reaſons why we muſt, at preſent, refuſe ourſelves and them this ſatisfaction; to ſee the father of his dear Charles Stuart, and of my Caroline, degraded and reduced, would ſhock too much my dear huſband's gentle nature: and, alas! you know, though

bleſſed

bleſſed be God, in general much reſtored, he has not ſtrength to bear ſurprizes of any ſort."

"As to that," interrupted George, "I know, my Lady, that only the thought of what this wicked creature may one of theſe days come to, has often been too much for Mrs. Jane, and if ſhe ſhould know that day was come already, and that he was but the day before yeſterday without a bit of bread in the world, or a bed to lie on, and now on theſe premiſes, I ſhould fear worſe would come of it than even what happened in the wood. Do you know, my Lady, if it had not been for ſtaying on my errand, I ſhould have taken him back to London, when I firſt met with him in this miſerable way, and put him out to board and nurſe, juſt as one would a baby; but thinks I, what is to be done with my orders from Mr. Sir John? they may or may not be of conſequence; that is nothing to a ſervant: an order is an order. It an't his buſineſs to ſtop, and if he is ſent ſometimes on a fool's errand, that is nothing to him, he is

not the fool. Had it not been for this, can any body go to think I would have let him come here, betwixt two fires, as a body may ſay, the abbey and the caſtle? I am ſure when Jane came in with your Ladyſhip's comforts for Goody—lord love your heart! though I am always ſo glad, I could cry like a child to ſee the face, or to hear the pretty voice of Jane Atwood—don't you always think ſhe has a nice way of ſpeaking, my Lady?—I was frighted almoſt out of my wits, leſt ſhe ſhould find out the make-believe ſick quaker, for all his brown wig and ſlouched hat: though to be ſure, as I told your Ladyſhip, I could never have hit them off myſelf if they had been on: no, not if I had been a year in his company, which, God forbid I ever ſhould be; for if he could have gone about the world without falling into the clutches of ſome of his own gang, even though he had not a farthing in the world, don't think, my Lady, I would have brought him even within fifty miles of either the caſtle or the abbey!—no, my lady, I would have given him

him what money I had to ſpare, and kicked him out of my company as I would a football, or a nuiſance, or what not."

"My good George," exclaimed Olivia, "your mention of the abbey has put a thought into my head, about a place for this poor wretch: you know the abbey is now ours on leaſe, and though Henry and I have made a point of delicacy and feeling, not to go into it, and as ſeldom as poſſible to walk near it; which could only revive the thoughts of its former ſtate, when graced by Caroline and Charles; and though I have ever locked up the key to keep it out of the ſight of the friends who loved thoſe dear unhappy wanderers, whom my continual reſearches could never find; there were ſent, you remember, ſome few beds and other general conveniencies into the upper part of the building by way of temporary hoſpital when the ſmall-pox raged ſo cruelly in ours and ſome neighbouring pariſhes; and the particular apartments, which were fitted up for our apothecary, the worthy Mr. Burton, whom

we engaged to inoculate as many as friends or parents chofe to fend, were directed to be proper for the reception of a gentleman. I have an hundred times had it in my mind to order this furniture to be turned to fome ufe, had not the dread that attaches to every idea of the unfortunate abbey made me lay afide the thought; but I fhall now be very glad if you imagine they might anfwer our prefent purpofe: for it will be eafy to get one of the cottagers, who does not know Sir Guife, to attend him.—I only mean this for a fhort time, till we can think and confult each other about a lefs expofed fituation. My only fear is, that the dreadful change he will find in every thing from the day, alas! when a good and dutiful family furrounded him, may grievoufly opprefs his heart; yours and mine it would break in a moment; neverthelefs, if we are the authors of our miferies and difgraces, we muft try to bear them. The matter is, will this temporary abode do?"

"Do!

"Do! pleafe my Lady," ejaculated George, who had been paring off the exceffes of his eager nature upon his nails, buttons, and neckcloth, and twitching every thing in his way, fince the idea was ftarted. "Do, my lady! yes, it will do wonders! let me have the key—let me have the key! I'll abbey him, tofs up his bed, boil his kettle, throw him on a faggot, open a fafh or two, give him the bible and teftament, lock him up again, put the key in my pocket, and fo feed him and leave him, and leave him and feed him, juft as I would an old fox, or a fick kite, or any other wild wicked thing I had picked up, and did not like to knock on the head. As to his finding a great change, that is what he fhould do: for if he were to be made as gay and great as he was before, I fhould fear he would get to his old pranks again. No! no! I'll tell him to blefs God and your Ladyfhip it is no worfe, and then if he growls, I'll fay, mend yourfelf wherever you can, for God knows you want mending bad enough; and even if he fhould be

ſeen, as I'll always take care to leave him wigged and hatted, quaker-faſhion, why ſhould he not paſs for a ſad, ſick, ſorry, poor man, who has as much occaſion for an hoſpital as another? I am ſure there will be no ſtory in all that."

Long before our benevolent domeſtick had got to the end of his ſpeech, Olivia had turned her light ſteps towards the caſtle: George purſuing her track and his remarks, which latter finiſhed juſt as the walkers had gained the ſpacious ſtone entrance into the great hall. There, deſiring George to wait a few moments, Olivia aſcended the lofty ſtair-caſe that led to the upper apartments. Thoſe few moments were employed by the Hermes-footed George to collect the hiſtory of the morning; he heard that Henry had not yet come down; he ſaw that Jane Atwood was pleaſingly buſied in the nurſery with Olivia's children; her own little one, of unfortunate memory, was, perhaps, luckily, among the victims to the ravages of the very diſorder which occaſioned the converting part

of

of the abbey into an hoſpital, that was now to become a charity-houſe.

He got back into the hall juſt as his Lady was coming down ſtairs, and ſmilingly delivering what ſhe went for, wrapt up loo*ſely* in a paper, ſhe begged he would remember her name was not to be on any account mentioned to the quaker, but whenever neceſſary to be conſulted, ſhe would be ready. "And now," ſaid ſhe, "I muſt go make up my flowery tribute for the beſt and deareſt of men." And I" ſaid George—reflecting a playful air and ſentiment from his miſtreſs, "muſt go and put out of ſight my bundle of weeds: for I think—an' pleaſe you my Lady—ſo we may call our ſham-quaker, who to my thoughts is juſt as bad as Squire Henry is good."

"Pray tell Goody Brabſon," ſaid Olivia, as ſhe and George were ſeparating, "I will call on her after breakfaſt, and indeed this fair morning, I mean to make the tour of Eden's buildings, and pay a how-do-ye viſit to all my dear cottagers. I hope," added ſhe,

ſhe, "my huſband and our children will accompany me; my Henry looks ſo very happy when we are on theſe ſtrolls, and I wiſh to make the little ones as like their father as poſſible. Adieu, George: I ſhall keep Henry and Jane Atwood to myſelf, at leaſt for an hour to come, ſo you will have time to put your ſtray ſheep into the fold."

The ſmile with which the ſpeaker accompanied this, juſt as ſhe took her way again into the flower-gardens, and the tear which the hearer dropped in her path, are two of the many things in this world to be felt, and not deſcribed. We can only offer it as our firm belief, that as the one was ſweeter than the faireſt of the flowers Olivia Fitzorton could hope to cull; the other was ſofter than the dews that wait upon and increaſe their fragrance.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SERPENT STINGS.

SIR Guiſe Stuart, meanwhile, a priſoner in the chamber, was literally a partaker of the widow's mite, which indeed, like hers of ſacred ſtory, was ſupplied by a ſource that would never ſuffer her cruſe of oil to waſte, nor her morſel to fail. He had for ſome hours experienced all the horrors of ſuſpence and apprehenſion, ſuperadded to the miſery of ſurrounding proſpects, and the ſevere reviews of his own mind upon them. He had ſeen from the weſtern window of his apartment True George, and Olivia Fitzorton, the wife of the man who had ſo many reaſons to execrate his tyranny. They were in earneſt converſation, walking backwards and forwards, with what, to his ſickly fancy, appeared angry and complotting ſteps; and having no rule to judge by

in the meaſure of generous actions, he did not doubt but that he was to be given up to the malignant triumph of a family, whoſe honeſt diſdain he had ſo often experienced; and he now rebuked his own credulity for having thus ſuffered himſelf to be trepanned into the cuſtody, of even more powerful enemies than his wife and her aſſociates.

In the midſt of theſe injurious contemplations, True George, coming in with a baſket under his arm, changed their direction from the perſons accuſed to the illiberal accuſer: and yet there were ſome gleams of returning grace in the latter, obſerving, "I am afraid, Mr. George, I have wronged you." "O yes," replied George, "that you have Sir Guiſe, and every body elſe in our family often enough, but that is nothing; good for evil, you know, is beſt: ſo if you wiſh to have a ſnug birth in your own houſe that was, and there live quiet, and be ſeen only by me, till we find what can be done, and how matters turn, why you will come along with me;—hat and wig

wig clofe tho', or we fhall have all the parifh about your ears, and about mine too, for bringing you amongft them. Nay, now don't ftand thinking about it: needs muft, you know, Sir Guife, when the devil drives, and I'm fure he is driving you hard enough: and now, if I can but put you in the way of preventing his carrying you clear off to the other world, and there cafting you into a much worfe place than I am going to take you to, why I think I fhall have done a pretty tight job. But it gets late, and I muft houfe you before people are abroad. If you fhould once be feen it will be all over with us."

Independently of other reafons, this latter fuggeftion was all-fufficient to quicken the Baronet. He repaired his difguife, while George went down with the lady Olivia's meffage to Goody Brabfon; who in anfwer to kind enquiries, faid, fhe was much recovered; and in a very few minutes after, Sir Guife Stuart, once poffeffor of the rich domain through which he was now to pafs, fet forward under the patronage

age of a ſervant, and that the ſervant of a man he had irreparably injured, for the manſion which, in two ſucceſſive periods of his life, had been the ſeat of his tyranny and of his diſgrace, and was now to be his refuge from penury and deſpair.

Theſe laſt evils, however, the commiſerating George, notwithſtanding, at ſome moments, his honeſt indignation at the remembrance of paſt vice got the better of his pity for preſent wretchedneſs, did all he could to blunt the edge of. On the way he explained to Sir Guiſe as much as he could, without committing Olivia, the arrangement which had been made for his uninterrupted ſecurity, and for his ſupport. George acquainted him, that though he muſt conſent for the ſake of his being ſafe, to be his ſole and abſolute priſoner; yet, that by the time he had amuſed himſelf with what he had brought in that baſket, he would be forth coming again. "In a few days, the weather will, I ſuppoſe," cried George, "make us look about us for a good fire, and that you ſhall not want. You will

will be lonely to be ſure: but then that is better than wicked company, and you know you could not have even that now, if you had all the world before you: ſo that in the main, you are, to my thoughts, better here than any where elſe: ſo try, Sir Guiſe, to make it ſit eaſy, and as I have a hundred things to call me away, I wiſh you good thoughts till I ſee you again; but I muſt not forget to tell you I have put a good book or two in the baſket."

Notwithſtanding all theſe alleviations, and the comfort to be derived from a compariſon of the preſent with the paſt, the ſituation of Sir Guiſe was truly forlorn. He eluded, it is true, the haunts of his robber-wife, and of all her looſe companions; the wiles of the bailiff were no longer to be dreaded, the day no more exhauſted in wandering, or the night ſpent in the publick ſtreets, or in commixture with thoſe that infeſt them; the apprehenſion of famine, and the terror of meeting in every face a foe, were alſo at an end; all theſe he had eſcaped, but his ſecluſion from the ſpecies, offered

offered him full leiſure to become acquainted with himſelf.

In the duſk of the evening, George paid his priſoner a ſecond viſit, and mentioned more particularly the plan of his eſtabliſhment. Being in a hurry, however, he ſaid little of the internal furniture of the abbey, except to obſerve, that though Sir Guiſe would, doubtleſs, find great alterations in it, the whole range of it would be at his command, and what it might want in other reſpects would be made up in perfect ſecurity. "You are ſafe," obſerved George, "not only becauſe I ſhall always have the key of you in my pocket, but becauſe you muſt know there is not a man, woman, or child, in the three pariſhes, who could be perſuaded to put their heads into this houſe beſides myſelf, even if the doors were left wide open: for the ſtory goes, that the houſe is haunted by the troubled ſpirit of your dead lady, who comes from the little chapel where ſhe is buried, and walks all over the rooms every night, and has been ſeen go in from the tower at the top, and ſo

fo get down one of the chimneys; though as to that, they can as eafily fly in at a key hole, as if the fafh was left up on purpofe,—but that's nothing;—you would not be afraid of your dead wife, if you were to fee her; fhe never did you any harm when fhe were living in this very abbey; and I dare fay, if fhe might be permitted, for I am told, Sir, apparitions have their orders, and may not do always what they like—fhe would, if fhe were here this moment, rather pity and moan over you, and do fomething to fhew you fhe forgave you, and wifhed you well, than to hurt or frighten you. See, Sir," continued George, "I have brought you fome candles, and a tinder box: we will have a light in a minute;—aye, and I have a bottle of wine for you, as good as any in Fitzorton cellar: and here's a pair of fheets for your bed, as fine as my Lady herfelf lies on. I can tell you, I've had a good look out to bring them off without being feen. There—we've got a light, you fee: but the wind does fo fcud about thefe old apart-

apartments, there is no keeping in a candle. I think it feels dampiſh too. To morrow I'll get in ſome wood, and you can have a fire; 'tis a bluſtering night, is not it, Sir? but what is this to the nights you have made Squire Henry and I paſs in the woods about this eſtate! Bad as you may think the room where you are, I'd have given ten years' wages to have got my poor maſter into it, inſtead of which, there has he ſtood for hours in the middle of the night, in hail, rain, or ſnow, to look at the place where his heart's firſt love was. O, Sir Guiſe! Sir Guiſe! Sir Guiſe!—but we muſt not think of theſe things; he is very happy now, but where is ſhe, poor thing!—O, Sir Guiſe! Sir Guiſe! well, I'll ſay no more. You look ſadly pale, do take a glaſs of wine, it will cheer you up a-bit; there, Sir,—and look'e, here are ſweet biſcuits: O, if you knew who made them! and a cold fowl, and a neat's-tongue, and in ſhort, a little of every thing: and a nice clean cloth too. I'll make you up a ſupper in a minute, and you may either eat it while I go

put

put the ſheets on the bed, or you may take it after I am gone."

"Stay as long as you can, George," ſighed the Baronet. "I will, Sir," replied George, "and am ſorry I can't be oftner with you, or longer at a time; for indeed, Sir Guiſe, I am very ſorry to ſee you in this way, and to leave you in it all to yourſelf: I could hardly keep from crying as I went away from you in the morning; after all, ſaid I, it muſt go very hard with a gentleman who has lived as he has lived, and had once a houſe full of good people about him, to come to this!—but I'll get a good bed ready, that is always a comfort to a man; have you found one that ſuits you, Sir?"

"No," anſwered Sir Guiſe dejectedly, "I have ſcarcely ſtirred from this room ſince you left me."

"There's a good one ſomewhere I am told, and I'll find him out as ſoon as I've lighted another candle. But you have not yet drank the wine I poured out, do pray, Sir. There—I know it will do you good, for

it

it is Madeira, and older than I am:—ſo, now for the bed."

The different movements of Sir Guiſe's ſoul during this diſcourſe, and the reflections that preceded and followed it, had ſo deſtroyed every bodily conſideration, that the unhappy man ſat abſtracted from all thoughts of ſuſtenance, though for many days paſt he had not been compoſed enough to enjoy one comfortable meal. On George's return, he ſaw, for the firſt time, the cheeks of Sir Guiſe Stuart bathed in a torrent of tears. His worthy attendant—forgetting that the object of his care had ever offended either God or man—felt his pure heart ſhake within him at the ſight, and as he gazed on the quivering lip, ſtreaming eye, and diminiſhed figure of the Baronet, "O good dear Sir," he cried, "don't be caſt down, don't be diſheartened, pray, pray, don't. God is very merciful, and bringeth light out of darkneſs; only look in that book, Sir, I brought you this morning, particularly where he ſays that, 'he deſireth not the death of a ſinner, but rather that he

he ſhould turn from his wickedneſs and live!' and moreover that, 'the ſinner who repents, is better than ninety and nine perſons who have never been guilty.' How comfortable that is! Would to heaven, good father Arthur were here now!"

"Have you found any bed?" queſtioned Sir Guiſe; "I do not feel very well."

"I am afraid, Sir, you are very ill; but, with the bleſſing of God, I hope you will be better to-morrow; perhaps you would like to get into bed before I go, Sir."

"If you pleaſe," anſwered Sir Guiſe, riſing with difficulty.

"Take my arm, Sir; but pray one more glaſs of wine—at any rate we'll take the bottle with us—you may wiſh for a little in the night. I have got you a decanter of nice freſh water from your own pump; and made out things as well as I could. All this is woman's work you know, Sir. I am but an aukward chamber-man—But I'll do the beſt I can, I will indeed; and will help you to pray to God, with all my ſoul, to make you better every way."

George had, in the courſe of this ſpeech, and the intermediate pauſes which he made, conducted, or rather carried, Sir Guiſe through many apartments to that where he had prepared the bed, being the room fitted up for Mr. Burton at the time of the inoculation, and which Olivia had mentioned. At the moment of entrance Sir Guiſe drew back.—" I wiſh you had not happened to fix on this chamber," ſaid he.

" None of the others have ſo good a bed," replied George.

" I ſhould have preferred them nevertheleſs," ſaid Sir Guiſe in broken accents—" but 'tis no matter."

George retired till the Baronet got into bed; then aſked Sir Guiſe if he could do any thing more for him? aſſuring him that he would remain with him all night, but that it would be noticed at the caſtle, and ſpoil all. He then deſired to know whether he choſe to have the candle left burning, or be put out. " O, put it out," anſwered Sir Guiſe, " I can change my room tomorrow."

"I will put the ſheets on another bed if you think you ſhall ſleep more comfortably. I think nothing of the trouble," ſaid George.

"It does not matter for to-night," anſwered Sir Guiſe; "perhaps it is better as it is."

"Then good reſt to you, Sir; and may God hear your prayers, as I hope he will mine. Your name will be in all of them, I do aſſure you, Sir."

The good creature drew the curtain, repeating his greeting, but did not leave the chamber, or the houſe, till he had put all things in order—ſo that in caſe Sir Guiſe ſhould riſe before he could return in the morning, he might not want any accommodation the ſituation and circumſtances afforded.

CHAPTER XVII.

COLLECTS MORE POISONS.

THE apartment hinted at by Sir Guise, was that in which he had first received the blooming form, and last observed the pallid corpse of lady Stuart his wife, and to which the bed and furniture he had seen at Robert Irwin's formerly appertained; and it was the impression made by this latter circumstance, associated with other affecting ideas, which produced his reluctance to sleep there.

A thousand promiscuous and polluting scenes might have passed in that apartment since; when the sons and daughters of dissipation held their midnight revels at the abbey; but confederate guilt derives confidence from example, imitation, and numbers: the terrors of the individual are silenced or put to flight by general audacity: far removed from these, Sir Guise Stuart

was

was now thrown upon himſelf. In the abode of his former enormities he was left to paſs the night where dreadful ſights had been ſeen, and tremendous ſighs had been heard—even in that chamber where all that was lovely and intereſting in life, had felt his cruel arm, encountered his furious eye, and aſſailed his unpitying ear.

Such is the ſympathy of painful as of pleaſing ideas, that with theſe ſeemed to aſſemble, in the mind of Sir Guiſe, a thouſand others no leſs afflicting. Memory brought forward, in terrible array, the moſt oppreſſive images of his atrocious hypocriſy; and the different, yet dire events of the little chapel, of the inn at Adſell, of Edgecombe-hall, and of the Atwoods, came hurrying into the retroſpect—at once the figures of all thoſe whom he had wronged—a numerous band—poured upon his affrighted fancy. The wind had ariſen, and howled with more than uſual violence through the almoſt empty apartments. Sir Guiſe regretted that the candle had been extinguiſhed. Heavy pauſes of death-like ſilence were ſucceeded by vehement burſts

of the hurricane, in which the loosened tiles fell into the areas, the casements rattled, and some of the doors flapped to and fro amidst the chaos of sounds. He imagined he could distinguish human voices at one moment loud and menacing, at another in moaning and whispered complainings. To these his fears, his fancy, and his conscience, gave appropriate persons. It was now the faultering accent of the dying Matilda ; then of the injured Sir Armine ; now the groans of Charles ; and then again the swoonings of Caroline. Exhausted by continued exertion he sunk into a momentary doze, out of which he seemed to be aroused by a legion of furies that bore to his distempered mind the shapes of Valentine Miles and his colleagues, led on by the furious lady Tempest. In the midst of a conflicting struggle with these, he thought he distinctly heard footsteps pacing along an adjoining apartment. Unable to support the shock of this idea he leaped from his bed, and opening a door, that led from the sound, he ran through the rooms which

ſay in the eaſtern direction of the abbey, where ſtopping awhile, and every noiſe ſeeming to ceaſe, he ſought about for ſomething whereon to repoſe. After traverſing the place in vain ſeveral minutes, he perceived he had got into a part of the abbey which had always been left unfurniſhed; but he at laſt found a ſeat which projected from the window, and ſat down. The wind had much abated, and a heavy ſhower of rain falling ſoon after ſank it to a perfect calm—all was ſtill without, and a dreary ſilence prevailed within. Encouraged by this, he was riſing from his ſeat, in the hope of returning to his bed, when the noiſes ſuddenly were renewed, and to his infinite terror he heard one of the antique folding-doors, of a ſpacious apartment beneath, open and cloſe. Sinking down again on the bench with affright, he obſerved from the window which commanded a view of ſeveral of the rooms in the ſecond ſtory, a light moving from room to room with a ſtrange celerity that chilled his blood. Such was its ſpeed that, like lightning, it caught

 his

his eye only by flashes. Sir Guise left the room, and, without knowing what path to take, ran forward by hazard rather than design; but turning to the left, he recovered the suite of rooms from which he had wandered. Making a trembling pause, in one of these, he heard a voice reverberate in hollow echoes one unvaried kind of cry. On lifting his eye to the window, he perceived the same light going as it were before the voice. The light vanished, the voice continued—in a short time the sounds came evidently nearer, and in their advance rendered them not more loud than distinct: Sir Guise soon heard his own name pronounced, and repeated with a violence that denoted at once misery and despair. A heart more intrepid, and less criminal, than that of our recluse, might have quaked at this—a noise, as of one running distractedly forward, accompanied the voice—the door of the apartment where Sir Guise stood, supporting himself by one of the pillars of the chimney, opened abruptly, and the figure of a man,

man, bearing a light, ruſhed in, ſtill repeating the name of Sir Guiſe Stuart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HAUNTED MIND.

THESE terrors, which certainly wanted not the power of guilt to render them more terrible, proceeded only from True George, who, on reaching the caſtle, had an unobſerved opportunity to inform Olivia of the manner in which he had placed, ſerved, and left their mutual charge.—" Yet I don't think, my Lady, the poor man will get any ſleep, there does not ſeem a wink in his eyes, nor indeed any thing elſe but tears."—Olivia expreſſed a wiſh, that before George had gone off with his baſket, ſhe had thought to put into it a cordial, which had proved of ſuch uſe to her beloved Henry whenever he ſuffered for want of ſleep. " I am ſure it would have pro-

cured him a good night's reſt, which in any miſery you know, my good George, is a balm from heaven."—" It is too late now," continued Olivia; " to-morrow morning, my good George, you ſhall take it to him."—" I am ſorry your Ladyſhip thinks it is too late, for I don't; and when the Squire is gone to bed, if you pleaſe, my Lady, to give the good ſtuff to me, and tell me how much our poor quaker ſhould have at a doſe, I'll ſtep with it to the abbey; and if I ſhould find him aſleep, as I ſhall not make much noiſe, why I'll leave him as I found him, and it will be ready for another time."

" But you ſtand in need of reſt yourſelf, my poor fellow," ſaid Olivia.

" I do ſo," anſwered George, " but, to my thoughts, I ought never to wake again if I were wicked enough to go to bed till I had carried a poor ſinful ſoul, locked up by himſelf in a huge houſe, like a deſerted town, ſomething to give him ſtrength to go on praying God to make him better."

Olivia gave him the cordial with due directions, and George ſet out juſt as the ſhower began to fall, for a ſecond nocturnal excurſion to the abbey. On his arrival he unlocked the great door, and opened every other with the greateſt caution, paſſing with ſtealing ſteps through the ſeveral long apartments, till he reached that in which he had left the Baronet: but his conſternation at finding it empty, aggravtiang his fears, brought to his mind the condition in which he had parted from his priſoner, eſpecially the regret he had expreſſed at ſleeping in that apartment, and made him adopt ſome of the ſuperſtitious and horrible things ſuppoſed now to infeſt the abbey. He ran through every room in the caſtle, lantern in hand, till he found what he ſought in the manner and condition we have recorded.

Long and reiterated, however, were the efforts of the protector of Sir Guiſe, before the latter could be reſtored to ſenſe or motion; and it was lucky that the gentle and conſiderate Olivia had added a ſmelling

 bottle

bottle of reſtoratives to the cordial. By the application of the former the wretched man ſufficiently recovered to diſtinguiſh the perſon who aſſiſted him; and this producing confidence, he was in due time able to be conducted back to his bed, by the ſide of which George ſat, and having diminiſhed fear by gradual explanation, his charge was at once compoſed and grateful. "Now then, your honour, for a little of this good ſtuff, which a good friend of mine—I beg your pardon—a perſon of my acquaintance, who would not hurt a worm—gave me, and which will make you ſleep like a top, and ſo it ought, ſeeing the time my bringing it has kept you awake."

George mixed up the cordial-draught, according to rule and meaſure, in half a glaſs of the Madeira; and after Sir Guiſe had taken it, our good domeſtick ſeated himſelf by the bed-ſide to watch its operation. —"I hope there will be no more noiſes, Mr. George," ſaid the Baronet faintly.—"As to noiſes, I'll tell you what, I never believed in theſe ſort of things in my life, till I came

came and ſaw you had left your warm bed, which, in the condition you were, I thought nothing but the devil himſelf could have perſuaded you to do—and I own when I could neither ſee nor hear any thing of you above or below, I began to imagine you were really carried off; and conſidering all things, one could not have wondered at it if you had. But now I have found you again, I come back to my old thoughts, that there are no candles going about without hands of fleſh and blood to carry them, and no noiſes by day or night, but what are made by poor mortals, like you or I. A man's conſcience, to be ſure, will conjure up theſe things, and a perſon had better be haunted by a whole church-yard of glariſh ſpectres, as Squire Henry called them—yea, though there were to come one or more out of every grave, than be haunted by that:—Now don't you think ſo?"

"I do indeed," anſwered Sir Guiſe, pathetically.

"And therefore, Sir," reſumed George, "never mind any other lights or noiſes."

"I think,"

"I think," ſighed Sir Guiſe, "I need not trouble you any longer, at preſent, as I feel heavy, and might perhaps ſleep, if I were alone."

"There then, Sir, is the ſmelling bottle on the chair juſt by you: day is almoſt at hand, ſo a candle will be of no uſe—I'll leave it, however, in the chimney i'the next room. I hope I ſhall find you faſt when I come again, but I'll not wake you; for to my thoughts 'tis one of the ſins to wake any body—Sleep is ſuch a nice ſoft comfortable thing. Good morning, Sir, for 'tis long enough paſt two."

George now again withdrew, but waited in an adjacent room till he had manifeſt tokens of Sir Guiſe being in profound ſlumber. The good youth, at length, went home, where he ſought his own pillow; and if conſcious goodneſs did not ſoon after ſeal his eyes, conſcious goodneſs could alone beſtow the happy emotions that might keep them open.

CHAPTER XIX.

CORDIAL DRAUGHT.

OLIVIA's cordial draught had its full power on the corporal functions of her patient, for it produced an uninterrupted repose of many hours; indeed, of nearly the whole of the day—for the sun was gilding with its setting rays the painted figures of the antique windows as he arose from his bed.

But to what did he awake? The never-resting worm was at length feeding on the breast which had long defied its envenomed tooth. The hour was come when he could no more deceive himself or others. Conducted to the chief scenes of his iniquity,—the only ones, perhaps, in the whole range of the universe where conscience could exert herself on a hardened heart: and stretched incessantly on the rack of conviction, he was by degrees humbled

bled by chaſtiſement to renounce hypocriſy, even while he felt that he had in every other inſtance been a hypocrite.

Yet all that could be effected by perſevering goodneſs and pity, was done by Olivia Fitzorton and True George; and the forlorn object of their cares had continued under their guardianſhip ſome months,—during which no ſights were ſeen or voices heard in the abbey, but thoſe of compaſſion and good will. Yet the health of Sir Guiſe declined, and all the ſymptoms of a diſeaſed mind were noticed in his conduct. He paſſed ſuddenly from a violent and tumultuous to a ſettled malady on the ſpirits. His intellects were no way impaired. His general melancholy was increaſed, but his raving paroxyſms were leſs frequent. He roved at intervals over every apartment of the houſe, and ſeemed to live moſt in thoſe which at his firſt ſecluſion were avoided as objects of terror. The bed-chamber of Lady Stuart, which had ſeveral times been changed for others, became at laſt his place of conſtant repoſe: thoſe of Caro-

line

line and Charles were visited by turns; and in one or other of these his guardian George would often discover him bathed in tears.

He was one day found busily employed in fastening up a suit of apartments in the western wing of the abbey; and on being asked the reason, with a brief asperity that might have rather been expected from John Fitzorton, he answered—"because they are accursed! They were my *wicked* wife's:" so he had for some time past called Lady Tempest to distinguish her from Lady Matilda Stuart, whom he termed *blessed!* But at length he moved from the chamber of the former, because, he said, he was unworthy to occupy it.

A report of all these changes was faithfully made by George to Olivia: "But for all this, my Lady," said George, "the man must die, unless he has some help besides yours and mine. I can see plainly he wants a doctor; but the worst of it is we can't pass him off to any body of that sort as a quaker, because 'tis not now one time

time in twenty that I find him either wigged or hatted: He will ſit you in the old green ſilk wrapper which he found, he ſays, in one of the lumber cheſts;—and which, he ſays, was ſomething belonging to his bleſſed firſt Lady, as he calls her,—and he has got ſomething of a ſaſh or girdle about his waiſt, that he one day told me he was ſure he had ſeen worn by Miſs Caroline—ſo that whoever goes to attend him muſt know him at once: not by his face neither ſo much, for that's not like the ſame; but he talks about himſelf and his wickedneſs, and calls himſelf as great a villain, God knows, as he is! Oh! my Lady, if you had heard what he ſaid laſt night about Jane Atwood: he ſaid, ſhe was like an angel of light, and he like a fiend of darkneſs—poor man! I have thought better of him ever ſince I heard him ſay ſo—But for ſure, ſomething in the doctoring way he muſt have, or he'll be gone."

"You terrify me, George; and why not let the good Mr. Burton go to him? He is honeſty itſelf. In him we may confide, and nobody, ſave himſelf, will know but that it

is one of his patients, afflicted with some disorder that requires he should be alone, which is, you know, alas! the truth."—"And so has borrowed a room in the abbey to place him within reach;—hey, my Lady?" said George—"Yes, and even if my dear Henry should hear of it, for mine and his children's sake, if the apothecary observes it may be infectious, he will easily be prevailed upon not to indulge his curiosity, and there it will end."—"The very man, my Lady! O! what a clever lady you are to think of him! not a soul will know it from Mr. Dr. Burton I am sure. I'll go to him the first time I can slip out for an hour; 'tis but a step of a few miles—But then, my Lady, should we not tell Sir Guise about it? Poor gentleman, we should take more care than ever, now he's getting good, not to throw him back again:—Well, I'll take care of that.—Thank you, thank you my Lady, two heads are always better than one."

The point was soon settled; the worthy apothecary was entrusted, and his patient reconciled to receive his visits; and, indeed,

deed, it would not have been eaſy to have found a third perſon more fitted to the taſk of conſoling a ſick and ſolitary recluſe, than the good Burton. He was truly, as the reader has ſeen in the ſeveral glances he has had of his manners and character, one of the moſt aſſiduous, affectionate, true-hearted beings in the world, full of pity and forgiveneſs, and by no means unſkilful in his buſineſs. By his own induſtry, foſtered by his patrons at the caſtle, he had contrived to bring up his very large family, though but a village apothecary, where, as Jonathan obſerved, there were few people to be either ſick or ſorry. Of two-and-twenty children there remained alive fifteen, but of theſe only the two daughters, and three of their youngeſt brothers, were on his hands—the reſt of the males had been comfortably diſpoſed of by John, Henry, or James Fitzorton—the females were provided for by Olivia. So that though the apothecary, from long habitude and attachment, remained in the little village where he had firſt eſtabliſhed, and ſtill carried

ried on buſineſs with his uſual unrelaxed attention, even in the very ſhop where Jonathan Armſtrong, in his maſquerade rags and ſtumps, paid him a viſit, he was conſidered as a man riſing above all domeſtick incumbrances, and laying by little yearly gifts and gettings for his children:—yet with a hand ſo clean, and a heart ſo open, that no honeſt diſtreſs within his reach, either of body or of mind, but found an adviſer and a friend in Mr. Burton of Brixom. And all this progreſſive good fortune aroſe from the very ſlight beginnings of his interview with the pretended lame beggar, whom he followed to Fitzorton to return a ſixpence that was paid by a miſtake for the memorable bottle of hartſhorn.

Slight, and ſometimes too nice for inſtant obſervation, are the means which bring about the moſt important ends; as the proudeſt rivers may have their ſource in the humbleſt vales, and iſſue from the ſcantieſt rills. It is true, that before Jonathan's adventure, our friend Burton was, upon principles of general benevolence, included

cluded in the bounty lift of the castle, as an oppressed and struggling man, to be occasionally assisted; but the *splendid sixpence* brought his heart into action and notice, and, by ascertaining its worth, created an interest for him in every lover of virtue. The drawing of the man had been looked at transiently before, it was then placed in an unfavourable light; but it was this simple sixpence that shifted the picture to a spot where its colours could be seen and be appreciated.

Prior to our apothecary's visiting Sir Guise Stuart, the diligent George had related to him such parts of the history of that unhappy outcast as were necessary to excite his entire commiseration; so that although Burton was amongst those who had conceived the most unqualified detestation of the Baronet's former practices, he was by no means prejudiced beyond the power of penitence to change his sentiments in the proportion that the offender changed his life.

Although

Although Burton had for ſome time paſt been an almoſt daily viſitor at the caſtle, his being all at once obſerved to take his ride, or walk, into the proſcribed and deſolate abbey, excited general enquiry into his motive; but the reaſon hinted at by Olivia to George, and adopted by the apothecary, was ſo natural, and, in effect, ſo true, that the apprehenſion of any epidemic malady not only prevented the enquirers from aſking any more queſtions, but made the ſwains, and other perſons of the ſurrounding villages, go to ſeveral places by round-about paths rather than cut through the abbey paſtures, or come within a mile of its ſuppoſed tainted air.—Indeed ſome thought it not very ſafe to come into contact with Burton himſelf; and we know not whether his attendance on this one patient might not loſe him many others; for the natural gathering of a ſtory had increaſed the malignity of the abbey invalid from a putrid fever to the ſpotted peſtilence; and the good folks made it a kind of pariſh buſineſs not to ſend to Burton, if it

it could poſſibly be avoided, till he had done with the man that had got the plague.

George, however, was obſerved to venture in more than once: ſome blamed his fool hardineſs, and ſome praiſed his humanity; while others ſaid, if he regarded not his own health, he had no right to hazard that of his neighbours; and the plague, they had underſtood, was a thing that, like a perſon charmed, would kill at a touch,—nay, and at a mile diſtance.

Thus then was the abbey under a double proſcription; firſt, on account of the vices of Sir Guiſe Stuart; and, ſecondly, from the diſeaſes of a contagious man—perhaps had the country people known the man was that very Sir Guiſe Stuart himſelf, they would have held the manſion in yet greater dread, and have left the county to ſettle beyond reach of the peſt.

Our good apothecary, however, and True George, frequently met at the apartments of the Baronet, and took the active management of his health and comforts between them; while Olivia, like ſome recompenſing,

compenfing, yet invifible power, fuperintended their office, and encouraged their zeal. Burton had contrived to fix in the abbey kitchen an old woman, who knew fomething of cookery, and who undertook to live in fome of the rooms below, provided the *plaguy* gentleman would promife not to come near her; and on being folemnly affured by the apothecary that it would be impoffible for her to catch it, while fhe kept out of his way, and attended only to her own bufinefs, accepted the office. Nothing, however, could induce her to go near him. True George, therefore, continued the office of gentleman of the bed-chamber, and thus the economy of the houfehold was perfectly well fettled.

The object of their cares, however, often wanted more than bed or board, or than all the drugs the *materia medica* could furnifh. His mind was ftruck! his confcience was in arms! and the fpirit of the man was departed from him!—yet every chearing, every fuftaining art was tried, and fome-

times not without fuccefs. Now and then the apothecary would feduce him into a game of back-gammon, and fometimes affift him to take half an hour's exercife in an area of the court yard, that was fhaded from obfervation by the abbey wall. George would occafionally play him a tune on the flute, lead him into momentary fports, tell him a merry tale, and by a thoufand ways beguile him from himfelf. The Baronet would often fpeak his thanks by a fmile, but oftner by a tear. In general, however, he declined motion, though he found it difficult to reft. He would take his folitary rounds of the caftle, fhift his vifits from the room of his Matilda to that of Caroline or Charles. He would pafs Lady Tempeft's door with every mark of fcorn, and once ventured with Burton to go into what had been the general breakfafting-room, and from thence into the library; but a fudden thought drove him haftily from both thefe, and the refidue of the day on which he had hazarded this experiment, was unufually melancholy.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CURSE RETURNED.

IT was in that breakfaſting-room, the imperious huſband, and cruel father, had fallen upon his knees to CURSE the beſt and moſt obedient of wives; and it was in that library, he had impoſed his hard commands on the moſt obſervant and dutiful of daughters. The bell with which he had ſummoned her into his preſence, was amongſt the few fixtures that remained, and as he caſt his eye upwards to ſurvey it, though the wires were broken, and nothing ſeemed entire, but the part on which he had preſſed his tyrannick hand, it ſtruck his heart with a ſound more aweful than the knell of death. So acute is the memory of guilt when quickened by conſcience.

But an impreſſion more intolerable for him to bear, even than theſe, though accompanied perhaps, from its profundity,

with lefs actual violence, proceeded from the unexpected fight of Jane Atwood at Goody Brabfon's. Attached to this young woman were fo many terrible tranfactions; the delufion of youth! the defertion of age! the lying lips! and the never-confuming fire! the excellency of True George! whofe conduct fhone forth in the character of a protector, contrafted with his own hateful behaviour as a feducer! Hence a glimpfe of the injured Jane, though but momentary, acted upon him as the commiffioned lightning acts upon its object, overwhelming the proudeft faculties of our nature, and preferving memory only to torture him with partial recollection of his crimes.

He had been under the infliction of feelings like thefe fome days, when, making his accuftomed call, the apothecary perceived he had been writing, and finding him much agitated, "Truly, my good Sir," faid he, feeling his pulfe, "this will never do. You can do yourfelf more harm in a fingle hour, than I can do you good in a

month:

month: and unlefs you will prefcribe a little for yourfelf——"

"No, Sir," replied his patient, with a feeble voice, but earneft manner; "you can, on the contrary, contribute more to the health of my body, and peace of my mind, in one hour, than I can in the refidue of life."

"Then I am fure, if I can, I will," faid the good man ardently, "that is," a little correcting his warmth, "if I imagine what you have to propofe will be really for your good; becaufe you know, my good Sir, patients are not always the beft judges of their own cafe, nor of the remedies beft adapted to their cure."

"But mine can be effected only one way," anfwered Sir Guife, with augmented emotion. He then took from under his wrapper a written paper, which he read aloud, though in every line he criminated himfelf. Often did he drop the fcalding tear of fharpeft remorfe upon the pages, and at length he exclaimed, "Oh! if you would ever wifh me to remain long enough in

in this world, to make my peace in another, deliver this as it is addreffed. You know the reafons why I cannot afk this favour of Mr. George: for though there are not any fentiments that can interrupt the happinefs of that good young man, I have tried, in vain, to mention to him even the name of the injured girl to whom this letter is written: In pity take it then, and grant my requeft."

"I will, Sir," anfwered Burton, wiping his eyes and receiving the letter, after the trembling hands of the Baronet had folded it up again, and put under it a wafer. "I expect to fee her this very evening; it is her birth-day: we are all to meet on it, and drink to her health."

"Are you?" queftioned Sir Guife, with quivering lips: "I,—I,—will drink it too! alas! alas! Mr. Burton!"

Sir Guife fmote his breaft, and it was a confiderable time before the kind-hearted apothecary could compofe him. He remained, however, in his pious endeavour till long after the anniverfary-feftival at the

Fitz-

Fitzortorn-arms was begun; he had ſet apart that evening for gaiety and grateful pleaſure amongſt his friends and benefactors; but he could not feel himſelf in a ſituation to enjoy ſociety till he had adminiſtered to his now intereſting ſolitary, all the comfort in his power to beſtow. What were the pleaſant events and diſcoveries that awaited his heart, as if to reward him for his worthy deeds, previous to his joining the party, the ſympathizing reader already knows; and juſt before the company broke up, he performed his promiſe, by giving the pacquet to Jane Atwood; taking care to put it into an envelope, that the hand-writing might not immediately be diſcovered, and as he gave it into her hand, he ſaid, "This is for your own pretty eyes; it is the caſe of a patient of mine, and a friend of yours, who has long been in a very bad way, and who had been given over: but who, I am in hopes, will do better after all; if you can aſſiſt a little in the cure, I am ſure you will."

"From ſome of my lady's cottagers, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Jane, putting the pacquet

into her pocket; "I will certainly attend to it, Mr. Burton, before I go to bed."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WORM WITHIN.

THUS, by a retroſpective view, having brought forward ſome principal figures, which had been a conſiderable time in the back-ground of this our family-picture, we will now carry back the pencil to a groupe, which, we feel aſſured, will always be looked at with complacence, whether painted in the deepeſt ſhades of diſtreſs, or in the gayeſt colourings of proſperity.

The honoured, and, ſurely we may now be permitted to call her, the honourable Jane Atwood,—after crowning the long fidelity of her worthy lover with hopes that filled his honeſt heart with joy,—was no ſooner left alone, than ſhe took from her pocket the pacquet, concerning which the good apothecary had excited her curioſity; nay

may more, had moved her pity. But what were her emotions, when, on opening the envelope, ſhe ſaw the well-known characters of Sir Guiſe Stuart! Since the hour of her eſcape from the raſh action ſhe had committed on his account, ſhe had never ſuffered even his name to paſs her lips; and being at length thoroughly convinced of his unworthineſs, ſhe had exchanged the ſofter ſentiment in his favour, for as much of diſlike as was conſiſtent with a nature ſo gentle as hers.

But the very addreſs of the letter,—'To the moſt injured, from the moſt penitent,'—was, of itſelf, ſufficient to create very powerful feelings; this intereſting ſuperſcription, however, did not occaſion a moment's balance in her mind on what to reſolve, as to the letter itſelf. "I hope," ſaid ſhe, "from my ſoul, that it is dictated by penitence; but be the motive of writing it what it may, worlds ſhould not tempt me now to read it; and ſurely it was wrong in Mr. Burton, who, alas! is but too well acquainted with our ſad ſtory, to deliver it;

and from whence could he receive it? Where is this unhappy—this ill-fated man? Perhaps he is in the heavineſs of ſome deep diſtreſs, or of a dire ſickneſs. Mr. Burton ſpoke of his having been given over, yet mentioned hopes of doing well: Praiſe be to God; he is not fit—ah, none of us are fit to die!"

Reflections like theſe forced their way to her trembling lips; her ſtreaming eyes were fixed on the direction of the letter; and when her apoſtrophe ended, True George tapped at her door to gratify himſelf with one more look before he retired to reſt. She was preciſely in the ſituation above deſcribed, when he entered her apartment; and, ſeeing a letter in her hand, ſtood aloof, leſt he ſhould ſeem to be obtruſive or impertinent; but without aſking the cauſe, he tried whatever affection could ſuggeſt to remove the effect. "And I left you, Mrs. Jane, in ſuch good ſpirits, juſt before I anſwered the Squire's bell!" cried the poor fellow. "George," ſaid the afflicted girl, holding the letter near enough

for

for the addreſs to be read; "I have received a pacquet from—but, you ſee by whom it was written."

"Ye—ye—yes, Mrs. Jane, ye—yes, I—I do: from Sir—Gui—Guiſe—Stu—Stuart!" replied George in a ſtammer; after which and a ſtop to take breath, he added, rather more connectedly, "I—I—don't now wonder then, Mrs. Jane, that you—you are in the way I ſee you; but don't think, Mrs. Jane, I can bear to ſee you cry,—and whatever may be in that letter to make thoſe tears fall ſo faſt, don't think any kind words Mr. Partington may have forced you to ſay, per—perhaps againſt your will, ſhall make True George hold you to what you ſpoke in his favour. I have often heard what firſt love is, that it goes to the grave with ſome folks, let other folks be never ſo falſe-hearted, heigho! I think it will go to the grave with me: but indeed,—indeed, Jane, I had rather ſee you happy with any body you liked, than unhappy with any body you don't, a thouſand thouſand times over, though it were myſelf, heigho!—ſo you are

not to think of what Mr. Partington made you promiſe."

"Made me!" repeated the deeply penetrated Jane: "no, dear and generous George, the promiſe I gave was willing and ſincere; this hand is yours;—this heart—would it were more worthy,—is every moment more ſenſible of your unremitted goodneſs to me, or if I have deſerved any ſhare of that goodneſs, it is from having kept you from a hand, which, alas! never, never can be again what it was;—what,—for your ſake as much as my own—I wiſh it were!"

George uttered not a word, even though the purified and precious hand thus again given had been at his lips ſome moments, but ſoon after the fair and trembling form of all he loved ſunk into his arms.

"As to the letter," exclaimed Jane, on recovering, "it was my ſettled purpoſe not to read it; before you came into the room. Mr. Burton delivered it with every mark of caution; but I gather that the unhappy writer of it has been dangerouſly ſick. The

letter

letter will doubtleſs mention particulars." Thus, giving it to George, ſhe ſaid, "I here place it in the beſt way to ſerve the unfortunate writer; my deareſt George will look over it with a good and merciful eye: offer his aſſiſtance to—to the unhappy—ſhould it be within his power, and either impart or ſuppreſs its contents to his Jane, as he judges it right: ſo good night, my deareſt George."

Jane Atwood had left the room before George could make any reply; but had ſhe remained longer, it is probable her lover would not have felt himſelf either willing or able to ſpeak; the three ſtrong ſpells which in two little words accompanied his name, "*my deareſt* George," had bound him ſo faſt, that he appeared almoſt to be fixed in an entire charm on the ſpot where it was wrought. But when he could ſufficiently attend to mortal things, he opened Sir Guiſe Stuart's pacquet and read what follows:

'DEAR INJURED GIRL,

'Confcious of having forfeited every 'claim to your efteem, to your good 'wifhes and good faith, even to your be- 'lief in the reprefentation I have now to 'mention, to what am I reduced? yet, as 'the generous and honourable man who 'undertakes to deliver this, can atteft its 'truth, I will venture to throw my cafe on 'your compaffion. O! if you, or either 'of my deeply wronged and juftly offended 'children, could know the life I have led 'under the tyranny of the vileft of women, 'and moft ungrateful of men—Lady Stuart 'and her abandoned Miles—who, after 'plundering me, have left me to famine 'and the remorfe of confcience, in an 'almoft fhell of the abbey;—which they 'have pulled nearly into ruins upon me: '—and in the midft of which, without a 'fervant, friend, or neighbour, but the 'poor good apothecary, and Mr. True 'George, the beft of beings; on whofe 'charity both my body and mind, alas!

'are

'are thrown: O could you know this, 'I ſhould not want an advocate in your 'gentle breaſt. Refuſe me not, I beſeech 'you, the conſolation to hear, that, in the 'midſt of my diſtreſs and heavy ſickneſs, '*you* will not curſe me, but uſe your in-'tereſt with the good—alas, too good—'Fitzortons to find the reſidence of my ſon 'and daughter. I can neither think, with-'out horror, of them or you—nor the 'Fitzortons—alas, neither of the living 'nor the dead,—in their family, or in my 'own;—and yet I can now think of no-'thing elſe. Forgive me, O! forgive 'the penitent

'GUISE STUART.'

Theſe ſentiments affected the generous heart of True George, ſcarcely leſs power-fully than they would have done that of Jane Atwood; and it was the firſt impreſ-ſion on the former, to make the latter par-taker of them, and that with the beſt in-tentions in the world; to place the preſent repentant ſtate of Sir Guiſe in the faireſt and

and ſtrongeſt light to the woman he had wronged. But after revolving the matter on his pillow, he thought it his duty to conſult his coadjutor, Olivia, on the ſubject; and was favoured with an opportunity, in the courſe of the ſame morning, while Henry Fitzorton took a walk with his children: "An' it pleaſe you, my Lady," ſaid he, "tho' there was nothing new under the ſun in king Solomon's time, I think times are altered, and that a miracle, as they call it in the ſcriptures, is at work at the bleſſed minute I am talking to my Lady." In proof of this aſſertion, the good George, in his way, gave a hiſtory of what attached to the Baronet's epiſtle, by way of introduction, and then preſented the epiſtle itſelf.

The colour varied in the cheeks of Olivia, ſeveral times, during the peruſal, as the emotions of pity, regret, and wonder, were excited in her breaſt. "We have been ſome time preparing ourſelves for a change of this happy kind you know," ſaid ſhe. "Poor man! It is never too late to be good, my truſty

trufty friend; but, I think, it may be as well not to fhew our friend Jane the letter, for the prefent: I am going to join my deareft hufband and children, who are ftrolling, this fine morning, fomewhere about the park and gardens; and as I walk along, I will think what ftep feems moft difcreet for us to take; and if you will come into my dreffing-room, after dear Jane has left me, we will confer."

"Yes, my Lady, I always know when Mrs. Jane is coming, before I fee her pretty face," faid George.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Olivia, "how fo?"

"By her ftep, my Lady. I dare fay your Ladyfhip knows the Squire's ftep from a thoufand."

"Then you are within hearing, are you?"

"Your Ladyfhip knows that my little clofet for whips, and fpurs, and angling rods, and nets, and other little odd gimcracks, is juft under the great ftair-cafe."

"And

"And ſo," obſerved Olivia ſmiling, "you angled for her heart, and then put the poor thing in your net, did you? That is the way you caught her, is it Mr. George? Well, as I'm ſure you will uſe your captive kindly, I hope you may be in your gimcrack cloſet when ſhe next comes down ſtairs."

"With God's bleſſing, my Lady, I hope, I ſhall," ſaid George, making his bow and exit in high ſatisfaction.

Olivia again read the penitentials of Sir Guiſe Stuart. An idea ſtruck her as ſhe was putting the pacquet in her pocket which agitated her extremely, and at length ſuffuſed her ſweet eyes in tears. She ſat down on a bench in one of the windings of the ſhrubbery, to recover herſelf, but the idea ſeemed to gain ſtrength. The ſound, however, of well known voices, which would at any time have cheered her drooping heart—for they were thoſe of her huſband, ſon, and daughter—ſoon made her ſpring up, and run, with all the earneſtneſs of unaffected conjugal and maternal love,

tó meet them; Henry perceiving her, had aſſiſted the children to hide: the little ones concealed themſelves amongſt the ſhrubs, while the father ſtood behind ſome laurels; and juſt as Olivia paſt, Henry ran, from this poetical retreat, into the arms of his wife. Soon after, the little John was diſcovered through the emblematic leaves of a young fir, and his ſiſter ſuffered herſelf to be eſpied,

'Half in a ſhower of cluſt'ring roſes loſt.'

Olivia's tears became, in a moment, ſofter than the dew; yet they were ſtill to be ſeen on her cheek: Henry was the firſt to obſerve them, for he felt them on his lips. "My dear Olivia has been weeping" ſaid he, "how is this?" Ere ſhe had time to anſwer this queſtion, which breathed more melody and ſoftneſs than the plaining notes of aerial muſic—an innocent ſtrife between the children, demanded the adjuſtment of their mother. Little Caroline, who, in her walks, was continually in ſearch of ſomething beautiful and ſingular in its kind, whether

whether animated or vegetable, and who difcovered an early tafte and delicacy in the felection, had found what fhe deemed important, and came running with it in her clofed hand towards her brother, afking, at every ftep, "How much he would give for a fight of what fhe had found?" "Nothing," anfwered John; "I can fee it without paying for it, if I thought it worth while." Caroline defying him, John proceeded to actions, which difcovered more of refolution than gallantry. Olivia obferved "he fhould never be rude to young ladies, who were objects of protection, not of affault." "Befides," faid Henry, "it is not pretty to *fteal* fecrets, when people *offer* to fell them; but, if they did not; a fecret is a thing facred, and it is mean and wicked to pry into it." Before his father had done fpeaking, John defifted; and yielding his point,—juft as his uncle, on any ftronger occafion would have yielded,—he ran to kifs the pretty hand that held the object of contention. Caroline, hereupon, would voluntarily have let him into

the

the secret, which, in truth,—was only a captive grashopper,—had not Henry repeated his remark, as to the sanctity of a secret.

But no sooner was harmony restored amongst the little ones, than Olivia said with some vivacity: "You think then, my Henry, that even brothers and sisters, which are, in a manner, parts of one another, may have their little reserves?"—"Undoubtedly," replied Henry, "and, as they grow up, their great ones too; secrets ought to be inviolable. For my part, I know not how to forgive any body, who would insidiously rob me of what I judged it right to conceal."—"But then, I presume," observed his wife, tremulously, "you do not extend this reservation to married people: you would not excuse a man or woman, bound by ties so near and dear, to have an uncommunicated action, or even a thought, of any consequence?"

The emphatic manner in which Olivia spoke, proceeded from a certain delicate consciousness in herself, but made Henry, once

once more, tremble for his *own* ſecret, and he heſitated; which his lady interpreting againſt herſelf, obſerved, ſhe felt his anſwer in his ſilence. It was in truth, an idea of this kind which had at firſt brought tears into her eyes, and was now ſtarting them again. "I confeſs," ſaid ſhe, "I have, for ſome time, treated my Henry with guilty unkindneſs, by ſhutting up, in my own breaſt, a certain tranſaction he had a right to know, and no other excuſe have I to offer, than that, as it did not immediately connect with any thing eſſential to his repoſe, I thought the diſcovery of it might be made when it would be more ſatisfactory to him. Pray, pray, forgive me, my deareſt love, and you ſhall have the knowledge and hiſtory of it inſtantly," continued ſhe with equal ſweetneſs, and was juſt about to draw the explanatory letter of Sir Guiſe Stuart from her pocket.

"I will only excuſe you," anſwered Henry, much relieved by finding the ſecret had ſo well ſhifted ground, "by your promiſing to nurſe, fondle, guard, and enter-

tain it in your own bofom, till you think it is in the ftate to give both of us, and all whom it may concern, the moft pleafure; but I would not hear it now for the world."

"Heigho," fighed and fmiled Olivia; "well, then, as I do ftill think it may be better by-and-by, I believe I muft accept your conditions. But I wifh you had a fecret too, Henry; perhaps you have."

Henry was again embarraffed, but as fpeedily releafed, by her innocently faying, with a gaiety that cleared every cloud of apprehenfion, "But if you have not got one, I beg you will provide yourfelf as foon as you can, and not tell me a word of it; and then, when it is juft as you wifh it to be, we will make an exchange."

"A bargain," anfwered Henry, "and I feal it with a kifs."

"And thefe dear things fhall be witneffes to the compact," exclaimed Olivia, embracing her children.

"Yes, and fign and feal it, in like manner," faid Henry, catching them from her arms. Thus the little family party were all

good

good friends, though each kept their ſecret. The firſt notice was now given by the dinner bell; and the flowery ſcenes, where the treaty of pacification had been made, and the articles agreed upon, were left for the caſtle.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WORM DIETH NOT.

NOTHING could have fallen out more favourably than the little domeſtick occurrences, above related, for reconciling the truly delicate Olivia to her benevolent plan, and encouraging her to purſue it. Under theſe cheering circumſtances, ſhe turned her thoughts towards the unfortunate Baronet's preſent ſituation with more energy; and gave, to the 'genial current of her ſoul,' an uninterrupted courſe. She was, however, unuſually reſerved, even though uncommonly happy, during the whole time of dreſſing. She gave no anſwer to Jane's wiſh

wiſh, to know what ſhe would be pleaſed to put on. "Have I been unfortunate enough to offend my deareſt miſtreſs?" queſtioned the gentle attendant. "O! no, I have only been in a ſort of day-dream, dear Jane," ſaid her miſtreſs, "in which my mind has been ſo much employed, that I quite forgot my perſon; and yet, though I did not chat as uſual, I don't know that I ever thought of you more, ſince I began to love you; and that is, you know, now ſeveral years ago." The grateful Jane bowed her head ſo lowly, that her cheek reached her lady's hand, which ſhe ventured to preſs to her lips. Olivia then fixed on the ornaments of the day, and her toilette being finiſhed, juſt as the preparation bell gave the laſt ſummons, "I have ſomething to ſay to our good George," ſaid Olivia, "do ſtep and tell him I want to ſpeak with him; poſſibly you may find him in his watch-box of guns, traps, angles, and other little odd things, underneath the ſtairs; I have heard of his being there a little before dinner; but be he where he will, I know I cannot make

him happier than to ſend for him by ſuch a meſſenger."

Olivia's orders were ſmilingly given, and ſmilingly obeyed; and when George made his appearance, his lady in the ſame flow of good ſpirits, and good humour, informed him, that after beſtowing on the ſubject, in which they were mutually intereſted, all the attention of which ſhe was miſtreſs, ſhe could not but confeſs there was a difficulty in it, that inclined her to believe much good might ariſe from calling in a third perſon as auxiliary; and the only point to ſettle was who this ſhould be—to Jane, to Henry, to Partington, or to the apothecary, ſhe had her objections. "In the immediate ſtage of the affair we ſtand in need of ſome one, my good fellow," ſaid ſhe, "who, by his diſpaſſionate wiſdom, may inſtruct us how to proceed in a matter which I take to be of real importance; for I cannot but look upon the letter of this wretched man, as the forerunner of ſomething extraordinary. Now if it were any way poſſible, to prevail on my brother John

John Fitzorton, to hear any thing which relates to one, againſt whom his wrath has been ſo often juſtly kindled, he is the man in the world to be reſorted to on this occaſion."

"An'pleaſe you, my Lady," ſaid George, "if it was the devil himſelf—God forgive me for ſpeaking of him before your Ladyſhip—Mr. Sir John would ſee that the devil had his due, though he defied him and all his works; and if ſo be my Lady as you think we want a little help in this buſineſs, Mr. Sir John is your man: only we muſt not ſay any thing to Sir Guiſe about it, as he would be frightened out of his wits, for he has always been mortally afraid of Mr. Sir John."

Olivia ſaid ſhe would turn the matter in her mind again, deſired he would continue, meanwhile, his attentions to Sir Guiſe, and particularly to aſſure him that he might depend on the prayers of the good Jane.—"You know, my friend," ſaid Olivia, "we may very ſafely promiſe him this, eſpecially as I will myſelf undertake, at a fit

time, to make her acquainted with the ſentiments of his epiſtle."

When Henry took his afternoon wood walk, from which Olivia excuſed herſelf, ſhe ſat down to addreſs John Fitzorton in behalf of the man on earth he held moſt in contempt. The reader, however, will believe that the cauſe could not have fallen into better hands, and that it would not have been poſſible for an advocate to have had greater power with the heart of the perſon addreſſed. But the heart of John Fitzorton, in a caſe of conſcience, was not, as we have already ſeen, to be biaſſed by love itſelf.

While the fair pleader was ruminating what arguments to employ, the good apothecary craved audience, to relate a very pathetic ſcene, of which he had juſt been a ſpectator at the abbey. He informed her, that the thick melancholy which had for ſome time ſettled on Sir Guiſe, had, at length, brought on ſo utter a deſolation of ſpirits, that much of his day paſſed in tears; and when theſe refuſed to flow, an

anguiſh little ſhort of madneſs ſucceeded: but on every return to reaſon he called out on his children, and the injured Fitzortons, and could he live to receive the pardon of theſe in this world, his puniſhment even in the next would be made more tolerable, and ſaid if he could converſe but five minutes with Sir John, he would tell him ſomething for the good of Squire Charles, and Miſs Caroline.

"Indeed! then tell our good George to be in readineſs to take diſpatches to the poſthouſe; and do you Mr. Burton draw up the caſe of your unhappy patient, juſt as you have ſtated it to me. Let us loſe no time my worthy friend—in the next room we ſhall find all writing materials."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PITY OF THE BRAVE.

SUCH a letter then was written, encloſing ſuch a caſe, as brought John with all ſpeed to the caſtle.

 "My

"My dear, dear brother!" ſaid Henry, who happened to be walking in his park as John rode by, "how kind is this viſit! how unexpected! what a treat will it be to my dear Olivia and our children! you cannot think how your little nameſake grows, and more like his uncle every day. Ah! may he prove as worthy! I languiſhed to tell you how infinitely ſenſible I am of your goodneſs in your diſpatches brought me by George, and of my wife's incomparable excellencies, and if I am not even yet as happy as—I ought to be,—it is the ſad infirmity of my nature, and you muſt not chide. Olivia remains bleſſed; our children are healthy and happy; their father is not wretched. No, he is affectionately grateful—and now his dear John is added to the family groupe—all—all—will be as it ſhould be."

Theſe expreſſions were uttered with all the accuſtomed ardour of the ſpeaker, while he walked by the ſide of John's horſe, claſping his brother's hand: yet John could perceive, even in Henry's account of happineſs, the traces of infelicity, but he knew

it

it was like the touches of an old, and, probably, incurable diſorder, whoſe virulence being paſt, nothing but a weakneſs remained—he, therefore, heard Henry's effuſions without adverting to the lets and hindrances which accompanied them ; congratulating him on the health of the children.

"And here they are," ſaid Henry, "coming with their dear mother to give their uncle welcome."

The day was paſt amidſt domeſtick ſatiſfactions, which did not allow John any opportunity to confer with Olivia, or purſue the object of his journey ; but at tea he obſerved that he ſhould not make his appearance anymore till ſupper, and that he ſhould have occaſion for George. Having thus ſecured the intermediate hours, he ſet out as ſoon as it was duſk, attended by George, for the abbey ; at the gate of which the good apothecary was juſt remounting his horſe, after having paid his evening viſit to his patient : he expreſſed infinite ſatisfaction at the ſight of John Fitzorton, but ſaid, Sir Guiſe's perſonal health went much more rapidly to decline than he expected, and

that a nervous kind of terror had, ſince the evening, ſeized his mind, which called for ſomething compoſing, and for that he was going home.

Though John ſtill diſtruſted the Baronet's profeſſions, and determined to judge for himſelf, he did not prevent Burton from ſetting off full ſpeed with every mark of alarm and ſolicitude. George obſerved that he never ſaw the doctor look more in a fright.

"Let us go into the abbey," ſaid John, "I know not the way through theſe ruins, and you muſt conduct me."

When they had gained the great hall they were accoſted by the woman who had undertaken the office of cook—"O! Mr. George," exclaimed ſhe, "this poor quaker man is, I fancy, very bad to night. He moans and takes on moſt piteouſly: I never go within ſight of him you know, but he made my old heart ake to hear him juſt now.—However I believe he is ſafe for the night, as I heard him go into the room where he ſleeps a little while ago, and ſince that, I thought I heard the curtains draw back-

wards

wards and forwards, and for my part I think you had better not difturb him to-night, for he does not often get any reft."—George, receiving a nod from John Fitzorton, continued his way through the apartments till he came to that of the Baronet.

The door of his bed-chamber was left open, and a voice from the bed was diftinctly heard pronouncing thefe words:—"O! my poor, poor children!—my murdered wife!—my injured friends!—why do I yet live to empoifon the air, fhut up like the ghoft of fome murderer in the manfion where my foul deeds were committed?—here am I left to be haunted by my own guilty fpirits. Would I had died when the generous John Fitzorton firft avenged his father!—To what am I reduced! but how much more to be envied is the corpfe of Sir Armine in the honoured tomb of his anceftors, and his pure foul taking its reward in heaven, than the vile body of Sir Guife, a burthen to himfelf, and a ftain to his pofterity, ftretched on this bed of wretched-

nefs, and his guilty mind in terror of the hell it merits."

The felf-accufing fpirit, in which every part of this was uttered, the tone that gave energy to every upbraiding, and the deep groans that fucceeded, chilled the very heart of George True, and even awed the mind of John Fitzorton. "Yes, thefe are genuine—even Sir Guife Stuart no longer deceives. Thefe demonftrations of awakened confcience are to be relied on. Let us advance."

In trembling filence George obeyed, and was in an inftant by the fide of the Baronet's bed begging him to be comforted, and to put his truft in God, for that we were told he would pardon the wickedeft creatures that ever lived if they repented.—"Impoffible! either that God or man can pardon me," anfwered Sir Guife, ftarting up. "But, oh! Mr. George, if thofe whom I have moft wronged could fee me, at this moment, they might well be fatisfied—even John Fitzorton might relent, and

while he triumphed in my woes might almoſt pity them."

"He does!" exclaimed John, who had gone to the other ſide of the bed, where the curtains were cloſe drawn, as if unwilling to ſurprize the wretched man; "John Fitzorton does relent and almoſt pity."

Sir Guiſe heard, and took ſhelter in the arms of George; then turning his head towards the place from whence the voice proceeded, and not perceiving the perſon to whom it belonged, "O, God!" exclaimed he, in a fearful kind of whiſper, "how conſcience delights to torture me. I thought, George, I heard Sir John Fitzorton ſpeak to me as plain as I ever heard him ſpeak in my life, and in a voice of compaſſion;—alas! it was but my diſtempered fancy: how indeed, ſhould it be any thing elſe? He, of all mankind, moſt ſcorns"—

"And perhaps moſt commiſerates you," reſumed the voice in yet milder accents.

"Again!" cried the Baronet, "but I ſuppoſe you heard nothing."

" Yes I did, Sir ; I heard Mr. Sir John himſelf, who came on purpoſe to ſee what could be done for you, having heard your melancholy caſe, he is in the room now, but don't tremble ſo, for pity's ſake."

" In my room!" reiterated Sir Guiſe, " yet you would not have the heart to deceive me!"

" He deceives you not," ſaid John, gently moving the curtain, and ſhewing himſelf. " The hand of the Lord God ſeems now to be upon you, and that of a feeble mortal is no longer neceſſary. It would be preſumptive. Your wiſh to ſee me was a far greater motive of my viſit in this place, than any wiſh to ſee you in additional affliction."

" O, Sir," anſwered the now truly penitent Baronet, " if any thing could add to it, it would be this unmerited goodneſs from you. Can you, Sir, extend your bounty ſo far as to tell me, whether my offended children are alive?"

" They are," replied John.

" Bleſſed

"Bleffed be God!" exclaimed the Baronet; "may I afk, Sir—"

"Farther queftions might at this time fatigue you," interpofed John: "compofe yourfelf. Mr. Burton will fpeedily be here to affift that endeavour; and if it will feem more eafy to you, George fhall remain till he arrives."

Sir Guife was indeed exhaufted, and could hardly articulate his thanks, but begged George might attend his mafter home.

"I fhall probably repeat my vifit fhortly," faid John, nothing fternly: "in the mean time I recommend you to cultivate more and more your acquaintance with the Power who is all-fufficient to reftore the body and the foul whatever be their condition."

Sir Guife clafped his hands together in a fupplicatory manner, bowed his head, and kept his eyes fixed alternately on John Fitzorton and True George, till thofe ineftimable men had left the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PITY OF THE GOOD.

GEORGE had ſcarcely opened his lips during the whole of the preceding ſcene, nor did he at all preſume to break ſilence while he went home; as he knew, by the length of his ſteps and violence of his movements, that John was hard at work, and would not brook interruption. By an involuntary impulſe, however, he exclaimed, "Poor Sir Guiſe! a man had better be an innocent dog, than a chriſtian ſinner, when conſcience has once got hold of him."

No remark being returned to this burſt, he had nothing more to do than try to keep pace with his maſter, who ſtrode on furiouſly, and without the utterance of a word, till juſt as the latter aſcended the caſtle ſteps, he ſaid, "I ſhall have no farther oc-

caſion

casion for you to-night; I shall not appear at supper; let me not be expected."

George obeyed with his usual taciturnity on these occasions. With John in his philosophicals, as he used to call them, he seldom presumed to hazard even an opinion: but, in the poeticals of Henry, he frequently relieved himself from this suppression by pouring out all that was in his mind.

John Fitzorton was extremely struck with the situation of Sir Guise Stuart. He came prejudiced against his penitence, and prepared for his hypocrisy: but the conscious struggles, mental horror, and bodily decay, in which he found that unhappy culprit, his self-execrations, his incessant callings out on the injured, and more than all, his bearing to see and looking steadily at any of the ever-dreaded Fitzortons, threw him into a train of reflection which lasted almost till the dawn of day: even in that chamber, which had been the scene of many a powerful contention with himself, and of many a virtuous resolve. "What, although," said he to himself,

"I hope

" I hope my lips would never have eaten the bread, nor my head repofed on the pillow of a foe, whom I had wronged; I can conceive confcience to be fuch a punifher, that when once its fcourge is applied in earneft, the affair is taken out of the hands of man;—and the fentiment of commiferation, the aggrieved then feels for the aggreffor, is a part of the attribute of mercy, which God excites in the breaft to attemper his own divine blow."

John rofe to purfue his mufings in the fhrubbery, on his return from which, he met Olivia. After a little bound of the heart, and flutter of the fpirits, which he always felt at the fight of this amiable woman,—and receding a ftep or two, he haftily advanced, took her hand, and related every circumftance of his abbey adventure, clofing the whole with a repetition of the fentiments, which had formed his foliloquy; " And which may be confidered, my dear Olivia," faid he, " in fome meafure as a juftification of what you have done for the

the man, who has been the peſt of his own family, and the deſpoiler of ours."

"O, doubt it not, my noble brother: I feel that we have been acting under an influence mightier than our own," anſwered Olivia "Do you know, laſt night I dreamed, that every weed in our garden turned into a flower; the air and ſkies were as we may fancy thoſe of Paradiſe; and, while I was yet gazing at the celeſtial and unclouded blue, which ſpread to the extent of the horizon, methought a ſudden glory ſhot immediately over my head, and an angel of light, that took the form of a new born babe, held forth a tablet of precious gems, on which the rays of the glory played, and on which I read theſe comfortable words,--'Bleſſed are the merciful, for they ſhall obtain mercy.'—Then the cherub, whoſe face had, to my imagination, exactly the ſhape and lineaments of my Henry's, beſtowed on me a ſmile that made him look ſtill more like my huſband, and with one hand pointed to heaven, while the other turned the tablet, I ſaw, on the reverſe, engraven in letters of

of ſapphire, under a crown of glory—'I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy tranſgreſſions, and as a cloud thy ſins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.'—So that you may be certain we are not doing any thing diſpleaſing to the fountain of mercy, by raiſing up ſuch as are fallen:—and if I was not afraid you would laugh at my ſimple notions, I could almoſt believe this viſion had been ſent by our angel parents to imitate their forgiveneſs.—But, how hard it is, that our Henry is ſtill ſhut from his ſhare of what his bounteous nature is ſo fitted to enjoy!—He ſaid laſt night, he thought that you and he had changed characters, — that he was philoſopher Henry, and you poet John, and muſed and wandered more than himſelf:—What would I have given to have told him my dream! but I thought it beſt to ſee you firſt, and take your wiſdom on it, for you were always, you know, my oracle."

"In the ſpirit of which," anſwered John, much affected with what had been related, and with the manner of the relater, "I

muſt

muſt ſtrictly enjoin you to a little more forbearance, and—"

True George came at full ſpeed, with the remains of what breath his ſpeed had left him to ſay, " Breakfaſt, pleaſe your honours, will be ready in a few minutes, and the Squire is come down; but, O your honours! there is ſhocking news brought by Mr. Burton of the poor quakeriſh gentleman,—he has ſat up with him all night, and I thought he would ſometimes have gone raving mad, and he ſaid, his 'poor ſoul would be in burning hell very ſhortly, if his children did not come to forgive him.'—Huſh—I ſee Mr. Henry at the caſtle door, your honours."

George vaniſhed.

"O! what a cruel thing it is, none of us can diſcover where theſe dear wanderers have betaken themſelves!" ſighed Olivia. " What a conſolation muſt it be for children to ſee and to forgive a truly penitent parent; and what an encouragement for that parent to perſevere in well-doing! Ah! ſurely the Almighty will guide us by ſome

directing

directing ray to these worthy creatures: they must be under his protecting eye But alas! what vain trials have I not made to find them! Yet, as their substitutes, let us persist in our good offices to save this dreadful example of divine vengeance."

John declared he felt himself much disordered, and a cup of coffee might do him good. Olivia affectionately took his arm, pressed it to her side, and led him in to breakfast.

CHAPTER XXV.

REVENGE OF THE GENEROUS.

AMONGST other pleasant consequences that had happened to the good apothecary growing out of the splendid sixpence, was his being promoted to the office of family-apothecary to the Fitzortons, on a handsome yearly stipend—also general medical inspector of Olivia's cottages, at a distinct salary paid out of that lady's privy-purse, and

and a defire that he would confider the caftle as his home at bed or board whenever he was on duty at or near Fitzorton. Thus full half of his time was paffed with Henry and Olivia, and it was as cuftomary for Burton to be feen at nine o'clock in the winter, and eight in the fummer, as for the clock to ftrike the hour. Indeed, fo good humoured and fincere a creature had he proved himfelf on many occafions, that the mafter, miftrefs, children, and domefticks of the manfion, feemed to mifs him more when profeffional bufinefs intervened, than if that clock had been carried from the cupola which enclofed it. He was, at length, become a neceffary part of the caftle, and went in at the time of the morning repaft as duly as the repaft itfelf. Of late, in their own perfons he had little practice. The Fitzorton family were in the general enjoyment of good health, and whatever Henry fuffered from occafional finkings too low, or rifings too high, was imputed to Nerves,—one of the moft convenient maladies that ever bore the blame of the head or heart, and in fhort, the

beft

beſt excuſe that ever offered itſelf to the phyſician, when he cannot find out the complaint of the patient, and to the patient when he does not wiſh his caſe ſhould be diſcovered by the phyſician.

Our apothecary, however, always made mechanically a morning tour of every pulſe in the room, watch in hand, and obſerved ſo pleaſantly on ſurrounding objects, or contrived by other relations ſo to intereſt the family, that he was himſelf the principal cauſe of the irregularity, of too quick or too ſlow; and the pulſation ſeldom went on in the orderly way he declared it ought to do, till he had done talking, laughing, or crying; in which pulſe-affecting operations—he had the art of producing univerſal ſympathy.

He was in the act of counting the throbs of Henry's animated little time-keeper, when John and Olivia came in.

Little John, in ludicrous imitation, was applying his hand to Caroline's wriſt; Olivia was in ſmiles till ſhe came near enough to perceive that her huſband was in tears.

"They

"They have been produced by joy, my Olivia," ſaid Henry; "Mr. Burton has been giving me ſuch an account of the gratitude of your cottagers, who have, it ſeems, agreed amongſt themſelves, on the day that you next bleſs me as a father, to have a fête of their own; all your old women and my old men are to dance together, even though ſome of them ſhould be carried from their bed to their ball-room, which is to be at Goody Brabſon's, who is to be miſtreſs of the ceremonies, and who, I am glad to find, has got quite ſtout again. I am ſo pleaſed with this generous thought, that I and the children will go, the moment we have breakfaſted, and give our hands to every one of them. I muſt not ſuffer you to venture, my love, the walk is too long; and as to the coach—no—you would be too much affected—and as for our philoſopher—"

"I cannot attend you this morning, it is true," ſaid John, "becauſe I have other employments; but I deſire you will beſpeak Goody Brabſon my partner; as I am

I am refolved, for the firft time in my life, to dance on that occafion alfo. And if the founder of the feftival fhould chance to be of Olivia's fex, I intreat that her name may be Angelica, and if of your's, Raphael."

"O' my confcience, 'tis as I faid," obferved Henry, fmiling on Olivia, who had been bound in happy filence; "my brother has got into my character. Angelica or Raphael! I proteft, I fhould fooner have expected from my brother John a recommendation for Aminadab or Rebecca."

"Why, you are to know, I have heard a dream lately interpreted; and, I think, thofe names would fuit fome of the characters in the vifion," faid John.

Olivia coloured yet more highly—the allufion ftruck her—"The names are however beautiful," faid fhe, "and our John makes fo few requefts, that—"

"If we did not grant them," faid Henry, catching a hand of his brother and wife, kiffing, and then joining them, "we fhould be moft unworthy."

The

The breakfaſt was no ſooner ended, than Henry and the children ſet out for the cottages. John then begged to be cloſeted a few minutes with the apothecary, after which he returned to Olivia, and told her that Burton's account of Sir Guiſe Stuart made it, as he conceived, proper to adopt ſtrong and immediate ſteps; of which he would untertake the guidance, if ſhe would promiſe to follow, unqueſtioned, the plan he ſhould lay down. Olivia promiſed.

" In the firſt place then, and this is the hardeſt thing to conſent to, you muſt let me diſpoſe of your huſband at Mr. Partington's; and, as I preſume, it will be as difficult a point to get Henry from you, as you from Henry, it is neceſſary for me to go myſelf to the Bury, in the firſt inſtance, that I may make Partington confidential; and then an object will not be wanting, on which to found an invitation to the Bury, ſo preſſing that Henry ſhall not know well how to refuſe; and, if he did, Partington is not the man to take a denial."

"Heigho!" ſighed Olivia, "but I am ſure 'tis to ſome good end—elſe at ſuch a time as this—when—when—perhaps in a *few* months—"

"You may be able to preſent us with an infant Angelica or Raphael, lovely as that in your viſion," ſaid John, very tenderly. "I own matters run very untowardly juſt now—I could wiſh—in ſhort, not to deal in myſteries beyond the abſolute neceſſity of preſerving them—know, that the project I am engaging in, is to bring this, at length, conſcience-ſmitten father to his children."

"His children!" repeated Olivia, "but, in Pity's name, how are they to be found?"

"Be that my endeavour," ſaid John, "as Burton aſſures me it would be at the hazard of life and reaſon, to move the parent to the children, we muſt try what can be done, that the children may go to the parent. But as Henry has been ſo long kept out of theſe tranſactions, the ſudden appearance of poor Charles Stuart, and the horrors that now hang over the living ruins

ruins of the abbey might be too much for my brother's tender heart to bear."

John rose and rang the bell; True George appeared. "My horses," said John. George disappeared. "In three days expect my return," said John to Olivia; "tell Henry I give him leave to think what he likes. He has rambled long enough. 'Tis now my turn to be a rover. Let him have his laugh. For you Olivia, dear good Olivia, for you I promise I will rob you of your beloved Henry but a few days. I shall ask but ten, from the day I steal him from you. If, in that space, I succeed not in my efforts, he shall be returned to you; and if I should bring my points to bear, the worst that can happen, will be your giving an Angelica or Raphael to the world at Partington Bury, instead of Fitzorton castle. What matters it where a cherub is born, my friend?"

George entering rapidly, exclaimed "The horse, your honour." John bade Olivia adieu, with a voice somewhat obstructed; for she had been heaping blessings upon

him, and his undertaking; called him by the endearing names, truly indeed applied, of "guide, philoſopher, and friend," and ſealed her wiſh, for his health, long life, and long happineſs, with a preſſure of the hand, that thrilled every fibre of his ſtruggling heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HISTORY OF LONG ABSENT FRIENDS.

A Conſiderable time has elapſed ſince any mention has been made of the fugitive part of the abbey family, and yet we feel that Olivia, or even Henry Fitzorton, cannot, upon principles of general good-will, wiſh more to hear of their welfare, than ſuch of our readers as have hearts to follow the fortunes of perſecuted virtue.

On our bidding them a melancholy adieu, indeed, we prepared ſuch readers for a long abſence; but the party was formed of too many

many oppreſſed and intereſting beings, to leave the ſympathizing mind ultimately without a wiſh, that in the courſe of the hiſtory they might be heard of again. The hints which were thrown out in the laſt chapter, however veiled, cannot have failed to reanimate that hope: for the reader is aware, that John Fitzorton was not a man to raiſe expectation without endeavouring to gratify it; nor to ſport in romantick viſions, or fold himſelf up in myſterious enterprize, unleſs for ſome important end, alike rational and honourable.

Although Olivia had no ſuſpicion that her brother-in-law was in the ſecret of the reſidence of thoſe wanderers, which her ſearch could never find, our readers, who are in the poſſeſſion of more family ſecrets even than Olivia, have not a doubt but to him they ſhall look for intelligence on this ſubject.

In truth, father Arthur's little ſociety, from almoſt their firſt movements to their final eſtabliſhment, had been governed by John Fitzorton.

Soon after the departure of the good Charles and Caroline Stuart, from the polluted abbey, John met them on the way, when introducing Mrs. Herbert, and the young Johanna, he thus addreffed Caroline: " Youth and age now offer themfelves to your notice. They have many years been under my immediate protection, I am now ambitious to place them under yours. The itinerant fituation of a foldier has often made the truft difficult to me; but, after much fearch, I have found a pleafant afylum for them, where it is my wifh Johanna fhould pafs another year or two of retreat, under the care of Mrs. Herbert, before fhe fteps into the world. The recefs I have chofen appears formed for an inftructive and virtuous, yet focial folitude. But it is on too large a fcale for two females; and I have been puzzling how to bring the abode and eftablifhment within compafs. The Providence which gave to my protection thefe two perfons, in the firft inftance, now feems to direct, in the fecond, that I fhould transfer part of thofe pleafing cares upon

upon you and yours; becauſe, I judge, they may mitigate your own, while they allevſate mine. I had thoughts of placing them, with ſome of the deareſt parts of my own family, at the caſtle; but thoſe ideas, on after reflection, have been abandoned. What ſay you then, my friends, will you receive two more unfortunates into your party, and in a flowery unobſerved receſs, make a little world of good beings? driven, unjuſtly, by a female fiend, out of one paradiſe, will you, my worthy exiles, ſuffer female innocents to conduct you to another?"

Johanna's unſullied looks, and Mrs. Herbert's engaging deportment, and the knowledge of John's recommendation, ſpoke the aſſent of Caroline, who embraced both the ladies: Arthur and Denniſon ſmiled a welcome.

"I have but one fear," ſaid Caroline, preſſing the hands of Johanna, and Mrs. Herbert—"is it quite fair—is it not, indeed, cruel for us to carry our ſorrowing hearts into a reſidence your virtue has pre-

 pared

pared for the happy? or, even if we were inclined to this ſelfiſhneſs, might not yet more troubled ſpirits detect our privacy, and again expel us from Elyſium?"

"And if they did," ſaid Johanna, "we ſhould not be expelled from one another; and methinks, in this ſocial retirement, aided by the counſels of my honoured guardian, ſo he has now permitted me to call him, we could not be unprotected, or unhappy, in any part of the earth."

"They are my children from this moment, and for ever," exclaimed Arthur.

"And the ever dear friends of Caroline and Charles," ſaid the afflicted brother and ſiſter.

"And long may they live as the honoured ladies, of a feeble, but, I hope, faithful, old ſervant," ejaculated Denniſon.

"And Floreſco ſal be their ſlave, and ſal get ſtrong great big man to workey till him is older as Mr. Denniſons," exclaimed the little Indian, leaping as he ſpoke.

"Reſpecting monaſteries, and remote continental excurſions," reſumed John, "curioſity

curiofity is more at work in thefe than nearer home; and I pledge myfelf that the fequeftered fpot which I have fixed on, though not more than two or three days travel from hence, fhall baffle enquiry, and effectually fcreen you from every wicked obtrufion fo long as may be neceffary."

John's fcheme was adopted, and after adjufting military bufinefs at quarters, he gave fome comfortable finifhings to his benevolent plan, and returned to father Arthur's party, whom, with an adroitnefs peculiar to all his defigns when once fettled, he conducted to their new abode in the romantick ifland of Guèrnfey. There having ftaid, to fee that no accommodations were wanting which his power might fupply, he preffed alternately the hands of each individual of the groupe, and returned to the caftle.

In John Fitzorton's recefs then, the abbey party remained, not only during the whole period of Henry and Olivia's continental excurfions, without an idea entering into

the mind of either that Charles or Caroline Stuart were under his guardianſhip. Although, in one of their tours, the travellers had paſſed almoſt within view of the leafy retreat which concealed them.

Their ſocial ſolitude was eventful to ſome of its members. In Johanna's gentleneſs and improvements, and in Mrs. Herbert's aſſiduous good offices, Caroline found ſome balm,—the balm of friendſhip,—for the deep wounds of her diſappointed heart. Charles found yet more. The laws of romance are ſo frequently at war, not only in the writer's book, but in the reader's mind, with the laws of nature, that we fear ſome will think the character of this young hero much degenerated, when we obſerve that he found his fate extremely ſoftened by the ſociety of the intereſting Johanna. The laws of truth, however, demand the information; and the object was well calculated to lighten the burthens of the wretched.

The party, indeed, all lived in the moſt perfect immaculacy of minds and manners, each

each contributing a due ſhare to the ſtock of general accommodation; imperceptibly ſoothed the paſt, reconciled the preſent, and frowned not on the future. The patriarchal goodneſs of Arthur, the approved honeſty of Denniſon, the experienced wiſdom of Mrs. Herbert, the touching ſimplicity of the little Indian, and the charms of Johanna, with the patronage of John, who paid, by ſtealth, an annual viſit, were all called into action, while Charles and Caroline were happily amuſed by theſe their friends, or ſtrengthened, by private communication, the virtue of each other; and thus the time paſſed on, if not without trouble, free from thoſe paroxyſms of deſpair, which would have embittered a ſtate deſtitute of ſuch ſocial reſources. And, in order to give permanent tranquillity to the eſtabliſhment, which John had thus generouſly formed, the houſe was taken in the maiden name of Mrs. Herbert, retiring with her family, on a plan of economy, ſo exact, that country viſitings, and the inſipid formalities which connect therewith, were all excluded: and

here they might have continued unexplored, undisturbed, even till their graves formed part of the flowers that bloomed about their refidence.

Nor was the prime contriver, and conductor of this focial fequeftration, without fome rich confolements—Alas! none more wanted confolation! Self-banifhed from the fight of her his foul adored, even while he was perpetually invited to remain where he might both fee and hear the object of that adoration, John Fitzorton had proved that nothing but the moft vigorous exercife of a determined mind, forcing itfelf into deeds that muft, at leaft, divide the thoughts, could prevent an indulgence which would mingle fhame with forrow: A combination which he, of all human beings, was the leaft able to endure.—" All I have for it," faid he, on leaving the caftle, " whether in peace or war, at home or abroad, is occupation: the mereft trifle whereon this can be formed, is better than that folitary indolence of the foul, or what is yet worfe, that ruinous activity of the paffions, which with

with the ſharpneſs of unavoidable misfortune blends the turpitude of voluntary guilt."

Reflections like theſe were revolving in his mind, when the departure of the deſerving children of a worthleſs father, and of an infamous ſtep-mother, was reported to him. He caught at it as one of the occaſions wanting to his own virtue, and reſolved to make it ſerviceable. The good literally wanted "a local habitation, and a name." He ſupplied them with both. They ſtood in need of thoſe ſocial aids which the innocently wretched derive from communion with the worthy. Such communion could John afford: he could enrich the groupe by two beings whom he knew to deſerve father Arthur's aſſociation. Many things met together to render this arrangement no leſs agreeable to the objects of his protection, than to thoſe whom their more recent misfortune had recommended to him.

The blooming daughter of the ill-fated Maria, and the hapleſs widow of a no leſs ill-

ill-fated gentleman, had been long remaining at the village where the faithlefs mother of Johanna had been buried; but the frequent vifits of John had been marked by curiofity, and mifreprefented by malice; and a certain myftery in the fortunes, both of Mrs. Herbert and of Johanna, feemed to give colour to fufpicion, who not being able to move the cloud, drew upon John fome reflections, and upon the objects of his protection yet more.—" So far as this trumpery refpects myfelf," faid John, " I fhould laugh it to fcorn; but the innocent beings I have beckoned from the ftorm, one of whom, alas! I have widowed, muft be no lefs defended in their fame than in their fortunes. The flight of Caroline is an opportunity not to be flighted. I will endeavour to profit of it fo as to ferve mutually the protectors and the protected. When I promifed the helplefs Johanna, at the foot of her mother's grave, that fhe fhould not want a parent, it was a promife to ftand beyond the date of my life, and to the extent of hers, and poor Herbert's relict

relict is the death-bed legacy of a murdered friend."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN EPISODE.

WE feel that it would be cruelty to proceed in the hiſtory of the Abſentees without accounting to our readers for the expreſſion which cloſed the laſt chapter, and for another, yet more ſtrange, in the ſame page, viz. that John Fitzorton had been the cauſe of widowhood to an innocent being, and that Herbert was the legacy of a murdered friend. John was himſelf the murderer—a charge which we will ſettle in the words of Mrs. Herbert, who, one day after much ſolicitation, gratified her ſequeſtered friends with a ſummary account of this fatal circumſtance. "It is the only ſubject on which I truſt I need be ſolicited," obſerved

obſerved the widow, " for wherefore ſhould I grieve thoſe whom I love?"

" Colonel Herbert was at once my guardian, my lover, and my huſband. He had honour in the profeſſional part of his character, and truth, tenderneſs, and worth, in every other; but his nature was precipitate, and who in haſte is prudent? He commanded a regiment, when John Fitzorton,—to relieve an uneaſy mind,—droop not, my Johanna,—firſt aſſumed the ſword; but the mind of Mr. Fitzorton, whether happy, or in diſtreſs, owned no ſuperior. My dear Herbert felt the high pretenſions of the youth, and admitted him of equal rank in the dignity of ſenſe and virtue. The colonel and enſign were, therefore, boſom-friends. The man of forty, and the ſtripling of eighteen, were inſeparable companions. But once, in an evil hour, my Herbert yielding, on ſome trifling occaſion, to ſudden anger—the ſole error of his noble nature,—taxed his young companion with having miſtated a fact.—A miſtater of facts, ſaid the enſign, is a lyar.

—Conſtrue

—Conftrue as you may, boy, faid the colonel, you have miftated a fact, and if that forms a lyar, you may apply it.—The man who dares to tell me fo, retorted the enfign, fhall wafh away the ftain either with his blood or with mine.—In one moment their fwords were drawn, in the next the blade of the enfign's broke in the tendereft of human hearts; but even as life was flowing from it, a perfon who had been expected, came into the room to confirm the truth of what the enfign had afferted. My poor Herbert, fenfible of his error, inftantly made voluntary oath before that perfon, of his having provoked the enfign beyond the bearing of an officer or a man. —I was fent for; but alas! entered the room only to receive the laft farewell.—'Amelia,' faid the expiring Herbert, 'yours is the hardeft lot; my friend muft be acquitted with honour; eternal coward muft have ftuck to his name had he tamely borne my rafh reproaches;—but what is to become of my wife?—all your own fortune went by your own defire to relieve part of our

our families:—mine was that of a ſoldier, and depended on my life—and yet, I have raſhly lived as if I never were to die. Alas! Amelia, I fear when the honeſt claims upon me are ſettled, and my body put into a decent grave, you will have reaſon to curſe the hour you gave your hand to an improvident man whoſe profuſion has been as unbounded as his love.'—'Oh! I ſhall bleſs it ever as the happieſt and moſt honoured moment of my exiſtence,' ſaid I. —'Wretch that I am!' exclaimed the enſign, 'let the curſe be directed to me, who have impoveriſhed the wife, and murdered the huſband.'—'Fitzorton,' ſaid the unfortunate Herbert, alternately preſſing my hand and that of the enſign, to his quivering lips,—'it was unavoidable; befriend my widow.'—The pang that took him out of the world immediately followed. The enſign, dropping on his knees, ſwore he ſhould inſtantly deliver himſelf up to juſtice, but if acquitted, would make all the miſerable reparation in his power. —And, O my friends! if it were permitted

mitted

mitted me to tell you with what ſanctity he has kept his oath, and how, in my ſickneſs, my ſorrow, my almoſt inſanity, he has ſaved my reaſon, my life, and laboured the good of my remoteſt relatives as well as thoſe of my huſband,—and if you could hear even ſtill, how often he bemoans the inevitable wound which inexorable honour impoſed, you would, if it could be poſſible, honour him yet more."

"That is not poſſible," exclaimed the overwhelmed Johanna.

Every body admitted this, yet every body tenderly pitied Mrs. Herbert. Floreſco wiſhed he had been killed inſtead of the colonel. "Bleſſed be my huſband, and bleſſed be John Fitzorton!" ſaid the bereaved Amelia; "God orders, it is ours to obey."

She wept, and bowed her head.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HISTORY OF FRIENDS CONTINUED.

JUSTIFIED by the inexorable laws of honour, which

'Not the firm philofopher may fcorn;'

acquitted, likewife, by the laws of the land, the author of Colonel Herbert's death was ftill found guilty before that tribunal, at which he tried, with almoft unexampled feverity, every action of his life. "Dire and calamitous event!" would he often exclaim, as he furveyed her whom he had widowed; "and yet, if the hufband I have robbed you of, had poffeffed a thoufand lives, I muft have been condemned to hazard a fimilar murder upon each, had the offence been repeated a thoufand times. So imperious, alas! are the compacts of focial men!

men! We may deplore, but dare not violate them,"

Unhappy John! yet the angel which blufhed at the death of Herbert, fmiled on thy adoption of the orphan Johanna, and of thy protection of the mourning Amelia: nor fhall thy generous folicitude for the honour and happinefs of Olivia,—innocent caufe of many a bitter pang to thee,—be forgotten, where thofe good works which glorify the father, are treafured up and had in remembrance!

In truth, the care of Mrs. Herbert and of Johanna, of Charles and Caroline Stuart, of Henry and Olivia Fitzorton, and the unwearied attention he paid to their feveral neceffities, were the grand remedies which John made ufe of to mitigate the various incurable ills which afflicted his mind. They were not only as the cloudy pillar to conceal, even from himfelf, the darknefs of his fate, but the pillar of fire, to give him at once light and ftrength in the way that he fhould go, even as if a heavenly-guide had gone before him.

We

We are, indeed, firmly perſuaded, that, could thoſe who are under heavy afflictions, from whatever cauſe, but eſpecially from a ſtrife of the paſſions, imitate John Fitzorton in their adverſity, they would gain a temporary refuge from themſelves; and the return to their own ſtate would be ſoftened by the conſciouſneſs that the time of their trouble has been a period of comfort to thoſe, whom, in the ſeaſon of proſperity, they might have neglected. Thus would their ſympathy be repaid by the oblivion which the exerciſe of ſocial virtue throws over ſelfiſh ſorrow.

Inflexibly fixed to his point, neither the ſorrows of Henry, nor even the anxious wiſhes of Olivia, to explore the haunts of his fugitives, could prevail with John Fitzorton to ſhare a ſecret, on the ſanctity of which he believed was founded, not only the repoſe of his relatives at the caſtle, but of all the other objects of his care. Indeed, a caſe of the laſt neceſſity only, could have tempted him to draw any of the aſſociated company from their peaceful retreat.

treat. The one which now preſented itſelf he deemed to be of that kind. The unequivocal contrition of Sir Guiſe Stuart, was, he thought, a grand operation of conſcience on the ſoul of man. He marked it as an important inſtance of the power of that wonder-working Providence which can bring the moſt hardened hypocrite to repentance, break down all the apparently ſtrong holds of proſperous vice, and convert the very ſhame and ruin of the guilty to the raiſing up of the innocent; and, deteſtable as the very name of Sir Guiſe Stuart had been to John Fitzorton, even from his boyiſh days,—dupe of his diſſimulations, as he had himſelf been, he now felt for him a ſentiment of compaſſion, and a wiſh to ſave his life, for the purpoſes of more compleat reformation; and to deny his children the honeſt joy of becoming inſtrumental in that good work, he thought would be to withold from them the rights of nature and the rewards of virtue.

While he was on his way to the Bury, he put into train a variety of important

meaſures; as a preliminary to which, he reſted at an inn on the road, and wrote as follows, to True George;

'The bearer will conduct you to

'JOHN FITZORTON.'

and while the meſſenger was gone, he employed himſelf in preparing letters to the parties concerned:

'TO CHARLES STUART.

'Conſcience wrings your father's ſoul; 'he is become a terrible example of parental guilt. It is for you to ſhew yourſelf 'one of filial piety. Follow the encloſed 'inſtructions whitherſoever they conduct 'you. George will aſſiſt. Your father 'muſt needs be in a fit ſtate for receiving 'the compaſſion of his children, when he 'finds a mediator in

'JOHN FITZORTON.'

In a ſeparate billet to the ſame perſon, he wrote,

'ASSOCIATE

'ASSOCIATE IN DISSAPPOINTMENT!

'Attend not the ſummons, if yet an un-'ruly ſentiment remains in your boſom, 'if your whole heart is not yet in the go-'vernment of my Johanna, whom as a 'balm to your wounds, I permitted you to 'cultivate; but remember that I have no 'ſuch balm to pour over my own wounds; '—remember too, that you are now ſum-'moned to duties that enlarge your vir-'tues. O, forbear to narrow them! Oli-'via remains the happieſt of wives:—our 'Henry devotes himſelf to her, and can-'not be wretched; yet warned by a know-'ledge of his ſoft diſpoſition, care will be 'taken to remove him from temptation. 'You, I hope, are to be truſted; if not, 'let your ſiſter come alone, and bear away 'the honours which nature calls on you to 'ſhare. But I injure you in the doubt. 'Forgive my unkindneſs; puniſh me by 'ſhewing how much my fears have wrong-'ed you. Perhaps I have argued on a 'conſciouſneſs of my own weakneſs,—

'come then, my friend, and give me 'ſtrength.'

When George arrived, John exclaimed, "My opinion of your honeſty is included in my confidence: I entruſt you with the delivery of this pacquet to Charles and Caroline Stuart, whoſe ſecret abode you will ſee marked on the ſuperſcription. You are a youth of action, and I need not exhauſt more time in words. I ſhall tell Henry I have employed you." The faithful George anſwered by an energetick nod, and followed his inſtructions.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

NOTHING material for the reader to know happened to either of the travellers till they had reached the place of their reſpective deſtination. The interview of Colonel Fitzorton with Partington laſted ſeveral hours; for it was by far the moſt arduous part

part in the plan of the former to convince the latter that any thing like penitence could proceed from the heart of Sir Guiſe Stuart. Although John ſaid, and with ſome reaſon, that if he was himſelf convinced in that point, every other perſon might be. "Depend upon it, you inſufferable ſcoundrel," ſaid the Squire to John, "Sir Guiſe is ſtill a moſt honourable gentleman, and deſerving every attention"—bowing—"the gallows can beſtow; and you are again deceived by appearances, although you have taken it into your head to imagine that he is a good for nothing ſcoundrel, who means what he ſays." At length, however, the Colonel painted the forlorn condition of the Baronet ſo much to the heart of Partington, that he was brought to the criſis of the moſt abuſive impatience, and execrated Le Maitre for not putting ſome things into his portmanteau, before the leaſt mention had been made of a journey: called the groom and poſtilions caitiffs of the firſt order, for not coming round with the horſes and carriage

 before

before any directions had been ſent to the ſtables, and helping himſelf to prepare what he thought neceſſary; he in a manner forced refreſhments down the throat of the Colonel, crouded ſome wine and fruit into the chaiſe, and hurrying in John, he deſired the raſcals would make the moſt haſte they could to Fitzorton caſtle: ordering Le Maitre to ſend a ſervant with the Colonel's jaded horſe, when he had been as well taken care of as his atrocious maſter.

On their arrival at the caſtle, Partington ſeized upon Henry, after having expreſſed his joy at ſeeing him by a volley of kind ſcurrilities, and then exclaimed, "You are all promiſe-breakers, and caitiffs—men, women, and children,—none of you having kept your word, ſince your return from vagabondiſm, to make me a viſit at the Bury. I have given you credit, for this debt, too long already, and now arreſt the father and daughter, in my own name, and by virtue of my own ſupreme authority; and when I think fit to releaſe them, will have the other two little villains; ſo take a ſhort

ſhort leave of one another, and to priſon with you."

"Egregious John," ſaid he, "will ſettle the reſt; and take heed that we are off by break of day—a few radiſhes, mean while, and to bed."

Henry had, indeed, been long in viſiting arrears with the worthy Partington, for whom he continued to feel the moſt ſincere reſpect: and ſuppoſing that his friend had taken a journey to the Caſtle purely to fetch him, agreed to become his captive, and to be led to the Bury in the chains of friendſhip; and gained the conſent of his wife to ſuffer little Caroline to be his companion; to which, on ſome previous hints from the Colonel, ſhe acceded. Partington, who conducted every project with all the ferment of his diſpoſition, hardly ſuffered the dawn to ſhew itſelf, ere he arouſed his culprits as he called them, declaring that "if they had not had their nap out, it might as well be finiſhed in a chaiſe as in a bed, without loſs of time or hindrance of buſineſs."

While Partington was thus conveying away Henry and his daughter, his wife and ſon were the aſſociates of John; the firſt care of whom was to make Olivia acquainted with part of the hiſtory of the Abbey Wanderers, and with True George's embaſſy to them in their inſulated receſs. She applauded the part of the plot which had been aſſigned to Partington; and declared that for the high delight which, ſhe truſted in heaven, would in the end, be offered to her Henry, in the ſight of his boſom friend, ſhe would forego his dear ſociety, though it ſhould continue for a whole week. "But, alas! there will be no time for preparations, my dear Colonel," ſaid ſhe; "it is impoſſible that the abbey can ſo ſoon be fit to receive the lovely Caroline. Could ſhe not be here? The ſudden ſight of her ſick unhappy father, even though endeared to her by returning virtue, will be too ſevere a trial. Let us then contrive how beſt to render theſe hard taſks ſupportable."

"All

"All that will be taken care of," anſwered John.

He now inſtructed her in ſome other particulars of George's miſſion, and of the ſecluded party; ſtill ſuppreſſing the ſhare he had himſelf taken in their happy ſequeſtration.

Olivia's generous heart bounded with benevolent expectation; and, under the influence of ſuch bleſſed feelings, ſhe gave way to felicity that even called for the relief of tears.

Recollecting the adventure of Caroline's miniature, her joys were, however, daſhed by apprehenſions; and as John was about to leave the room, ſhe caught his hand, and, in a ſympathiſing voice, demanded "whether his intrepid heart was armed to meet, unmoved, its moſt precious object?" for ſuch, ever ſince the diſcovery of the picture, ſhe had ſuppoſed Miſs Stuart. "Pardon me, my dear good friend," ſaid ſhe, in yet more conſoling accents, "for adverting to a circumſtance which my ſelfiſh tranſports had before abſorbed; which

I had, indeed, pledged myſelf no more to renew. But how can any of us be happy, if there exiſts any circumſtance whereby you are made wretched? For although, perhaps, you may nobly labour to conceal the cauſe, I, who am, you know, in your heart's ſecret—"

"I perceive," anſwered John, "you have ſettled matters your own way; and ſo I here take off the embargo I had laid on this ſubject; for whatever I might aſſert concerning it, would probably be uſeleſs. Admitting the point alluded to poſſible, tho' obſerve, I by no means own it, methinks, were it for the good of an object beloved, I could, at leaſt I hope I could, live in the daily, hourly, ſight of her, and not diſcover—a—a ſentiment—which might if known, involve her in unavailing ſorrow, or interrupt the performance of her domeſtick duties. The taſk, to be ſure, would be difficult—but—ſurely—"

The broken ſentences, and disjointed articulation which embarraſſed John's ſpeech,

ſpeech, while the very object of ſuch a ſentiment was before his eyes, and the caſe actually his own, was naturally enough conſtrued by Olivia, together with the releaſe from her promiſe, into the effort of a noble mind ſtruggling with a ſtrong but inhibited paſſion; and, hereupon, feeling a real pity for the ſufferer, ſhe exerted every gentle power, of a ſincere and tender friendſhip, to ſooth him. She tried to cheer him with the hope of happier times; and at once applauded and honoured his conduct in the mean while.

Theſe ſoothings, however, encreaſed John's emotions to a degree, that, after various conflicts with himſelf, and ſometimes driven almoſt into a declaration that Caroline had never approached his heart, he ſuffered the idea to proceed; and thus had, in a manner, from the worthieſt motive, encouraged it; but on Olivia's proceeding alſo in what ſhe thought conſolations—offering to his diſappointed feelings, every balm that tender amity could deviſe—he became nearly ſuffocated with the repreſ-

ſion of his real ſenſations; and was, at length, obliged to break away from her generous endearments. While ſhe, on the other hand, conſidered his emotions as another reſiſtleſs proof of his love for Caroline; and therefore looked upon him almoſt as great an object of her ſympathy, as he really was. And in this mutual contention, it was alike difficult for both to nurſe their agitated minds into compoſure.

But in a few hours after, John had turned, to ſo much advantage, one of his mind-reſtoring ſecluſions, that as the laſt notice for dinner was ſounded, Olivia obſerved him from her dreſſing-room window walking on the terrace, where he was ſoon after joined by his little nephew, and nameſake, who was not more near than dear to him, and whom he caught up in his arms, in which, the youth playfully ſtruggling, a ſort of loving ſtrife enſued. This ſoon grew into a pitched battle: for the uncle going by retrograde ſteps, from the gravel path to the green ſwerd, the nephew conſidered him as a retreating foe, and the

uncle, giving into the fancy, ſuffered himſelf to be overtaken; but though he put himſelf into a poſture of defence, he contrived to fall on receiving the firſt ſportive blow. He then acknowledged himſelf completely vanquiſhed, to the inexpreſſible delight of the little conqueror.

Olivia beheld this amicable contention, and trifling as it was in itſelf, ſhe felt it to be full of importance, as it tended to reſtore her noble brother and friend to his wonted tranquillity. Availing herſelf of the auſpicious moment, ſhe haſtily finiſhed her dreſs, and deſcending into the garden joined the combatants, even while John the Great was yet ſtretched on the ground, and John the Little was proudly ſtanding over him.

"O fie for ſhame!" exclaimed Olivia, "What generous victor ever triumphed over the fallen?"

"And a poor unarmed man too," added the uncle.

The nephew ſeemed to feel the rebuke, in every fibre of his little frame. He

 bluſhed

bluſhed—held out both his hands—endeavoured to raiſe the captive—begging his mother's aſſiſtance, and when they had mutually ſucceeded—the captive lending his ſecret endeavour at the ſame time—the conqueror aſſured his mother it was all "make-believe—but for all that," ſaid he, "if you had but ſeen how my uncle wanted to get the better of me, and when he found he could not—how he tried to pull me down after him—you would have ſaid, that's right Johnny, now you have him make the beſt of him."

This ſally carried the frolick to its due point; John took his nephew's hand and kiſſed it, in token of his looking on him as a generous foe; and then expreſſed his obligation to Olivia, for coming to ſee fair play.

CHAPTER XXX.

NEW REMEDIES FOR A DISAPPOINTED HEART.

RESUMING his benevolent employments for others, John again obliviated himſelf. There were various points, in bringing his plan to perfection, yet to be gained. The utmoſt circumſpection was neceſſary, to apprize the characters of the drama, he was conducting, what each had to perform; leſt a miſunderſtanding in the parts ſhould confuſe the whole. And to this end, a kind of general private rehearſal of the piece was requiſite. His ſagacious and active mind pondered on theſe matters, and he prepared, without imprudent delay, to take the executive direction.

The abbey emigrants, meanwhile, yielding obedience to the ſummons of John, under the ſanction of father Arthur, in due time reached their firſt projected pauſing place,

place, viz. the apartments of Colonel Fitzorton, in London, where they were moſt dutifully received by their old ſervants, the Irwins; a circumſtance which found its way to the hearts of their maſter and miſtreſs. And the reciprocal gratulations on this occaſion, ſhaded, as they were, with many ſad remembrances, is more readily to be felt than deſcribed.

But Caroline's anxiety, reſpecting her father, broke through all obſtructions, and ſhe ſoon began to overwhelm Robert and his wife, and daughter, with interrogatories, from the preſſure of which, guarded as they were by a previous leſſon of caution, they would have found it impoſſible to eſcape, without diſcovery of more than was then mature for communication, had not the Colonel made his appearance, in time to re-enforce their almoſt exhauſted evaſions. For True George had no ſooner ſeen them ſafely eſcorted to the metropolis, than he ſet off with the news of their arrival to Fitzorton; and theſe tidings being imparted, almoſt with equal ſpeed, by John

to

to Olivia, the former hafted inftantly to the apothecary in the poffible chance of Sir Guife being fufficiently recovered to be conveyed to his children; "as there are," faid the Colonel, "numberlefs good reafons why it would be more defirable to have the interview in London than in the country: and, indeed, any where rather than at the abbey or the caftle: in which hope I have landed my groupe near the metropolis rather than the coaft of Devonfhire."

But every ray of fuch a hope was extinguifhed by the account which Burton gave of the Baronet's condition. "Alas!" fighed the good man, "the very fiends might commiferate him: his voice feems no longer of ufe but to groan, nor his eyes but to weep."

"Your own eyes, your own voice," faid John, "too ftrongly prove the ftate you defcribe. Haften then to him. Give him hope that his children may be found—but proceed with caution, while I endeavour to forward their interview, which muft

muſt be at the abbey, I find, after all. Heaven will diſpoſe the event."

"Returning to Olivia," he ſaid, "I have ſcarcely a moment to bid you farewell.—Perhaps the life or death of our ſoul-goaded charge depends on my ſpeedy journey to London, and as ſpeedy return."—"As for you, my poor fellow," ſaid he to George, who appeared to the ſound of the bell, "if you wiſh to ſee a ſinful man, in whoſe return to virtue you have been inſtrumental, receive pardon from the children he has wronged, before he dies, you muſt enable me to begin my journey by taking care my poſt-chaiſe is at the door in half an hour; but as it may ſeem hard to hurry you away again ſo ſoon, you may let any of the other ſervants attend me; or, indeed, I can do very well with the driver, and you can follow when able."

Within the ſpace limited, however, ſhort as it was, the aſſiduous lover of Jane, unwearied in good offices, obeyed his orders in regard to the chaiſe, and had equipped himſelf with a clean ſhirt and boots to at-

tend

tend it; allowing himſelf only time to look in upon his Jane;—to aſſure her he was alive, that he loved her, and that although he was, to be ſure, going out again on Mr. Col. Sir John's buſineſs, he would think of her all the way going and coming, till God willing, he might ſit down and reſt.

The ſpace between the caſtle and place of rendezvous being in a manner barren ground, we ſhall paſs to the latter, and repreſent, as ſatisfactorily as we are able, the meeting of John Fitzorton and his friends. It had even more of intereſt for his heart than he expected; for Mrs. Herbert and Johanna were of the party. The moment he entered, Johanna was at the feet of her ſecond father, whoſe honoured hand ſhe impreſſed with many a kiſs, and bathed with many a tear.—Caroline would have followed her example, but that ſhe was prevented by the impetuous emotions of Charles, who inſiſted on his ſharing the embraces of their guardian friend. Father Arthur would have bent that knee, which had hitherto bowed only to God, had not the

the extravagant wildnefs of joy that fuddenly feized Florefco, at beholding the man of whom he had conftantly heard fo much, divided his attention; while Mrs. Herbert teftified her fenfations, even as the Colonel manifefted his own, by an eloquent filence that fpoke the language of the foul.

"Be not furprized, Sir," faid Caroline, who firft found a voice, "at feeing almoft the whole family. We were twined together too fondly for feparation. It was with difficulty we prevailed on the aged Dennifon to remain at the recefs, each afferting an equal right to fhew their duty and their love."

"Not equally," faid Johanna ardently, as John raifed her to his arms—"not equally! Mine furpaffes every other claim."

"Ah! can it exceed that of Charles and his fifter," faid Caroline, "who are to owe to him a renewed father?—O! generous, generous, friend! where is he?—what is his prefent ftate?—forgive, forgive, our impatience!—does he live?—is there a

hope?

hope ?—dare we tell our terrified, yet delighted hearts?"—

"Tell them every thing," anſwered the Colonel, "that filial love, corrected by devotion, ſhould moſt deſire.—If your father recovers he will live I truſt to virtue; and if he dies, his penitence, though ſhort and late, will be carried by the angel of truth to the throne of mercy. I revere your eagerneſs, ſweet maid, too much to check it.—Our friend George, whoſe heart is in our concerns, and who I have, therefore, admitted into our confidence, will now follow ſuch inſtructions as he received on the road; and truſting that you will place yourſelves, with father Arthur's permiſſion, under my government, I dare to promiſe you ſhall hear the penitent ſighs, and feel the conſcious tears of Sir Guiſe Stuart ere it be long. Deep and ſubtle as has been his hypocriſy, the hour of truth is come."

"Follow him, in all things, my children," exclaimed Arthur.

The brother and ſiſter promiſed the moſt implicit obedience. The Indian, who had ſome-

ſometimes on tiptoe-ſtep advanced cloſe to him to devour up every word, and ſometimes retreated at awful diſtance, now haſtily approached, and paſſed his trembling hand along the arm of John as if to ſee whether he was indeed mortal.—Johanna could not reſtrain her frequent homage.—Mrs. Herbert kiſſed the hand which had made her a mourning widow—and True George had vaniſhed like lightning at the firſt hint of his maſter, wiſhing with all his ſoul, that inſtead of affixing harneſs to the horſes he could have hung wings.

Previous, however, to their departure the Colonel held a conference with Mrs. Irwin and Patty: "May I depend," ſaid John, "that Robert ſtrictly obſerved my directions in regard to what was to be done at the abbey, and how the buſineſs was to be conducted? I know he received my orders, but did he underſtand them?"—"I am ſure," ſaid Patty, curtſeying, "my dear father will do every thing juſt as your honour ordered him; for tears were in his poor eyes at the thoughts of doing any thing again

again to ſerve his good young maſter and miſtreſs."

John returned well pleaſed to his aſſociates—True George ſoon came to announce the carriages at the door, and when John had filled them as he thought proper, the journey began.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE REMEDIES CONTINUED.

"HAVE you taught our Johanna," queſtioned the Colonel, " amongſt other good things, Mrs. Herbert, the important duty of placing any thing truſted in the moſt ſacred foldings of her heart?—have you ſtrengthened her mind to reject a confidence while it *can* be refuſed?—to receive it with regret even when it cannot be withheld?—to retain it with unbetraying ſanctity when it has been received?"

As Mrs. Herbert was about to reply, John peruſed the countenance of Johanna, and

and then continued his difcourfe:—"Although I am not in the habit of reading human hearts through human faces, nor, in truth, of believing eyes or lips either, I will for once, give credit to the honour that feems to mark the features of this young woman.—"Your place of repofe," obferved he, "muft in the firft inftance be at the caftle, from which Henry Fitzorton is abfent.—Our Olivia will be prepared to receive you.—Indeed little preparation will be neceffary; her heart is the afylum of ready hofpitality—befides ye are not altogether ftrangers to one another, and her guefts will be her friends. But fhould any of our fellow-travellers, either in the fpirit of friendfhip or folly, have imparted to you, Johanna, any family fecrets, of which you may imagine the knowledge might too much affect or intereft Olivia, I expect you will give me an inftance of your difcretion by guarding them in your own bofom."

"Does my face ftill anfwer for me, my reverend protector, or muft I ufe another language?"

"I am fatisfied with its reply," faid John: "and though I have never taken any man or any woman's, affirmation on fuch truft fince"—Here John ftopped, fighed, and, with tears in his eyes, left a chafm in his fentence—to be filled by every reader with the name of Johanna's mother. —"Yes," refumed John, "I am as perfectly fatisfied, dear girl, as if you had fworn a thoufand oaths—as if I had tried your fidelity by the teft of a thoufand years."—Your charge," continued he, addreffing Mrs. Herbert, "is grown very lovely—I am of opinion too, with Charles Stuart, that her beauty refembles that of our Olivia—Poffibly the lieutenant may have mentioned this—Yes, I perceive he has."

As John threw a fcrutinizing look on Johanna her refponfive features gave in an evidence fo rofy, that he exclaimed—"For once I have been a true phyfiognomift.—Unlefs perfectly convenient, Johanna, to your feelings, it will henceforth be perfectly unneceffary to anfwer by words any queftion

queftion I may put to you—they would be mere repetitions."

"So the lieutenant has often told her," faid Mrs. Herbert.

"Has he?" queftioned John, "well then no more need be faid about it."

John perceived the crimfon accumulate in the cheeks of Johanna, and relieving her by obferving, that he confidered the lieutenant to be, at leaft, as good a phyfiognomift as himfelf, changed the fubject.

The refidue of the journey was undiftinguifhed by further matters, requifite to its hiftory, till they came to the laft ftage at a town about fifteen miles from Fitzorton.—Here John propofed a change of companions, taking Charles Stuart in the place of Mrs. Herbert and Johanna, with whom he had before affociated himfelf. George was now fent forward with a letter to Olivia, announcing her new guefts—and while the horfes were changing at the door a waggon ftopped, and the company foon afcertained the waggoner to be Robert Irwin.

" If you are come from the abbey, tell us," exclaimed Caroline, " how you left my father?"

" In as fair a way, my Lady, as he can go."

" Bleſſed be God!"

" Yes, bleſſed be God indeed! for none but he could have put him there—I know that by myſelf, my Lady."

" Put him where, Robert?"

" Why in a fair way of recovery.—Yes, Miſs, of recovering his ſoul, and mayhap his body alſo: though he does not ſeem much to care now what becomes of that, ſo as it will ſerve to hold his ſoul in it till he ſees your honours."

" Have you ſeen him then?"

" O yes, bleſſed be God for that too! I would not but have ſeen him for all the worth of the abbey. He knew me at ſight, took me by the hand, and then aſked my pardon, ſo then I aſked his, and he ſaid, I had done his ſoul good, and I told him, he had done mine full as much; ſo we thanked one another; and if Mr. Bur-

ton had not been in a hurry to get me away with this bit of a letter to the colonel Sir John, I ſhould have talked longer with his honour."

"You have talked too long," ſaid the Colonel, who had been ſome time in fear of Robert's loquacity.

"Thank heaven, the horſes are ready," exclaimed Caroline, handing Johanna and Mrs. Herbert into one of the chaiſes, and hurrying the reſt. Seeing John, however, open the letter, ſhe pauſed while aſcending the carriage to caſt an enquiring look on the Colonel.

"It is from a friend of Sir Guiſe," ſaid John, in reply to the look, "from, indeed, every body's friend;—our good apothecary, who writes, that all is as well as can be expected."

The travellers, a good deal relieved, purſued their journey.

When the Colonel and the Lieutenant were ſhut up together, the former ſpake as follows. "Your forming one of the party is

is a ſufficient reply to the improper doubts of my letter; yet, the frequent ſight of an object, of which our frail nature is in danger, and yet, whom a complicated duty places in our view, is a taſk which your virtue has been ſpared, my friend. But ſome perſons who have endured abſence with philoſophy, have found every energy melt away on a return to the object which had before enthralled them. If you apprehend this may be your caſe, as much caution ſhould be obſerved to prevent an interview between you and Olivia, as there has been taken to hinder the meeting of Henry and Caroline: and ſo environed, indeed, is the path we are all going, that could I have brought your repentant, and perhaps, dying parent, to his children, I would have appointed the interview at the diſtance of the poles, rather than on the ſpot to which we are haſtening. Let not, however, the neceſſity I am under, of thus leading you into temptation, be augmented by your own indiſcretion. The abbey is ſufficiently ſeparated from the caſtle to ſtand

betwixt your weakneſs and your ſtrength, if any of the former remains: and when your duty is fulfilled at the one, the honours you have thereby acquired may be preſerved untarniſhed by returning to your receſs, or to more active ſcenes, which, in truth, you have but too much and too long neglected. We err as fatally, my friend, from having too proud as too humble an opinion of our virtues: and from too great as too little confidence in ourſelves."

"If," replied the Lieutenant, "I have to boaſt of any ſtrength on this occaſion, it is not my own;—and, did I not fear you would accuſe me of inconſtancy, I could ſatisfy you that, although I am now moving on trembling ground, I advance with nerves that can no longer ſhake, with a heart that no longer palpitates:—but ſecond impreſſions are deemed ſo ſlight, ſo faithleſs, even by the romantick—"

"By the romantick they may," interpoſed John Fitzorton; "yet thoſe who are at all converſant with the powers of circum-

ſtance, of time, and chance, operating on humanity, will pronounce the poſſibility, at leaſt, of ſecond impreſſions taking firm root in a ſteady heart: nay, of their being more cogent than the firſt; and although this may trample on the laws which romance has impoſed on caricature-loving fancy, it is within the boundary of nature."

Charles acknowledged that he felt relieved on a ſubject he had not dared to open.

"You ſhould not only have dared to diſcloſe, but have ſent both your friends at the caſtle the earlieſt confidential accounts of it, and correct; and did I not enter into the motives of your ſuppreſſion; imputing them to a ſincere, yet falſe pity for Henry and myſelf, I ſhould aſſert you had uſed us moſt unkindly: ſince to with-hold a good example is to with-hold, often, the means of virtue. And yet, poſſibly, it might have been loſt on us: for there is no making human beings reach, or attempt to reach, ſimilar ends by ſimilar means. I have endeavoured, with unceaſing diligence,

to wean my affections, and have been elaborating a lover's cares for every thing I ſaw that deſerved attention, from the glow-worm at my feet, to the lark at the extent of my viſion,—and to divide my heart amongſt all the gradations of intermediate beings, till I could abſorb the one which had ſo long annihilated the reſt; but finding that all other parts of nature had leſs congenial magick for my heart, than the attractive particles that conſtituted that one, I could at beſt only take care that the ſeveral objects on whom I employed myſelf were the better. And thus were our ſeparate confeſſions made known to the world, both our characters would fade in the page of romance: yet without appealing, my friend, either to writers or readers, let us do juſtice to ourſelves. It pleaſed heaven to ſet in the eye of your conſtant remark, an object ſufficiently beautiful and good to draw you imperceptibly to itſelf; and though I have not had the ſame advantage, the heaven by which you have been favoured, has ſo far extended its bounty to

me,

me, that if I continue to think more highly, perhaps more tenderly of Olivia, than of any other woman; it is a tenderneſs I have directed every way to her honour and happineſs; and although I admit this furniſhes no inſtance of victorious energy, it offers to a heart beſet by temptations from which it could not eſcape, the only innocent mode of conſolation; and, O! forgive me, ſacred ſource of my life! if in this deſpairing hour,—after many a year of unavailing effort,—forgive me, ſpirit of my father! if I obſerve, but with fond remembrance of all thy virtues, that the ſtill agonized hearts of thy children, ſupply to parents a leſſon of awful caution!"

"With regard to myſelf," obſerved the Lieutenant, "all merit is precluded by the very circumſtances which have enabled me to transfer an unfortunate to a happy choice. The ſteady example of my deareſt ſiſter, who, without affecting to have gained a ſudden or eaſy conqueſt over herſelf, preſerved a ſilence, which, in my preſence, was ſeldom broken, even by a ſigh; her patient

submission to destroying languors which have, as you must have noticed, invaded her frame"——

"I observed it," said the Colonel.

"The care she took to extend an example, not of obdurate philosophy, nor yet of hypocritical indifference, but of chaste resignation; her unfeigned regrets and prayers for her father, while she knew him unworthy of the name;—this, my dear Colonel, in the first instance, endued me with a patience greater than my own. Thus, from a female, and one of the tenderest of her sex, has a soldier learned to suffer. The sweet Johanna, meanwhile, at once kept alive, while she was imperceptibly subduing an unfortunate passion. Nature had given to her features a similitude, which——"

"But," interposed John, strongly, "unless it should turn out that you can love Johanna for herself, independent on all comparison, she never must be yours: for I must not have her secondary in her husband's eyes, even to Olivia."

"Se-

"Secondary! ah, ſhe is the firſt and deareſt to my ſoul!"

"Perhaps, however," anſwered John, "it may be as well after all, that Mrs. Fitzorton and you ſhould meet; for let romancers ſay what they will, I have ſeen many inſtances, and experienced one, where a ſecond love has effaced, improved, and obliviated the firſt: I have likewiſe known both men and women imagine themſelves in love much oftener than they are; and Johanna muſt never condeſcend to become a ſubſtitute; neither am I yet ſufficiently acquainted with the particulars of the paſſion to ſanction it; but I love you both."

The Lieutenant bowing gratefully, turned the diſcourſe by making enquiries as to the ſtate of his friend Henry's affections, "which I cannot but hope," ſaid he, "are as completely transferred to Olivia, as are mine to my deareſt Johanna."

"His conduct is meritorious," anſwered the Colonel, "but it will be beſt to keep him from unneceſſary trials—and therefore, when the fate of your father is determined,

 which,

which, to deal candidly with you, I think an almoſt immediate event, the return of your whole party either to your former receſs or to ſome other, muſt by no means be retarded. For you, indeed, Charles, whatever may be the iſſue of your wiſhes towards an alliance with Johanna, I think a more active ſcene might be adopted. Alas! my friend, both you and our Henry have been too long idle.—In that reſpect, my plan, under at leaſt an equal difficulty, has been better contrived. I have found or made time for the performance of official duties of very different kinds; and though, alas! I performed them often amidſt the wailings of humanity, and the throbbings of my heart, I determined they ſhould be done, and that they ſhould contribute to my private relief, while they effected, I truſt, ſome publick good. But Charles Stuart is ſtill a ſubaltern, and Henry Fitzorton carries about a mind which by long habit of indulged ſoftneſs is unfitted for exertion, and inſtead of being eminent

eminent as a divine, and celebrated as a poet, his nobleſt effuſions, even in his occaſional attempts to preſerve the character of the latter, ſink to a querulous elegy that moans his own diſappointments, or dwindles to a ſonnet that veils in an addreſs to Delia, or Cleone, his inextinguiſhable paſſion for the real, though involuntary object of his heart."

"I thought," ſaid the Lieutenant, "you had pronounced his conduct meritorious."

"As a huſband, as a father, he is irreproachable; but as a man, he has no character at all. It has evaporated in ſighs and tears. I too have ſighed; I too have wept: but I have not forgotten that I had engaged in publick employments."

"Alas!" anſwered Charles, "my Henry is not, by nature, endued with the ſtrength of John."

"And what," replied the Colonel, "is John's ſtrength? rather ſay, that he has taken a leſs perilous mode of nurſing his weakneſs. Perhaps, my friend, we are all

equally wrong to have felt any weakneſs at all: and as paſſion wounded us, reaſon ſhould make us whole. But the beſt efforts do not always meaſure to duty,—rather let us utter a prayer that——"

The Colonel was proceeding in theſe reflections, when the poſtillion ſtopped the chaiſe to give notice he was within a mile of the place; and while he was ſpeaking, True George came up to "aſſure their honours, that the Lady Olivia would be ready to receive all the worſhipful good company."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE REMEDIES CONCLUDED.

THE gate which the Colonel had marked as the firſt point of direction, ſtood on the ſide of the road, which all the party muſt neceſſarily paſs, and juſt as the chaiſes, containing the ladies intended to be the caſtle

caſtle gueſts, were drawing up to it, the midnight moon preſented to view not only the caſtle itſelf, but a much nearer proſpect of its lovely miſtreſs. The fair hoſteſs, anxious to give to hoſpitality its moſt attractive grace, had ventured, through the dews of night, near a quarter of a mile, in complete oblivion of herſelf, and attended only by the faithful Jane, to offer the warmeſt welcome of her bounteous heart.

And difficult would it be to find words ſuitable to the ſhort, but intereſting, events which her courteſy produced. Every glaſs was, in a moment, let down—every door thrown open—every carriage was emptied—and every affectionate and grateful expreſſion was given and received. " O that I had power to tell you," exclaimed Olivia, " how welcome you all—all are! and how I envy myſelf the miſerly joy of receiving you, for the preſent, alone; my dear huſband being, as doubtleſs you have heard, from home; but, I truſt, we ſhall have him amongſt us ſoon, and meet to part no more."

While

While ſhe uttered this addreſs, in a voice that mingled the muſic of an affectionate heart with every word, ſhe diſtributed her careſſing hands to each of the party. She ſaid the kindeſt things to Charles. Caroline ſhe embraced many times—and, although this was her fondeſt point of friendſhip, neither Johanna, nor Mrs. Herbert, nor the good Monk, nor Floreſco, had cauſe to be jealous of a preference; and ſhe earneſtly deſired that the caſtle might be honoured by all preſent, at leaſt for that night."

"This is againſt all rules, all plans, all reaſon," ſaid John, "nay all promiſes, and what is worſe, the fair promiſe-breaker has made it impoſſible to chide, even though ſhe is betraying us."

"Ah! forgive—forgive me, my dear brother," ſaid Olivia, "my emotions are too ſtrong to be contained."

Whatever were the particular and appropriate ſenſations of each individual, on this ſudden rencounter, there was no time for explaining them. John hardly allowed opportunity for the exchange of general courteſies;

teſies: the meeting and ſeparating were alike abrupt; and under cover of this hurry in their movements, and the ſhading of the moon-light on their features, the ſecrets of every heart were commodiouſly veiled.

A ſhort converſation now taking place, a little farther in the park, betwixt John and Olivia, the former wreathed the arms of Mrs. Herbert and Johanna, within thoſe of Mrs. Fitzorton, and deſiring George and Jane to take care of one another, that diviſion of the party went forward to the caſtle, while John's party returned to their carriage and proceeded to the abbey.

The urbanity of Mrs. Fitzorton, however, was felt and acknowledged; after which a profound ſilence prevailed; broken only by an impatient wiſh from Caroline that they had gained the end of their journey.

Agreeable to the Colonel's inſtructions, the carriages ſtopped at a ſtyle that led through a coppice, to that grand avenue, already ſo eventful in this hiſtory. And while John was charging the poſt-boys to remain

remain till the ſteward, meaning True George, returned; that diſpatchful youth came, with almoſt winged ſpeed, to inform the Colonel he had ſeen the ladies ſafe into the caſtle. "Remain then with your horſes," ſaid John to the poſtillions, "till this young man, who muſt attend us, gets back to you from the place to which we are going. There is a poſſibility we all may return with you; but, whether we do or no, I rely on your being found here till you hear from, or ſee us again."

The party now paſſed through the grove, led by John Fitzorton, and followed by True George; and they came into the avenue, at the very ſpot where Henry firſt betrayed his heart. The abbey clock ſtruck one in the morning, and was almoſt immediately anſwered by that of Fitzorton, and the Chapel-houſe:

'As if an angel ſpoke they felt the ſolemn ſound.'

Arriving at the lodge, that divided the park from the back garden, over which, as

if

if to welcome, by a light from heaven, the angel-like train returned, the moon caſt a ray ſo pure and clear that every object became diſtinct. Hereupon, ſeveral ſighs broke involuntarily from the party, but in ſo mingled a ſound that it would have been difficult to appropriate them. Arthur, however, as he paſſed the portal, which George held open, exclaimed, "Bleſſed be our entrance into that well-known manſion!" "Amen," added the little Floreſco, dropping on his knee and raiſing his arms. Charles and Caroline were ſupported, indeed almoſt carried, by Colonel Fitzorton. The brother's feet faultered at every ſtep; the ſiſter's trembling limbs claimed the ſupport which even the firm frame of John could ill beſtow; but the generous Burton, from his appointed ſtation in the ſummer pavilion, marked by many an indelible record, haſtened to their relief. "My patient is not yet dead," exclaimed the worthy man, willing to remove a fear which his precipitate appearance might occaſion. "Not yet!" exclaimed Caroline, "then he is

dying—

dying—!" and without waiting a reply, ſhe ran towards the houſe with a ſpeed as if proceeding from a renovation of nature. Alas! it was but the exertion of one of thoſe moments, in which it is ſometimes permitted to the immortal ſoul to aſſert its independence over the mortal body, and to mount with an energy ſublime over every exhauſted power of our common nature. At the foot of the abbey door ſhe was ſaved from falling, in a manner lifeleſs, on the edge of the marble ſteps, only by the little Indian, whoſe ready humanity outflew that of his companions. "Pray, good dear Lady, forgive poor negro boy, for hims boldneſs in touching you with black hand—but only till white maſſers come up." The generous and timid youth reſigned her to the arms of her brother and the Colonel, the inſtant they arrived. True George ſoftly opened the abbey door, to follow his maſter's inſtructions, and ran to ſummon thoſe whom the Colonel had appointed to receive the gueſts; and when Caroline recovered, ſhe obſerved, in the perſons

perſons of the females who had been buſied in reſtoring her, two of the ſervants who had conducted themſelves moſt to her ſatiſfaction, both before and after the death of her mother.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CURSE REMEMBERED.

IN vain, however, did theſe faithful adherents, and the generous John Fitzorton, who had fought for, and provided them—in vain did the tender Charles, and the pious Arthur, counſel our Britiſh daughter to take a few hours of repoſe before ſhe had ſeen her father. It was not without difficulty the good apothecary could prevail on her to go, and ſee whether her viſit might be proper—"It muſt, it muſt, be proper," cried ſhe, "let us go, my brother, the ſight of us muſt calm, may perhaps reſtore, him." "It may be even dangerous," obſerved John. "Perchance fatal," added Mr. Burton, and went forward. Caroline turned

turned even paler than before, and remained in terrified ſuſpence till the return of the apothecary, who brought the comforting tidings, that both himſelf and the nurſe, were in profound repoſe. "O! conduct me to him," exclaimed Caroline, catching the reporter's hand—"my ſteps, my very breathing, ſhall not be heard—for pity's ſake let me ſee the ſtate he is in, and I will be ſatisfied—indeed I will."

Her appeals were not to be withſtood—with the lightneſs of the air itſelf ſhe no ſooner received permiſſion, and underſtood where her father was repoſing, than ſhe moved to the chamber, the door of which being half open, ſhe reached the foot of the bed unperceived. The day had been ſultry, and the curtains were undrawn.

Ye who have ever beheld the parent whom ye left in vigorous health of body, though covered with crimes of the ſoul, and to whom filial piety has brought you, after ſharp remorſe has made that mind its victim, and ſickneſs has almoſt devoured that body, ah! recal the ſenſation of your hearts at the ſight of a father under theſe circum-

ſtances—then will you have a juſt image of Caroline on the firſt view of the deeply-changed Sir Guiſe Stuart! It is true that ſhe ſaw him ſleeping, but ſhe ſaw the wildneſs of deſpair entrenched in the untimely furrows of a face, colourleſs and ſhrunk as death itſelf—ſhe obſerved the ſymptoms of unquiet reſt in the catch of the features, and the ſtarts of the whole frame; his eyes too, opened and cloſed abruptly: but at length, his countenance ſettling more regularly, ſhe went round to the ſide of the bed, and bending over his pillow remained in that poſture ſome moments.

Fearful of diſturbing him, and yet more afraid of the effects of a ſurprize ſhould he awake and perceive her unprepared, ſhe truſted not the meltings of her pitying heart with a voice, ſcarcely with a ſigh—but after having for ſome time hung over him, the tears which ſurcharged her eyes dropt on his pale cheek, and following each other faſt before ſhe was conſcious where they had fallen, ſhe was wiping them gently away, when his eye half unfolded met thoſe of his daughter.

"O,

" O, God! O, God!" groaned he, " there then is one of them—but it cannot be ſhe—no—thoſe lips will never return my curſe."—" Ah no, no," exclaimad ſhe, dropping on her knees, and folding her upraiſed hands—" never, never! ſhe is come to bleſs you—to crave *your* bleſſing—to nurſe you into health—into felicity—into an aſſurance of eternal duty—eternal love!—eternal happineſs!"

" And your ſon is come with her," anſwered Charles.

John Fitzorton, Father Arthur, and the little Indian, had ſtolen, under the guidance of the apothecary, unſeen into the chamber.

" Yes, we are all come, Sir Guiſe, to bleſs you," ſaid the Colonel, " becauſe we hope and believe you continue to deſerve it!"

" And to intercede with the All-merciful to grant you *his* benediction alſo," cried Arthur, kneeling at the foot of the bed.

Floreſco imitated him in a remote corner of the apartment—George ſtanding meanwhile at the door, but wrapt in pureſt contemplation.

The

The ſick man laboured to hold himſelf half raiſed, while he ſtretched forth his hand, and bowed his head to John Fitzorton—ſaying eagerly but feebly—" This, under God! is your work, Sir. I—I—I thank you. You are juſt come in time, my children, to ſee the death, alas! of a ſinner, but of a penitent."

" Yet of that death the All-merciful is not deſirous," ſaid Arthur.

" And if you will try to compoſe yourſelf, Sir," ſaid Burton, " your children and friends, after a weary journey, will reſt themſelves alſo: and when I aſſure both them and you, Sir, that this is neceſſary to your life and their happineſs, all parties will, ſurely, ſubmit to my direction."

Sir Guiſe, unable to ſpeak from the fulneſs of ſenſation, bowed aſſent to whatever ſhould be thought proper: then laid his head on the pillow, but kept his eyes in a fixed gaze on his children.

On a whiſpered promiſe from the apothecary to be again admitted when her father was refreſhed, and to be ſummoned if any thing ſhould happen, Caroline was prevailed

prevailed on to leave the room with the rest of her friends; and afterwards, being indeed worn down with fatigues both of mind and body, and understanding the rest were properly accommodated, she suffered herself to be conducted to her sleeping-room by the other female attendant: Arthur went to the good apothecary's, accompanied by his Indian; and the Lieutenant, though he had hitherto deported himself with the utmost decorum, seemed doubtful whether *he* should go to the various claims which attracted him at the castle, or listen only to the single duty that fastened upon him at the abbey. John left him to his own election. "You will say every thing most good, most dear, for me, Colonel," sighed he, after a short pause, "where you are going; I feel that I ought to remain here for the night." "I believe you are right," cried John. "It is already near the day; all, I hope, are at rest in the castle; and to tell you the truth, my friend, my thoughts and feelings have been so long upon the stretch, that I shall be glad of a little sleep too: you see matters have turned out so that it would

a heart-breaking effort to drag your ſiſter from her father ſo ſoon, though we leave him ſo much better than might be expected. We muſt give up therefore the idea of returning to town with the chaiſes—George muſt go round, and diſpoſe them, late as it is, at Fitzorton, but with proper cautions; and in the courſe of to-morrow, or more correctly ſpeaking, of to-day, let us hope all the good propoſed by my long, and your yet longer journey, may be accompliſhed: we may then get back to London, without hazard of curioſity carrying our adventure, at leaſt in a ſuſpicious ſhape, to my brother Henry:—Lieutenant, farewell."

Charles and the Colonel ſhook hands, and the latter, with the ever-active George, took his circuitous route to the caſtle.

George had not uttered a ſingle word during the ſacred interview of the father and children although he had wept and ſmiled, kneeled down, and leapt up, according as grief, or joy, reverence, or activity, operated on his impreſſive nature. Finding himſelf now only with the Colo-

nel, or, perhaps forgetting a moment that he was ſo, an exclamation burſt from him, which induced John to aſk him what was the matter? "Why I was thinking, your honour, that poor Sir Guiſe went on every day getting a little better and better all ways, he would be good enough in time for one that he has uſed the worſt, though ſhe is one of the beſt, to ſee him too, and beg of God to bleſs him before he dies, as well as the reſt. She'll forgive him, I'm ſure. Lord help us, your honour, ſo little while as we be in this world, and ſo long in another, that is to ſay for everlaſting, none but a fool, one would think, would be wicked: and yet, for my part, it ſeems to me that the more ſenſible the more ſinful. Lord help us, ſaving your honour's preſence, we are all of us a pack of poor little things."

The Colonel took George's arm and put it within his own, and notwithſtanding the timid reluctance of Jane's lover, who would reverentially have withdrawn it, John walked in that endearing way till he came

to

to the poſtillions, both of whom were ſhut up faſt aſleep in their chaiſes, while the horſes ſilently followed their drivers' example as to napping, with their heads nodding, and noſes bent almoſt to the ground, only one of them was cropping twigs from the green hedge near which they had drawn up.

Familiar, however, to every ſudden ſummons, they were eaſily arouſed—George had brought, out of pure good-nature, both man and beaſt ſome refreſhments from ſtable and pantry, on his return from eſcorting the ladies, and whiſpering that a ſecond part of the ſame tune now awaited them at the caſtle, they were not only awake but on their horſes in an inſtant. The Colonel croſſed the corner of the park on foot, leaving the poſt-boys to the diſcretion of George, and when he heard from the ſervant, who ſat up for him, that the ladies were but juſt gone to their rooms, he tapt at Olivia's chamber door in paſſing to his own, ſimply to ſay all's well, and went into his apartment.

"We

"We are all viſible," cried Olivia opening her door, and tripping into the gallery that parted off the chambers—"Do pray tell us how you found poor Sir Guiſe," exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, following Olivia's example—"And how ſweet Caroline, our Caroline, dear John, how did ſhe bear the meeting?" continued Mrs. Fitzorton.—"And how did my honoured patron leave the—the—the Lieutenant?" ſighed Johanna—"but, perhaps, he is come, that is, perhaps,—'*All well!*' repeated John from his citadel, and then drew another bolt acroſs his door.

"I ſuppoſe you know, ladies, that ſhuts out all further arguments," ſaid Olivia playfully: "we ſhall not get another word from him to-night, though we were to die for it—ſo as 'all's well' we muſt be contented."

They wiſhed John, cordially, a good night, notwithſtanding his neglect of minute gallantry, and, embracing each other, returned to their chambers.

END OF VOL. IV.